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VOGUE

THIS SUMMER'S 60 GREATEST LOOKS

SPORTS...BEACH...LIVING EASY

WHY BE A BEAUTY LOSER?

IN THIS ISSUE: AUBREY MENEN...
VIOLETTE LEDUC... HAROLD ROSENBERG





We know of nothing that gives makeup a smoother finish than loose powder. And who knows better than Charles of the Ritz?

Charles of the Ritz

Miss Bergdorf



Pleats Are Running Away with the fashion news.

The skirt that moves is the skirt of the moment, and pleats carry the motion with a graceful sweep. Suspended from a camisole, the pleats here race along under a limber, poet-bowed overblouse. Shannon Rodgers designed this dress for Jerry Silverman in crisp French Fibranne rayon underlined with rayon Si Bonne. It comes in vivid turquoise or in black. Sizes 6 to 14. $70. Fifth Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB RITTA

One beautiful wedding present after another... TIFFANY & CO.

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PENN

COVER: Bright blaze of pumpkin colour—a hooded blouson top with raglan sleeves, slipped over lean, sleek matching pants. Worn with huge swirls of rhinestones at the ears and vivid enamelled bracelets in stop-and-go colours. Blouson and pants by B. H. Wragge. In double-knitted Waumbec fabric of textured Arnel. About $90. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; I. Magnin. K. J. L. earrings; green and orange bracelets by Sandor Goldberger: Bonwit Teller. Coiffure: Sebou of the House of Revlon.

FASHION

151 Vogue's eye view: gilded summer
152 Fashion for the gilded summer: what it takes to wear the new small dress; the sports clothes; the beach look
176 The Ondine stretch: 8 new bathing suits
188 The small white dress for summer
196 Galanos: four great looks from his new collection
211 Givenchy success: the asymmetric blouse
212 The summer shawl
222 Bargains in chic: summer clothes for day and evening

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

53 May Day in Piešťany. By David Pryce-Jones
184 People Are Talking About . . .
186 The Shrine of the Book: The Great New Museum in Jerusalem
187 Jerusalem. By Frederick J. Kiesler
192 Hans Hofmann: Vanguardist Built to Last. By Harold Rosenberg
195 "'. . . And out of the caves, the night threw a handful of pale, tumbling pigeons into the light. . . .' Rainer Maria Rilke." By Hans Hofmann
200 Singapore: Where Everything Comes Up Orchids. By Aubrey Menen
204 Hong Kong: "A Pure Delight . . . Confucius in Letters of Fire." By Aubrey Menen
208 Courrèges: A Slaying in the Corrida of Fashion. By Violette Leduc

FASHIONS IN LIVING

210 Building a New House—No Trauma. By Nan Fairbrother
230 A Second Fame: Good Food—Michael Cacoyannis. By Ninette Lyon

BEAUTY

94 Beauty Checkout
174 The dragonfly maquillage
212 The beauty wrap-up in make-up
216 Beauty Bulletin: How not to be a beauty loser

DEPARTMENTS

132 Vogue's Notebook: The London Wedding of Miss Christine Sekers and M. Jean Baudrand
134 Vogue's Notebook: A Fizzy Dinner for Artists at The Museum of Modern Art
136 Vogue's Notebook: The Second Annual Air Force Ball in New York
138 Vogue's Notebook: Travel. By George Bradshaw
141 Vogue's Notebook: Books: By Jean Stafford
142 Vogue's Notebook: Theatre. By Henry Popkin
143 Vogue's Notebook: Movies. By Joan Didion
248 Vogue's Shop Hound
254 Vogue's Travelog
255 Travel: Tahiti. By Despina Messinesi
257 Vogue's School and Camp Directory

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Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, nostalgic contemporary. And never more so than in a circling of organdy over diagonal rib from Galey and Lord. 1407 Broadway, N. Y. 18. A Division of Burlington Industries.

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KENNETH PAUL BLOCK



AT BONWIT'S...SONG FOR A SUMMER EVENING For us alone, Hannah Troy designs this lilting, full-skirted dress of heavy white ribbed rayon, the no-nonsense waist defined by a belt of rust colored linen, a single white flower. Equally something to sing about in black with a belt of turquoise, black flower. Misses' sizes, 110.00 No mail or phone, please. Come see it now in our Collection Clothes. It has...**THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH**

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Hong Kong

A JET AGE PLEASURE TRIP

VIA B.O.A.C.





BARDLEY sets the scene with worldly-wise, travel preferred suits and ensembles that know no fashion boundaries as you speed in sleek comfort via B.O.A.C. jet-liner. Service and dependability are time honored arts that B.O.A.C. has nurtured to perfection and almost before you know it, you're whisked into Hong Kong's new Kai Tak Air Terminal, one of Asia's most modern and expeditious in handling incoming and outgoing traffic.

Above: Three-part ensemble of worsted wool, mohair and nylon in a skim-fit coat with matching shell and A-line skirt. Bronze brown, turquoise blue or flame red, 8 to 16. *(V-1)* **125.**

Right: Petite suit of imported wool with eased skirt. Monotones of gold, pink or turquoise, also checks of gold, pink, or turquoise, sizes 8 to 18. *(V-2)* **85.00**
4th Floor



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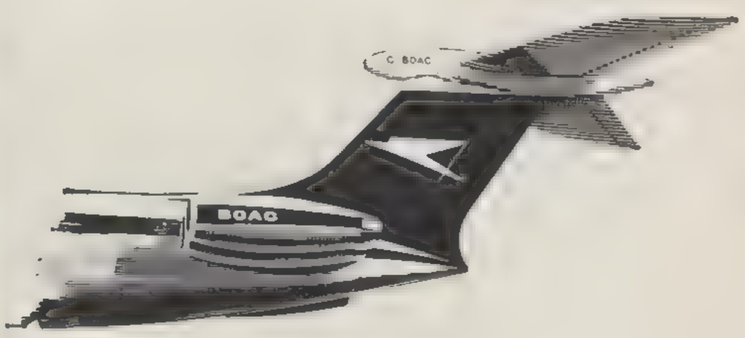
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Also at all our Branches





Hong Kong

A NEW VENTURE ALONG ANCIENT TRADE ROUTES



SHIRTMAKERS know the value of the fine fabrics and beautiful workmanship which is why they tour the shops so well. Nathan Road in Kowloon is the main shopping thoroughfare of Hong Kong. Its arcades offer jewelry, cameras and watches. The shops of Cat Street on Hong Kong Island sell everything from old nails to art treasures and much of the fun is simply in the looking. But be sure to look for the U.S. Government required Certificate of Origin that specifies items are not from Communist China.

Above: Our exclusive Shirtmaker® in a Liberty of London paisley print cotton surah. Blue or red, 10 to 20. *(V-7)* **40.00**

Left: Easy-care Dacron® polyester and cotton, cluster pleated Shirtmaker® exclusive in teal, garnet red, royal blue or navy, sizes 10 to 20. *(V-8)* **35.00**
Both by Robert Leonard, 3rd Floor

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Hong Kong

WHERE THE PAST IS MET

IN MODERN LEISURE



DAVID CRYSTAL picks the modern drip-dry virtues of Arnel* triacetate jersey for sight-seeing. At the Man Mo Temple in the old West Point section of Hong Kong Island, you see, hanging from the ceiling, spirals of slowly burning joss, symbolizing the ascent of the soul to Paradise. Flat pans, beneath, catch the ashes. Later your travels will take you on board one of the many sampans at Aberdeen that transport customers to the floating restaurants. Motive power here is a woman pushing a sweep oar while her older children tend the younger ones. Her husband is, most likely, a fisherman.

Above: Cuff-collared Arnel* jersey in a soft silhouette in white, yellow or blue. Also in blue, pink or gold print, sizes 8 to 18. *(V-5)* **28.00**

Right: Printed Arnel* jersey with ruffled neckline, blue, pink or gold. Also solids of white, yellow or blue, 8 to 18. *(V-6)* **30.00** 3rd Floor

* T.M. Celanese

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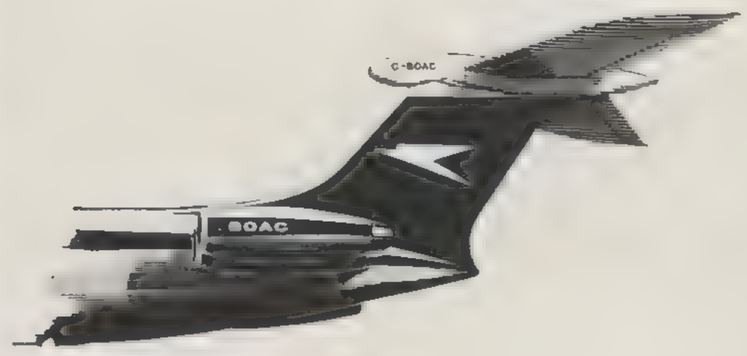






Hong Kong

A MANY SPLENDORED PLACE OF SCENIC CHARMS



TANNEL proves the aplomb of knits that smooth their way through the most complicated travel schedule with never a tired moment. You'll appreciate, instantly, the gracious hospitality that is exemplified in Hong Kong's fine hotels such as The Peninsula where your wishes seem to be anticipated. Equally gracious, the view from Hong Kong Island's Victoria Peak where you see in the distance some of the nearly 300 islands that comprise the Colony . . . islands of dream-like beauty.

Above: 3-piece ensemble of Tycora textured acrylic in a diamond stitch knit. Black with beige blouse or two tones of aqua, sizes 10 to 18. *(V-3)* **60.00**

Left: Lustrous moments in this charm of a late-day knit in an abstract geometric design shined with silver color mylar polyester. Tycora textured acrylic and mylar in caramel or blue, sizes 10 to 18. *(V-4)* **55.00** 4th Floor

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Hong Kong

A MYTHICAL SETTING FOR A PRESENT-DAY TYCOON



THE VILLAGER knows the understatement of American casual fashion is an international passport to carefree good looks. Discover a narrow street in Hong Kong's famous Tiger Balm Gardens which depict, in remarkable tableaux, the temptations, rewards and punishments of life and the afterlife. These were built by the Chinese patent medicine tycoon, Aw Boon Haw, whose "Tiger Balm" remedies are a byword throughout Southeast Asia. By the Kowloon wallah-wallah landing we find a luxurious junk of the type owned by many of Hong Kong's more affluent residents. A wallah-wallah is a motor launch for hire.

Above: Coat and sheath ensemble. The coat of Vycron® polyester and cotton rajah cloth with a red-white checked Dacron® polyester and cotton lining that matches the tucked front dress. Navy or red coat, 8 to 16. *(V-9)* **40.00** Matching 3-piece ensemble, skirt and jacket of navy or red rajah cloth with red-white checked shell, 8 to 16. *(V-10)* **30.00**
4th Floor



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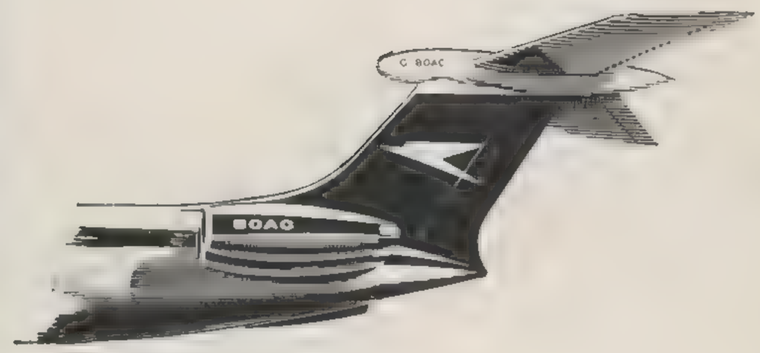
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Hong Kong

THE ROMANCE LINGERS

LONG AFTER



RAPPI discovers the excitement that is Hong Kong after dark . . . a cosmopolitan city where gourmet dinners and luxurious evening spots await you. The mood is well set in your hotel before you start your evening. From the fabulous Marco Polo suite at The Peninsula Hotel, you'll watch the sun set on Hong Kong Harbor in a golden glow to cap the day. Even the lobby decor has a glamour and elegance that is almost unbelievable in today's fury of stainless steel modern.

Above: Black Arnel® triacetate crepe with lace edging at top of slip, back bow and silk marquisette yoke, sizes 8 to 16. *(V-11)* **50.00**

Left: Chiffon gown of packable polyester in a long or short version with floating back panels caught by bows. Aqua or coral, sizes 8 to 16. Long. *(V-12)* **70.00**
Short. (V-13) **60.00**
Evening Shop—3rd Floor



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Singapore

B.O.A.C. SKIMS YOU THERE IN JET-SWIFT COMFORT



HARRISTER covers the most fashion mileage in the lightest manner with rain or shine coats of water repellent silk. When you fly B.O.A.C.'s VC 10, you'll cover the miles in pampered convenience, arriving on time and rested, ready for adventure. At Singapore's new International Air Terminal you'll find modern service at your fingertips along with quick and courteous customs and passenger processing.

Above: Lightweight silk trench coat with self buttons and belt, acetate lining. Navy, green, black, red or marine blue, sizes 8 to 16. *(V-14)* **45.00**

Right: Flare coat with round collar, flap pockets. Silk with acetate lining, green, black, red, navy or marine blue, 8 to 16. *(V-15)* **45.00** 4th Floor

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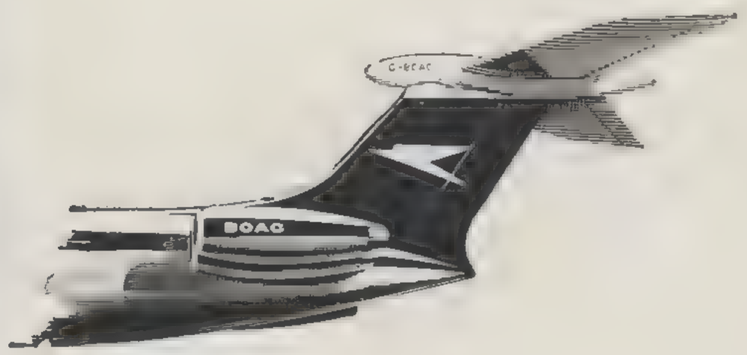






Singapore

A MINGLING OF ALL THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF THE FAR EAST



EVAN PICONE takes in each and every one with carefree separates that stay crisp and fresh throughout the day. Change Alley, leading from Collyer Quay to Raffles Place, is a block long arcade of small shopkeepers dealing in every imaginable item, at prices best determined by bargaining. The Alley gets its name from the colorful Indian money-changers that crowd its entrances. A carved stone temple lion guards one of Singapore's Chinese temples . . . but no one knows who came first, the lion or the Pekinese dog he resembles.

Above: Arnel® triacetate sharkskin jacket, snowy white. *(V-20)* **15.00** Matching, permanently pleated skirt. *(V-21)* **15.00** Dacron® polyester and Avron® rayon polka dot shell. Orange-white or green-white. *(V-22)* **8.00**

Left: Dacron® and Avron® roll sleeve, Mandarin shirt, orange-white or green-white. *(V-23)* **12.00** Matching, lined, skirt. *(V-24)* **13.00**
All, sizes 10 to 16. 4th Floor

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Singapore

WHERE TIME-HONORED

ARTS ARE CHERISHED TODAY



GOLDWORM knows that knits take the work-time out of travel and give it to you in fashionable pleasure. In Singapore there is still time for fine handcrafts. Gossamer silks, woven at home on hand looms, are later made into exotic sarongs. Time and care come through, also, in the leisure arts. Singapore's many-acred Botanic Gardens, situated within the city, are a wonderland of tropic flora that includes everything from stands of bamboo, to flame colored Guinea plants, to hundreds of types of orchids.

Above: Sheath of Herdman's linen-triacetate-wool lacy knit with embroidery trim. Pink with white or white with black, sizes 8 to 14. *(V-18)* **70.00**

Right: Sleeveless, 2-piece knit of lacy Herdman's linen-triacetate-wool in peanut-white or black-white tweed effect, sizes 8 to 14. *(V-19)* **45.00** 4th Floor



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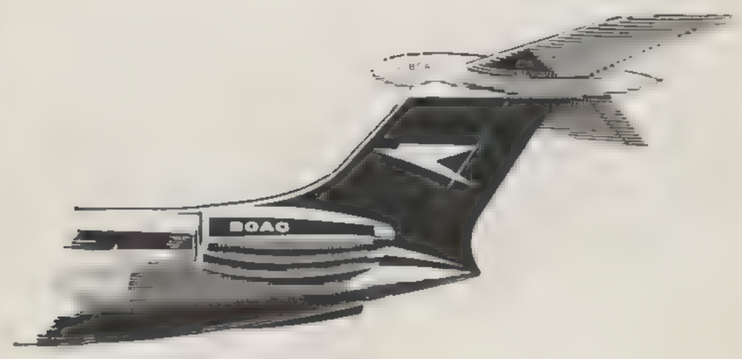
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Singapore

ADVENTURE WELL-FOUND

IN THE FABLED ORIENT



DAVID CRYSTAL selects suits that fit the season, that travel with the aplomb of a B.O.A.C. stewardess. Fresh roasted nuts, purchased from a typical street vendor, start you on your day's excursions. In the background, your hotel, the far-famed Goodwood Park, Singapore's most posh, just 15 minutes from the center of the city. Quickly you discover one of the numerous temples and mosques of Singapore, each one representative of its special culture and a camera lover's delight.

Above: 3-piece suit in classic seersucker checks of cotton and Arnel* triacetate. Green-black, black-white or brown-black. 8 to 18. *(V-16)* **40.00**

Left: A new beauty in Dacron** polyester and cotton that looks and feels like silk, completely lined. Taupe with white dots or turquoise with white, 8 to 18. *(V-17)* **40.00** 4th Floor

* T.M. Celanese
** T.M. Du Pont

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Singapore

A SULTAN'S PALACE . . . A CONTEMPORARY OFFICE BUILDING



WHITE STAG picks separates for exploring every nook and cranny of this fabulous city and its myriad places to see. At the Palace of the Sultan of Johore, even the stable walls are decorated in geometric splendor. Along the bustling waterfront you find the city stretched before you as you stand on Clifford Pier. Everything from modern European to Moorish to the various Oriental styles is represented in the architecture here, symbolizing the diversity of cultures that make up this major world port.

Above: Feminine, ruffled white cotton shirt with blue or brown trim, 8 to 18. *(V-25)* **8.00** Cotton action skirt, matching brown or blue, 8 to 18. *(V-26)* **9.00**

Right: Knitted cotton cardigan sweater in matching brown-white or blue-white stripes, sizes S-M-L. *(V-27)* **6.00** Southampton pants of cotton in brown or blue, 8 to 18. *(V-28)* **9.00** 4th Floor

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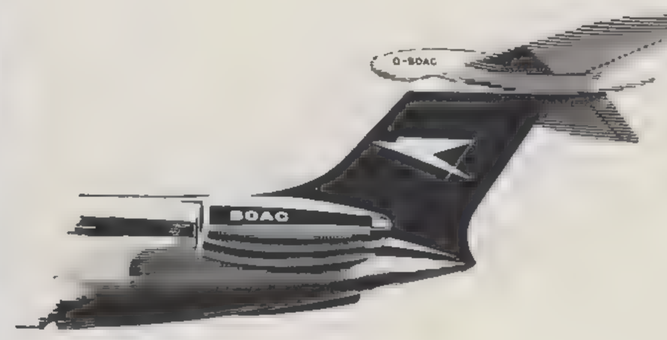




Singapore

YEAR-ROUND,

SUMMER IS THE SEASON



HARBOR ROAD follows the sun in a style that is at once high-fashion and feminine. By one of the two pools at the Goodwood Park hotel you can take your leisure in grand style. All other facilities are here, too, from night clubs to beauty parlors to your airline ticket office. At low tide, one can be a Singapore Island beachcomber . . . wait for a ship laden with treasures of the South China Sea . . . or simply count the *kelongs*, fishermen's thatched huts built on stilts above the water. Whatever you choose, you'll always remember Singapore where, year-round, summer is the season.

Above: Printed cotton sailcloth suit in white with red dots and piping, sizes 8 to 14. *(V-29)* **17.00**

Below: Matching flounced shift, sizes 8 to 16. *(V-30)* **17.00** Matching one-piece suit with boy legs, sizes 10 to 18. *(V-31)* **20.00** 4th Floor

Photographed by Philip E. Pegler

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In this season of sensational disclosures (when fashion bares nearly everything)...

Revlon reveals 'The

The new Ultima II 'transparesscent' makeups for skin, for lips, for eyes... in the sheerest, nearest-to-nothing textures ever... to evoke a look of total perfection without seeming to be makeup at all!



sheerness of you'



The fashion mists are gathering...in vapors of chiffon, in decolletages that barely take cover, in shapes that disclose only the softer side of you. Now the mood of sheer perfection drifts faceward with Revlon's new Ultima II cosmetics. Their net effect? A softness-about-face so seductive it would be sheer folly to hide behind anything heavier.

CREME FOUNDATION: Unprecedented lightness-plus-coverage... the least iota spins out a complexion like a flawless sweep of silk.

BLUSHING CREME: Raises warmth in your cheeks like an unexpected compliment. So blendable, so edgeless you can do no wrong.

SHADING CREME: Newest way to 'sculpt' great bone structure. 1. Alabaster Creme to highlight. 2. Taupesque Creme for shadowing. Paired in a single compact.

TRANSLUCENT FACE POWDER: An ineffably delicate, see-through finish with no color of its own to change the makeup color beneath.

EYELINE CAKE: Gentle new view of the eyeline—in three of the softest shades ever made. Each with its own fine-line brush.

CREME EYESHADOW: The most skin-merging shadow ever—in seven subtle, offbeat shades that won't recall any you've set eyes on.

CREME-DE-SHEEN LIPSTICKS: The lucid colors hold their own even when lights are low: Ming Pink #3, Aruba Red #5, Costa Rosa #9.



The new 'Ultima II' Makeup Series by Revlon

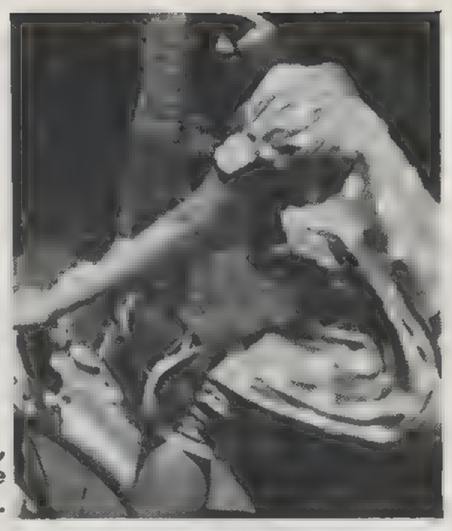
Iaorana!
Welcome Peck & Peck Girl to breathtaking Tahiti
after the smooth, fast trip on UTA French Airlines



At Faaa (Fah-ah-ah) Airport, island singers greet you with leis of seashells and flowers.

The French cuisine and Tahitian atmosphere you enjoy on board your UTA French Airlines jet flight set the mood for your Tahiti holiday. Where welcome is iaorana and tipping doesn't exist. Where wildly brilliant pareu fabrics are bought by the length, and tappa cloth hangs everywhere. What to wear in transit? Peck & Peck's cool, carefree two-piecer, left, a crochet mesh top of cotton/rayon/acetate, bound and fully lined over a slim skirt of crisp rayon. Pink, blue, yellow. 8 to 16, 35.00
What to wear on the island? Below, Peck & Peck's own cotton inseparables with the news of white lace over a lining of grey, green or pink. 8 to 16, 30.00





The motor bike, universal island mode of transportation.



Fish for awhile, snorkel for awhile...the tropical waters of Tahiti offer a wealth of activity

Tahitians never run out of smiles.





The bus doubles as delivery truck for everything from beds to coconuts.

UTA planes deposit you at Tahiti's jet airstrip, a remarkable out-thrust to the sea. UTA flights service five continents!



Peck & Peck

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo
Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

On a native outrigger canoe at Moorea Island, an hour's boat ride away from Tahiti.

Crazy bus rides…Calm enchantment…
'Tamouré,' the Tahitian twist…
only 8 hours from Los Angeles on UTA French Airlines



Anything goes—from packages to people—on buses that travel clear around the island.

Your holiday begins with the flair of the French and the décor of Tahiti you'll find on your direct UTA jet flight. Before you know it, you're in Tahiti—where music is the beat of the drum—and riotous tropical beauty sends your spirits soaring. For sightseeing chic, take along this mobile walk-pleat spun rayon, left, ours alone from our Carleton Collection, famous for finishing finesse. In black, banded and belted with blue, or in brown with black. 8 to 16, 35.00 And for all offbeat moments, the tropical print rayon skimmer, below, in a cool aqua/green. 5 to 15, 30.00



The architectural stamp of Tahiti: the thatched roof.



Tahitian children are lavished with parental love.



Symbolizing joie de vivre—Tamouré, the dance of the natives.



Photographer Parkinson—photographing native boy.



UTA's DC-8 jet, newest flagship in a 30-year tradition.



Little girls never outgrow the Tahitian's charm.

Peck & Peck

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
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The spell of this enchanted island lingers on as you wing home on UTA, the first airline to fly jets to the South Pacific. But no one can leave without making a fervent vow to return. Here, the Peck & Peck clothes you'll be glad you brought along. The three-piece costume, right, in cool cotton with its yoke-top blouse and slim skirt making still another look sans the jacket. Black/white only. 8 to 16, 45.00
Another must: at least two swimsuits like these, below, from our Surf Club Collection. Both with our famous fitting inner bras, of course. Nylon knit two-piece with laced top and back-laced pants, black or blue. 8 to 14, 18.00. The laced matelassé maillot of acrylic/nylon/stretch knit, white only. 8 to 16, 24.00



At Afaahiti beach, one last frolic in the cool sea before you leave.

Au revoir!
Peck & Peck Girl we wait for you
UTA French Airlines has direct jet flights every week!



Tiki god at Morae Arahurahu—temple, burial ground and forum for island affairs.



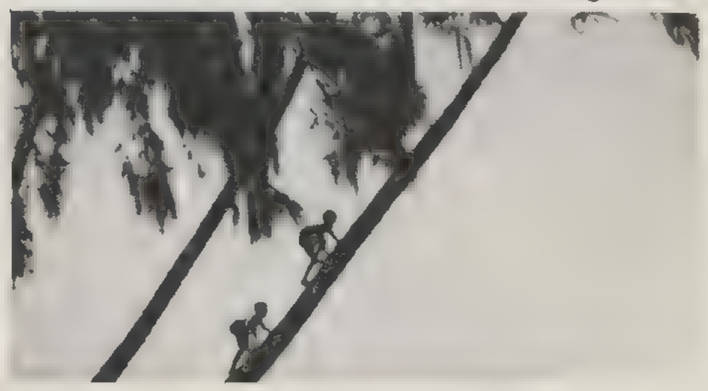
The warm, wonderful people of Tahiti sing a song of farewell at Faaa Airport.





Countless waterfalls offer exhilarating dips.

A cache of coconuts, reward for the long climb.



The sound of music and song fills the air everywhere on the island.



UTA
FRENCH AIRLINES

For travel arrangements to Tahiti and reservations on UTA, contact your travel agent or Air France as general agents for UTA.

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B Altman & Co



Geoffrey Beene's

bias cut linen!

a mere whisp of a dress

. . . with the surprise of inverted

pleats low on the sides. French linen

. . . lime or orange . . . misses'

sizes. Third floor Designer Shop,

Fifth Avenue store. **125.00**



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER • ROTH

Undress a chic woman and what do you see?

This airy compliment of a bra called Nearly Nothing. Nothing else strapless can boost a woman's ego or flatter her figure so prettily. Because Perma-Lift adds a sweet and natural fullness to the bosom by means of an extraordinary new padding. Fluffy Kodel® polyester fibers, soft as soufflé, that keep their buoyancy even after countless washings. Why any padding at all? Perma-Lift design experts know that no matter how well-endowed a woman is, she needs extra contouring in a bra that is strapless. That's why you'll find Nearly Nothing in sizes from 32 A cup to 38 C. And in all the nice round numbers in between. Nearly Nothing is supported by a whisper of underwire, and sides of Lycra® spandex power net. In white, barely beige over white, black over beige. At a nearly nothing price of 6.00.

Perma-Lift®

A. STEIN & CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES

Our wing-sleeved floral of Italian silk recklined with a roll collar, gathered and bowed at its belted waist. Strewn with multicolored blooms on a blue or black ground. $125. Dress Collections.



Saks Fifth Avenue

New York • White Plains • Springfield • Garden City • Westbury • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • Chicago • Denver • Detroit • St. Louis
Miami Beach • Ft. Lauderdale • Palm Beach • Dallas • Houston • Beverly Hills • San Francisco • Palo Alto • Palm Springs • La Jolla

S.F.A's dual-toned dress of French linen—the lean lines of its torso contrasting with the mobility of a panel-front skirt. In Moresque red or Indian blue above a white skirt. $110. Dress Collections.



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

New York • White Plains • Springfield • Garden City • Washington • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • Chicago • Skokie • Detroit
St. Louis • Miami Beach • Ft. Lauderdale • Phoenix • Beverly Hills • San Francisco • Palo Alto • La Jolla

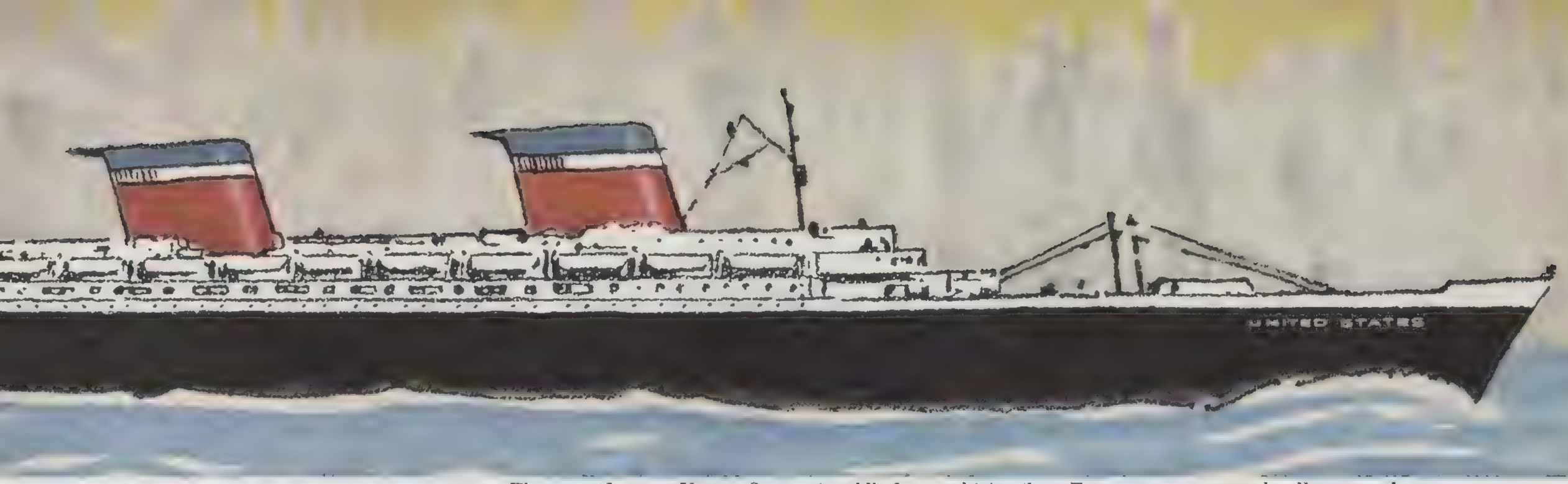
The Transatlantic Beat in fun...in fashion

If you like dashing departures, room for lots of luggage . . . take ss United States to Europe. Go in B. H. Wragge's three-part, three-color suit. Jacket is crisp linen, skirt and blouse in Couture silk.



Sip pink champagne and be the toast of the bon voyage fun in your spacious, gracious stateroom. Wear Wragge's easy two-part dress in textured Couture silk. Perfect, too, for dinner first night out.





The magnificent ss UNITED STATES (world's fastest ship) sails to Europe every two weeks all summer long.

The beating of the waves . . . relaxing in the sun . . . sipping champagne in the moonlight . . . discothequing . . . swimming . . . lazing . . . playing . . . this is the tempo of days at sea . . . this is the transatlantic beat . . . this is the *unbeatable* life you lead on the posh ss UNITED STATES. And the clothes with the "beat" to match the life could only come from B. H. WRAGGE. If you love to be lively and lazy . . . if you love to mix fun and fashion . . . if you'd love five memorable days and nights . . . don't miss the beat . . . don't miss the boat . . . take U. S. Lines and "looks" to Europe.

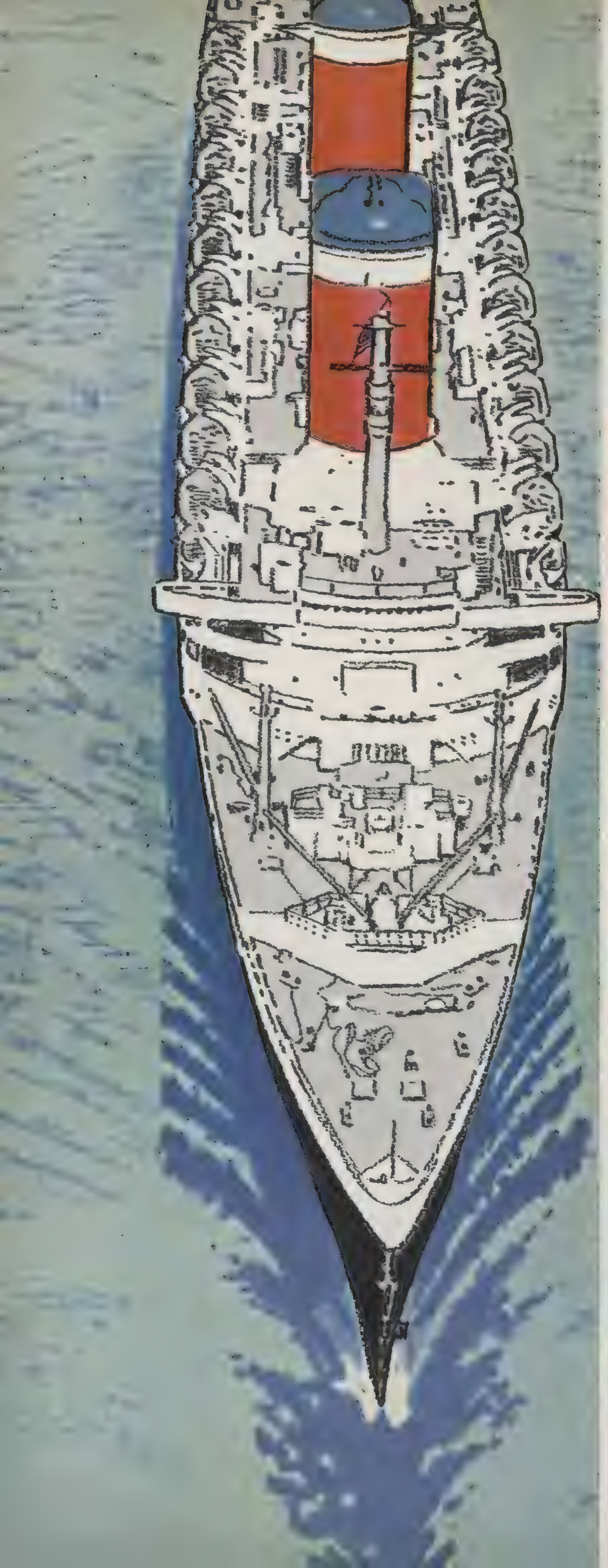
B. H. Wragge's "Transatlantic Beat Collection" at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin; Neiman-Marcus; Hudson's; Rich's.

S.S. UNITED STATES
B.H. WRAGGE

Stroll along the sunny, roomy promenade deck and watch the New York skyline disappear. Cover up in Wragge's fly-away coat with porthole pockets and matching skirt . . . so great for Paris later on.









Get the most from the transatlantic sun. Laze on deck all decked out in Wragge's hooded blouson top and tapering pants. In Celebini knit with the beat of vibrant color.

The Transatlantic Beat

in fun... in fashion

Sleeping till noon . . . or getting up with the sun and breakfasting like a country "squiress"—this is the morning beat on ss UNITED STATES. You decide how to play it. Later on there's the luxury of afternoon tea . . . a swim . . . or deck tennis. This is the day beat—the sun-touched beat at sea. The looks that beat in vibrant colors are by B. H. WRAGGE.

B. H. Wragge's "Transatlantic Beat Collection" pulses with color at Marshall Field; Harold; Julius Garfinckel; John Wanamaker; Burdine's.

S.S. UNITED STATES
B.H. WRAGGE

Enjoy the fresh salt air. Be a tiger at shuffleboard (or any of dozens of deck sports). Play the game in Wragge's brilliant new "Water Tiger" print. It's built on his classic shift lines with the newness of swagger sleeves.

Have a tête-à-tête with an Olympic champ or foreign diplomat . . . exciting personalities abound on ss United States. Wear this great Wragge look . . . part tunic . . . part skirt. The smashing new print is called "Cross Currents."





The Transatlantic Beat

in fun... in fashion

S.S. UNITED STATES · B.H. WRAGGE

Slipping away to watch a silvery moon . . . watching ship's lights dance on the waters . . . whirling around the dance floor like a deb and laughing over champagne as you wait for the dawn to come up . . . this is the glamorous night beat on the luxe ss UNITED STATES. A brilliant diamond-like beat of fun and song. Adding a special beat of its own—B. H. WRAGGE's after-dark dazzle.

B. H. Wragge's "Transatlantic Beat Collection" shines at Neusteter's; Higbee's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Kaufmann's; Hutzler's; Filene's. For more fine stores and sailing information, please see page 244.

The night beat starts with delectable gourmet treats . . . Iranian caviar for cocktails . . . Grand Marnier soufflé for dessert . . . served to the silent beat of instant, unobtrusive service. After that swing to the frug and watusi . . . the tempo à la Meyer Davis. For this quick young beat . . . B. H. Wragge's bold print empire with flaring skirt and coat of its own.

Enjoy the soft beat of moonlight on deck . . . the hum of fun . . . the heartbeat situations. To stir pulses—two Wragge charmers at right, both in textured Couture silks: The brilliant pink makes the most of a tan . . . high-necked, demure in front . . . sensational "aft" with its low back tie. The side-tie empire lights up the deck in new summer sea colors . . . Water Marigold and Pink Clam. Both have the beat that adds to the beat of the gay life on ss United States.





"Cantrece" is Du Pont's registered trademark. Look for it in leading hosiery brands, at fine stores everywhere.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics, stockings or fashions shown.



To turn the tide against dryness that exhausts your skin...

Revlon creates a remarkable moisture-and-cream concentrate



New 'Moon Drops' Moisture Cream

This is a new and different kind of night cream—so delicate, so exquisitely light, so readily absorbed—you're barely aware of it at all. While other night creams may coat your face with grease or leave it slick with oil, 'Moon Drops' seems to disappear instantly. It goes beneath the surface to lend your skin the vital moisture it needs. This moisture works from within —all night long—to help rescue your skin from dryness. Use it faithfully. Your skin will wake up looking rested and replenished...deliciously fresh and springy to the touch!
(You'll also want to enjoy new 'Moon Drops' Moisturizing Body Balm. It lets you treat your skin from head to toe—as beautifully as you treat your face.)

THE COMPLETE 'MOON DROPS' SERIES INCLUDES: NEW MOISTURE CREAM; NEW MOISTURIZING BODY BALM; MOISTURE BALM; MOISTURE FOUNDATION; SKIN CONDITIONER AND FRESHENER; MOISTURIZING CLEANSER; FIRMING FACIAL; MOISTURIZING BATH OIL; ULTRA-MOISTURE BALM (FOR EXTRA-DRY SKIN).

all this and

COTTON TOO



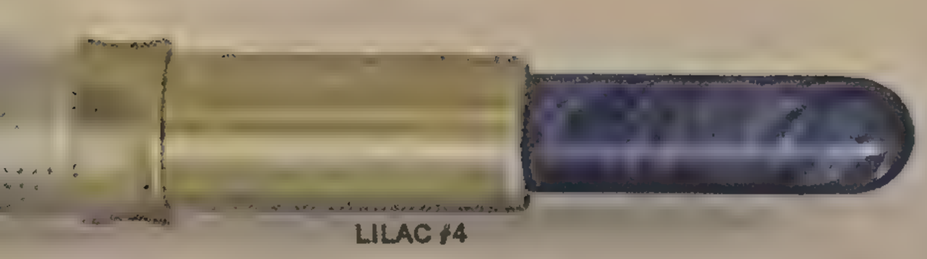
Bud Kilpatrick says:
black means fashion, color means summer. Put them both together and what do you get? Summer fashion! In this case, cool summer fashion, fresh summer fashion, because the fabric is 100% cotton—light, bright, breezy. It's a bouquet of sunny flowers scattered on a field of smartness. It's a dress to cool a warm night, to warm a cool reception. It's all this and cotton, too!

100%
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THE FIBER
YOU CAN TRUST

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GLISSando®

Eye Color Stick


LILAC #4


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New! New! New! The never-before look in eye makeup! In one stick ...a twist of separate colors that merge, converge... blend dazzling highlights and shimmering shadows on your eyelids. (Shadow alone never had such depth.) Seven scintillating shades.

Only at fine drug and department stores.

DuBARRY®

the most elegant name in cosmetics

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CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK



DOROTHY COX takes Farmers Checks in SuPima yarn-dyed cotton—and treats them as cooly as lemonade. Left: Freshly ruffled-front shift, about $28.00. Right: Bows centered on a leather tied shift, about $30.00. Both in lime/aqua, blue/lilac, pink/green, sizes 8 to 18. Matching hat, about $10.00.

LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK/ALBRECHT'S, MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL/JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO., WASHINGTON, D.C./GLADDINGS, PROVIDENCE HALLE BROS., CLEVELAND. FOR STORE IN YOUR CITY, WRITE: TANNER OF NORTH CAROLINA, 530 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018.

IN THE TANNER MANNER

now
bathe in
the
spell of
Chanel

EAU
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COLOGNE
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OIL
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N°5
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Enjoy the softening, scented luxury of new Chanel No 5 After-Bath Oil Spray, or bathe in the sumptuous elegance of Oil For The Bath. Complete the fragrance harmony with Chanel's refreshing Eau de Cologne and whisper-soft Bath Powder. Go ahead—Chanel yourself all over. Eau de Cologne from 3.50; Bath Powder, After-Bath Oil Spray, 5.00 each; Oil For The Bath, 3 oz., 5.00 or new 8 oz. size, 10.00.

CHANEL

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SKREBNESKI

The first step in a
successful make-up is
Estée Lauder's new
ENRICHED UNDER-
MAKEUP CREME

A fashion depends on what goes under it. A make-up does too. It's something you can't see—but you can see the difference when you wear it.

The perfect beginning for make-up is Estée Lauder's new Enriched Under-Makeup Creme. A thin layer of it softens and smooths, makes a velvety cushion for any foundation, and holds it softly suspended over the skin. Color seems to float on, texture evens-out into creaminess. And while Enriched Under-Makeup Creme works outwardly toward a more flawless make-up, it works inwardly to keep skin refreshingly moisturized, gently lubricated. Estée Lauder's gossamer new creme almost doesn't feel like one, it's so light, so finely formulated. Slip it on under your next make-up—you'll never leave your face "undressed" again!

Estée Lauder



Stephan Ltd.—a clear case of contrast. In true hues unique to Caprolan. Paisley careens from hot pink to cool blue for a 3-piece costume. About $55. Stark black against white strikes a houndstooth effect for self-scarved checkmates. About $40. Sizes 6-16. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; Hochschild, Kohn, Baltimore; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Weinstock, Lubin & Co., Northern California.



Hayette—sweet to utterly shocking. Flowers grow bold on the empire-slung sheath. About $25. Diamonds are wild in blue (shown), pink, or yellow on white. Eased sheath can be belted. About $25. Dots so demure in babied pink (shown) or blue. Baby-pleated sheath, about $30. Sizes 3-15. At Best & Co., New York & Branches; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Gidding Jenny, Cincinnati; Montaldo's, All Stores.



Print Fever:

catch it
for the fun
of it!

Sport Trio—incurably geometric. Shades off the deep end in Caprolan® nylon. Lined with Caprolan for the body beautiful. The look—from boldly bare to stunningly shy. Beach shift, sizes 8-16, about $28. Two-piece, about $23. Scuba suit, about $28. Sizes 8-14. At Saks Fifth Avenue, New York; Gidding Jenny, Cincinnati; M. M. Cohn, Little Rock; Rich's, Atlanta; Battelstein's, Houston.



Loomtogs—feverish florals. Rare, rich, hot-house hues cultivated in Caprolan, the more colorful nylon. Dashing as all outdoors in the new one-piece kick-suits with matching overskirts. Classic or cowl neckline. About $25. Sizes 8-18. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Filene's, Boston; Rich's, Atlanta; Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis; The Higbee Company, Cleveland.



Gotham Originals—every symptom from stripes to florals. Every print boasting brilliant Caprolan color. Bold to behold in the new posh-jamas. Styled leg-loose and as fancy-free as the prints they wear. About $35. Sizes 8-16. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Filene's, Boston; Rich's, Atlanta; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Bullock's, Los Angeles.



Ulla—downright delirious. Color dreamed of but never captured before Caprolan came to take it clear, pure, true. For dazzling new way-outfits. Tank top, about $10. Long-sleeved V-neck, about $14. Matching pants to both, about $18. Sizes 6-16. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh & Branches; Ann Taylor Sportswear, New Haven & Branches; I Magnin & Co., San Francisco.


Mitsouko by Guerlain

May Day in Piešťany

By David Pryce-Jones

A sentimental journey to Czechoslovakia's famous prewar spa

By eight o'clock the Hotel Eden in Piešťany was full. I crowded into the small entrance, which was steamy with drying mackintoshes—it had poured with rain all day. At the reception desk twelve square-shouldered men from a football team were shouting that they would not share rooms. Twenty minutes later the team was sulkily dragging the luggage upstairs. Earlier in the afternoon I had telephoned from Brno to make a reservation. My room was at the top of the hotel, up flights of narrow, concrete stairs overlaid with heavy matting.

On the first-floor landing was the restaurant, its plate-glass swing doors misty from the heat inside. A band was playing dance music, and groups of people sang as they waited for the tables. There were only two or three waiters, though, so nobody left these tables, and the singing had a steady continuity about it. The members of the football team were already beginning their soup.

I drove to the Thermia Palace Hotel, which before the war had been one of the most famous hotels in Slovakia, built for those who wished to take the mud baths and the medicinal waters of this secluded spa in the foothills of the Carpathians. In those days members of my family had stayed there, but when I asked about the hotel, I was told that, except for its bar and restaurant, the Thermia Palace was closed to casual visitors; it was the whole cure or nothing, and then only for trade unionists. Against the dark, rainy sky the late-Imperial architecture of the hotel provided a top-heavy silhouette. The entrance up a flight of terraced steps was boarded up, but I found a side door overhung by a single naked bulb against which the rain drummed and sizzled. The interior of the hotel was under reconstruction, and the unlit salons and halls were shuttered behind improvised drapings and a makeshift scaffolding of planks. It was nine o'clock as I entered the huge dining room, once resplendent with Edwardian gilt and fashionable frescoes, and the lights were being turned out. The last guests, mostly elderly, were sitting in a little reading room opposite, knitting and playing cards.

There remained the bar, secreted in the hotel's heart, an artery independent of the big lifeless limbs—a contrast of gaiety with angled lights, streaks of stained glass set against the Prussian-blue walls, white-clothed tables, a dapper orchestra. The cook had not yet arrived, and the headwaiter left me to drink Czech wine while around the room the women in black dresses with beehive hairstyles sipped orange juice and the men drank cognac.

There was polite dancing, at arms' length, to American tunes. At the next table sat a party of ten young Germans, all blond, ungainly figures except for a dark, pretty girl. The strap shoes, clean shirts, and gaudy ties made me fidget self-consciously and reach for a nonexistent comb. Behind me some Czechs were being animated by a thick-set man doing tricks with matches and putting on sunglasses. Turning around, he tried to bring me into the jollity over his shoulder.

Then the cook arrived; the headwaiter bowed and busied off; he had been in the hotel for thirty years, he said noncommittally. I asked him if he remembered my family. "Your uncle, a bachelor? He came regularly for the season. Of course." After nearly an hour the food came, a steak and thin-sliced chips, the best I ate in any Czech restaurant.

The next morning, in the spring sunshine (a night wind had cleared away the rain and clouds) Piešťany looked like any provincial town spruced up for a festival. For every Czech flag there flew a Russian one alongside; the streets had been decked out with banners, wide strip-slogans: "*Nech žije 1 Máj*" —Long Live the First of May.

I walked down to the square where the procession would march past, and where bystanders were beginning to gather listlessly. A couple with a stall of plastic ties was doing quick business. Over the people the ubiquitous loudspeakers began to crackle with patriotic songs and an anthem, its tune punctuated with repeated gunshots, which aroused the old men slouching against a sunny wall opposite. At first they had failed to recognize the music. Now they shamefacedly crept their hands up to sneak off their hats and then stiffened. them into attention. Above their heads, two boys on a balcony were pulling grimaces until someone shouted at them gruffly and they too stood still. More music and at last the inevitable propaganda speech.

People began to circulate in the square again as the international words hissed out at them, hissed because there was a faulty connection in the electrical wiring: "Front . . . proletariat . . . Marxism-Leninism . . . collective . . . revolution. . . ." The grey vans of the local party headquarters buzzed up and down the waiting streets, setting out from the *Agitační Středisko*, or Agitation Centre, which had an ostentatious display of posters and charts. Organizers were coping with the last minute work, the crowd was thickening.

I made my way to the rallying point, where several bands thumped away in the background to keep spirits up, most appropriately a brass band in traditional Slovakian costume. Slogans, pasteboard doves, floats, banners, waved above the crowd until at ten o'clock the parade set off on the slow wind around the town, and I followed to one side. I caught sight of the Germans striding under a banner

(Continued on page 64)



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Paul Steketee & Sons Co.	Grand Rapids, Mich.
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John Shillito Co.	Cincinnati, O.
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Nineteen South	Fort Scott, Kans.
C. Crawford Hollidge	Boston, Mass.
Joseph Doody	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Harold's	Minneapolis, Minn.
Jenny Banta	Ridgewood, N.J.
Nicholas Ungar	Portland, Ore.

LOOMTOGS

Diamond's	Phoenix, Ariz.
J. W. Robinson Co.	Los Angeles, Cal.
Neusteter's	Denver, Colo.
Woodward & Lothrop	Washington, D.C.
Burdine's	Miami, Fla.
Jordan Marsh	Miami, Fla. and Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.
Famous-Barr Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
Wanamaker's	Philadelphia, Pa.
Sakowitz Bros.	Houston, Tex.
Best's Apparel	Seattle, Wash.

"The way a woman looks, I think,
depends more than anything else
on the way she feels about herself.
Watch her in a white dress.
She stands differently, walks differently.
That's why I've always loved white
dresses, the strict, immaculate ones."

Anne Fogarty

Zepel† stain protected piqué of 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% cotton. Sizes 4 to 14. $70*. At stores listed on page 247.

†TM FOR DUPONT'S FABRIC FLUORIDIZER. ©DUPONT'S REG. TM FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER *SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.





FOR THE SIMPLE COTTONS OF SUMMER. "SUN-LINERS" BY GOSSARD. LIGHT, SHEER, PERSUASIVE ONLY WHERE NECESSARY. BRA, CONTOURED OR PADDED, IN 32-36, A-B-C, $5. SHORT-LEG PANTIE, S-M-L, $10. LONG-LEG, $11. GARTER BELT, $4. ALL IN PURE WHITE BLUE "C"® NYLON, RAYON, AND BLUE "C"® SPANDEX. AT BONWIT TELLER, NEW YORK; JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA; RICH'S, ATLANTA; STRIPLING'S, FORT WORTH; ARMSTRONG'S, CEDAR RAPIDS; THE CRESCENT, SPOKANE. CHEMSTRAND, N.Y. 1, N.Y., A DIVISION OF Monsanto

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NOTHING BUT C SPANDEX MAKES YOU LOOK SO FEMALE

CHEMSTRAND



TODAY'S CHIC IS CREAMY-SLEEK

(why settle for "little-nothing" lips!)

MAX FACTOR INTRODUCES ULTRALUCENT CREME LIPSTICKS



Discovered: a lipstick that knows no dryness—
Max Factor's remarkable new UltraLucent Creme.
So rich it slithers on like a lick of cream, so
dazzling you'd think it was done with mirrors.
Max Factor does it with an incredibly creamy new
color base that's pure gloss (yet soft and un-greasy!).

Makes your lips feel different (much yummier).
Makes color look different (dewier, *deluged* with glow).
In twenty-one colors (eight in a sumptuous new
iridescent) that make fashion sit up and purr.
Slip into a few. (It's like making up with a kiss.)

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MGM presents

"THE YELLOW ROLLS-ROYCE"

an Anatole De Grunwald production

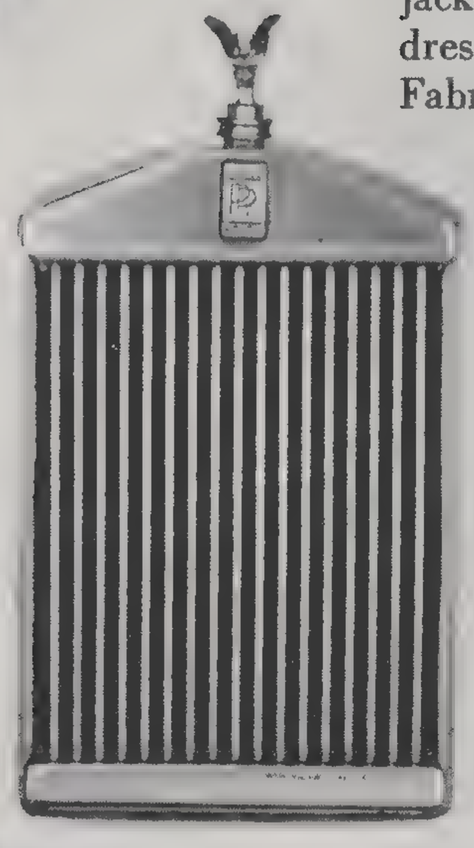
Starring:

Ingrid Bergman — Rex Harrison
Alain Delon — George C. Scott
Jeanne Moreau — Omar Sharif
and
Shirley MacLaine

The new motion picture with an untrammeled, miles-seem-like-minutes plot and a car to get carried away with. Appearing here and on the following pages, the actual car-star from MGM's new film—the news rolling into fashion life now with great dash.

FROM JOAN LESLIE BY KASPER ... THE ROLLS-ROYCE YELLOWS

Marvellous in action, marvellous in yellow—the car, the clothes here. *Above*, Irish linen coatdress with new zip—high-waisted, semi-shaped; about $55. *Opposite:* Near right, a wide-ranging pleat and sidelong buttons for a bias skirt and overblouse, in Bloomsburg silk-and-rayon. About $55. Far right, sleeveless jacket linked at the waist, over a V-necked dress with a line that follows the body. Crown Fabrics. About $65.



THE NEW POLISH OF PEARLS BY STAR OF SIAM

Hand crafted the Rolls-Royce way—beautifully . . . pure mother-of-pearl dipped nineteen times in lustre mined from oysters. These are "nacreated" pearls by Star of Siam . . . glowing product of man's infinite artistic skill . . . a fashion plunder that has the world on a string now. Or *strings:* the more strands the more fashion is the idea.



ROLLS-ROYCE YELLOWS FROM JOAN LESLIE BY KASPER PEARLS WITH NEW POLISH HANDCRAFTED BY STAR OF SIAM ...RIDING INTO FASHION WITH MGM'S "THE YELLOW ROLLS-ROYCE"

The throb of yellow, the polish of black—sparkplugging the new fashions from Joan Leslie by Kasper, the new entertainment-by-the-mile in the MGM film, "The Yellow Rolls-Royce." Pearls lighting the scene—new "nacreations" by Star of Siam. *Above*: Left, kicking up a storm of petals—a smooth-going, dance-going dress in Maxwell yellow poppy print on white cotton piqué. About $55. Right, black line drawing of flowers on the new Empire bias—a dress all fluid line, a bolero added. Of cotton piqué. About $60. *Opposite:* Near right, sleeveless smocked overblouse and eased skirt done in black and yellow bias plaid printed on Irish Looms linen. About $70. Far right, bellboy jacket of Irish Looms linen over a bias-cut crepe dress . . . body-shaping at work again. About $65.





"THE YELLOW ROLLS-ROYCE" FROM MGM ARRIVES IN FASHION: PLEATS OUT FOR THE SPIN FROM JOAN LESLIE BY KASPER THE POLISH OF PEARLS HANDCRAFTED BY STAR OF SIAM

Pleats and pearls, new night fashion action wherever the wind blows. Cases in point: England, Italy, Austria, the locations for the MGM film, "The Yellow Rolls-Royce." *Above*: Left, moving in the Rolls-Royce manner—a bias swing of tiny pleats, a scoop of neckline with the allure of Star of Siam "nacreated" pearls. About $50. Right, panels swept up in the new action at Joan Leslie by Kasper. Here, a six-o'clock dress in Arnel crepe, about $60. *Opposite*, new gathering excitement at the hemline, a dress no bulkier than a breeze in Couleur's silk chiffon, anchored with a treasure of pearls. About $80. All hats on these pages, by Emme. Shoes, I. Miller. For store listing, see page 64.





THE
ROLLS-ROYCE LOOKS
FROM JOAN LESLIE
BY KASPER

seen on the preceding six pages are available in the dashing new yellow as shown and in other fashion shades at the following stores:

New York City.....Bonwit Teller
Albany, N. Y.....Honigsbaum's
Atlanta, Ga.....Rich's
Atlantic City, N. J.....Needlecraft
Baltimore, Md.....Hutzler's
Baton Rouge, La.....Gus Mayer
Beaumont, Tex.....Gus Mayer
Birmingham, Ala....Burger-Phillips
Boston, Mass.....Filene's
Bridgeport, Conn.....D. M. Read
Buffalo, N. Y.....Wm. Hengerer
Charlotte, N. C.....Montaldo's
Chattanooga, Tenn.....Miller's
Chicago, Ill.....Bramson's
Cincinnati, Ohio.....H. & S. Pogue
Cleveland, Ohio.....Halle Bros.
Columbus, Ohio.....F. & R. Lazarus
Dayton, Ohio.....Rike-Kumler
Denver, Colo.....Montaldo's
Detroit, Mich.....J. L. Hudson
Durham, N. C.....Thalhimer's
East Orange, N. J.....Doop's
El Paso, Tex.....Popular Dry Goods
Greensboro, N. C.....Montaldo's
Honolulu, Hawaii.....Liberty House
Houston, Tex.....Esther Wolf
Indianapolis, Ind.....L. S. Ayres
Jackson, Mich.....Jacobson's
Jackson, Miss.....Gus Mayer
Kansas City, Mo.....Chasnoff's
Knoxville, Tenn.....Miller's
Los Angeles, Cal.....J. W. Robinson
Louisville, Ky....Stewart Dry Goods
Memphis, Tenn.....Levy's
Miami, Fla.....Jordan Marsh
Miami Beach, Fla.....Lillie Rubin
Millburn, N. J.....Jelof's
Milwaukee, Wis.
Milwaukee Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn...The Dayton Co.
Nashville, Tenn.....Cain-Sloan
New Haven, Conn.....Esther's
New Orleans, La.....Gus Mayer
Oklahoma City, Okla...Al Rosenthal
Omaha, Neb.....J. L. Brandeis
Orlando, Fla.....Jordan Marsh
Peoria, Ill.....Carson Pirie Scott
Philadelphia, Pa.....Bonwit Teller
Phoenix, Ariz.....Goldwater's
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Joseph Horne
Richmond, Va.....Thalhimer's
Ridgewood, N. J.....Jenny Banta
Rochester, N. Y.
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
St. Louis, Mo....Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Antonio, Tex.....Frost Bros.
San Francisco, Cal...Joseph Magnin
Santa Ana, Cal.....Patricia's
Seattle, Wash.....John Doyle Bishop
Stamford, Conn.....Ethel Allan
Syracuse, N. Y.....Muriel Woronov
Tampa, Fla.....Maas Brothers
Trenton, N. Y.....Stacy's
Tulsa, Okla.....Irene Herbert
Washington, D. C...Julius Garfinckel
Wilkes Barre, Pa.....Beverly Shop
Wilmington, Del....The Purple Door
Winston Salem, N. C.....Montaldo's

May Day in Piešťany

(Continued from page 53)

proclaiming their solidarity: the dark girl was wearing an enamelled red star on her impeccable suède jacket.

Suddenly I came across the burly Czech, still the life and soul of his group as he pranced ahead like a bear leader. We shook hands. The marchers passed the tribunal where the local pressmen were taking it all down. The youth movement group stopped in front of them to smile and wave patriotic flags. Up the streets went the parade and into the square with the blaring music; then marchers and spectators crowded into the cinemas, the Mir and the Moskva, for the speeches. I walked away, eyed at a distance by a volunteer policeman, a PS-VB with his yellow armband.

Buses and lorries clubbed together in the open spaces on the edge of the town. Empty roads led out of Piešťany, giving way to lanes, angling and curving through the meadows and the orchards now heavily in blossom. Through the countryside there were few signs of the festivities, although on the wide village greens the Maypole rose, tall and skinned bare except for its decorated top.

Čachtice was outwardly no different from any other of these attractive somnolent places, but I was visiting it because my family had once lived there and I had grown up familiar with the name. Along its single street the farmhouses were strung side by side, each enclosing an interior courtyard behind the whitewashed walls and iron-studded doors, on the Slovakian pattern which has remained unchanged for centuries.

At the end of the village I found someone to ask about the prewar days: he was bald, although he had a young face. Who remembered my grandmother? He would find out, there was a woman here who knew everything. Before he disappeared I asked him the way up to the castle, and he pointed it out.

It followed the irregular remains of a ramped mediaeval road which climbed through flowering apple trees and hayfields speckled with wild flowers. The ruin surmounted a slow rise, although on the far side the ground unexpectedly fell away for hundreds of feet to open up a valley, hitherto concealed, with a view across to the far Carpathian Mountains. Here in the sixteenth century the notorious Elizabeth Bathory was reputed to have cut the throats of her serving maids to provide baths of blood for her white skin.

In the castle precinct a group of teen-age girls giggled around a loud transistor radio. Below, on a buttressed ledge, some boys had stripped to their underpants and lay in the sun. In front of the fallen barbican stones, I recognized a free-standing arch: in the family photograph album this bit of the ruin had served as a proscenium for the posed and picnicking uncles and aunts.

On leaving, I met the bald man pushing his bicycle uphill, the sweat trickling on his shiny head. Having realized who I was, he explained, he wanted to give me a message. Of course he remembered the Frau Baronin. Yes, those were different days, he said, and after a pause, "You will come back, you'll see," but when I began to talk, he hurried on to the castle outskirts, trundling his bicycle.

Back in Čachtice, I met another man who had already heard that I was here on a visit. Only last month he had been asking a former bailiff for news of the family. "Oh, it was just three weeks ago." He slapped his temple, and his face wrinkled with pleased surprise. He remembered those days well, when he had stood in a reception line for the Frau Baronin, but he had only seen her that once. He looked at me and said reflectively, "Now we have everything which used to belong to Springer, Horvath, and Széchenyi. It is one of the biggest collective farms." I asked him what it was like and he answered quietly: "Well, some are worse off and they are unhappy, and some are better off, but for nearly everybody it is much the same as it always was. They work, and how they work."

In Brcany, the next village, I was directed to a former family accountant and his wife who lived in the collective. As soon as I had introduced myself, I was made at home in their two small but spotless rooms, a kitchen with a modern refrigerator and a big stove, and a bedroom beyond it. Half of the latter was occupied by an old-fashioned bed with eiderdown and lace counterpane, while the wall above was fitted with the portrait of some great aunt in Edwardian *grande toilette*. On another wall was a wooden crucifix overlooking us as we sat together drinking glasses of a rum-and-raw-egg drink.

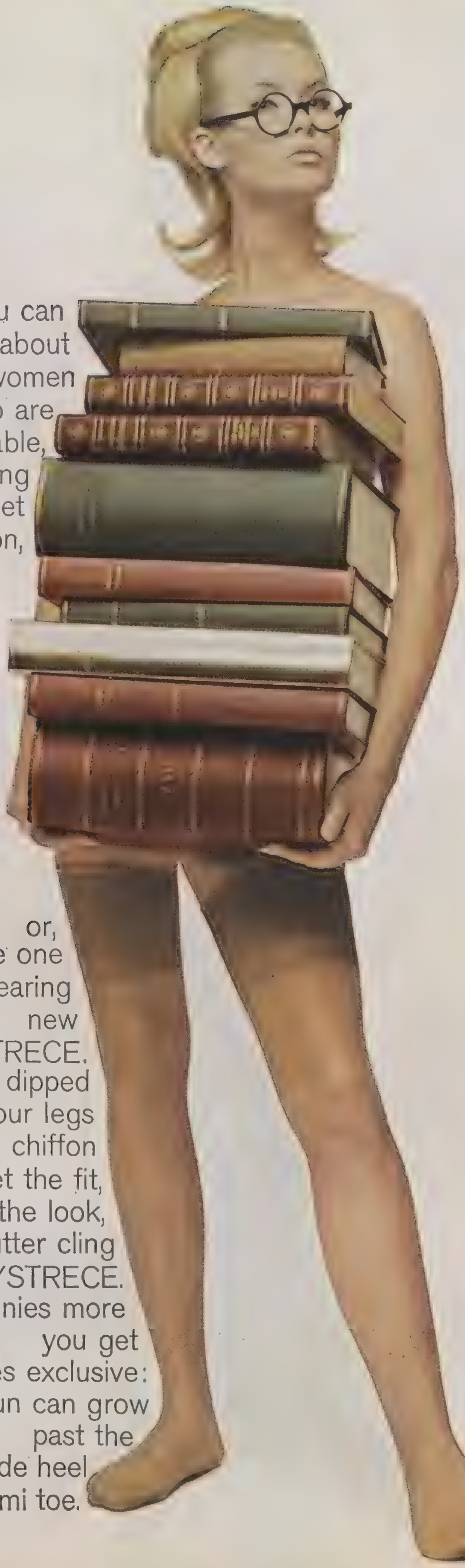
The man was dejected, the woman energetic, with an energy all the more ferocious in that her face and hands were covered with acute eczema. They were both of German extraction, and they complained that they were victimized because of their Sudeten origin, that they could never buy meat, that they were deprived of fuel; a long catalogue of complaints which it was plainly a relief to unfold to a stranger.

They said that they had no friends except a baptized Jew who had returned after the war, although he need not have taken the trouble to get baptized because the authorities had driven the priest into the factory and shut down his church. In their eyes the rest of the village was worthless, and the young were the worst, no respect, no discipline. "*Sie sind ein Schweinsgesindel,*" the wife said, a rabble of swine.

After a final glass of the rum nog, the husband put on his shoes to accompany us around the farm. At the far end of the yard a one-storey building which had been the family office and the home of the former bailiff, framed three sides of a ruined ornamental garden. The man talked of thirty years spent bookkeeping for the family in this very house; every morning he came across just to remind himself, to get the feel. As we wandered around the arcade, women and children from these converted rooms came out to smile and to pose for photographs.

Finally he took me to see what had been my uncle's house,

(Continued on page 80)



You can
read about
women
who are
unforgettable,
disarming
and a not-so-quiet
sensation,

or,
become one
by wearing
new
MYSTRECE.
If you dipped
your legs
in liquid chiffon
you'd get the fit,
the look,
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of MYSTRECE.
And for pennies more
you get
that Hanes exclusive:
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MYSTRECE...
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Photographed by Richard Litwin at the Riviera Hotel, Palm Springs, California

from that traveler's notebook





What to wear for a gala, in-flight, fling aboard an **American Airline Astrojet.** *Something stylish, trim, comfortable and serene, (like an Astrojet). Something to attract a man's eye (while eyeing in-flight movies, or TV, or enjoying the finest stereo music).*

Something deliciously crisp and cool. In 100% Erinore Irish Linen by Wm. Ewart & Son, of course. Perhaps a dashing, easy-moving, multiple-stitched shift with tie self-belt, in copen blue, raspberry or yellow. $18. Sizes: 8-16. Or a slit-shoulder belted sheath in copen, natural or raspberry. $20. Sizes: 10-20. Or a sleeveless, deep-yoke demi fit with half belt, side button tabs. In copen, pink, yellow. $20. Sizes: 8-16.

Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.
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Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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Prices slightly higher west of Rockies.

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1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Travel to page 262 for stores where American Golfer fashions are sold.

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only one make-up in the world will last through two breakfasts...

For those unexpected days that go into evening...delightfully into the next morning...rely on Pan-Cake* Make-Up to keep your face beautiful, flawless, compelling. Who knows...tonight you may not get home till after breakfast.

Pan-Cake® Make-Up by Max Factor

Straw-hití™

as in Tahiti

They're splashy . . . they're summery . . .
they're a potion of tropic breezes, surf, and sunbeams
created to weave a spell in your shoe wardrobe.
See them — the new Pseudo-Straws
from Brown Shoe Company.

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The sun goddess . . .
Smartaire's simple offering
for summer. You'll give
praises to its elegant
styling, to the marvelous
cane color that freshens,
flatters whatever you wear.
And to its cushioned insole
and lining. Smartaire Shoes
are priced from $5.99 to $10.99.

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Straw-hiti™
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Go native . . . in a ravishing
bareback look from Life Stride.
A sling-forming circlet
of softest leather contrasts
with the closed toe of crisp
Straw-hiti . . . in
Drifting Sand color.
Inside, pure softness.
Life Stride Shoes are
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java-java...a light and lovely summer blend of coffee-colored calf and pseudo straw. Naturalizer buckles it up with an ample dash of fashion, created for strap-shoe versatility with walking-heel comfort. Naturalizer Shoes are priced from $10.99 to $15.99

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Straw-hiti look that says
Risqué, right down to its
low-dipping sides. Says
so much for any summer look—
in Drifting Sand color,
with matching leather trim.
Wonderfully walkable.
Risqué Shoes are priced
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Accustomed to the finest you'll find it in a Beechcraft



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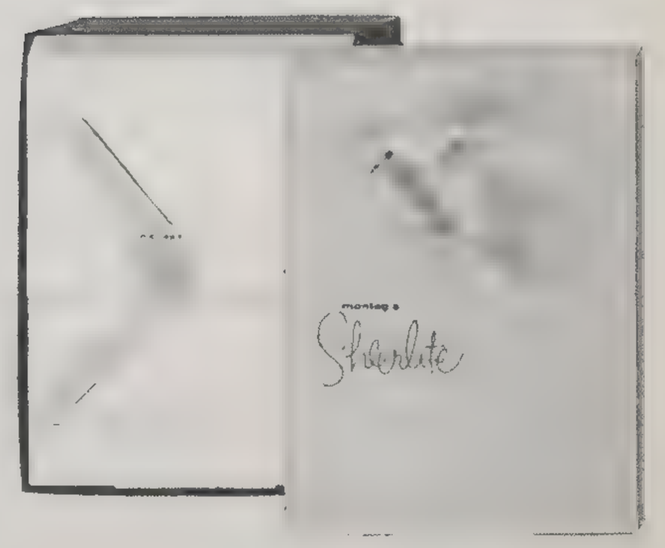


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DESERT FLOWER

SATIN FOAM

SHULTON

May Day in Piešťany

(Continued from page 64)

an unimpressive period piece set in the middle of the village. Thirty-five people were now living there, he said. The front door was hanging off and the shutters had mostly vanished: laundry was out to dry on lines between the windows. I walked up the steep stairs, noticing the dusty buzzard's head still in place as a hunting trophy. Outside I was confronted by a blaze of overgrown rhododendrons, pink and scarlet in the sun.

There were other villages on this pilgrimage to the past, Bory, Kostolany, Konopiště, but I had nothing in my stomach except the rum-and-egg drink, and I did not want to miss the evening celebrations in Piešťany. On the way back I passed the buses and lorries delivering home the marchers. As the buses stopped, groups got out and dispersed, the children holding their flags; everywhere the fields were cheerful with these blobs of colour.

Piešťany itself had settled down to a quiet holiday mood. The footballers were out in the sports ground. People sauntered about or lounged in the sun, dating boys and girls were window-shopping, the couple selling plastic ties slept under the barrow. The speeches were over, the slogans had disappeared, the loudspeakers would be silent for a few more hours.

In the last puddles of yesterday's rainwater lay the paper streamers and the bunting, now flaccid in the gutters, the running dye staining the pool red.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *David Pryce-Jones, the twenty-nine-year-old son of the distinguished critic Alan Pryce-Jones, has published two books in this country:* The Sands of Summer, *a novel, and* Next Generation: Travels in Israel, *a brilliant report on Israel's young. Educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, David Pryce-Jones lives with his wife and children in Iowa City where he teaches at the Writer's Workshop of the State University of Iowa. He has been called "a talkative Englishman." This, when the Englishman is a Pryce-Jones, is an excellent thing.*



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Syracuse, N. Y. . . . . Flah & Co.
Tampa, Fla. . . . . Maas Bros. of Florida
Topeka, Kans. . . . . Palace Clothing Co.
Tulsa, Okla. . . . . Brown-Dunkin
Tucson, Ariz. . . . . Levy Bros.
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For night people

An iridescent overglaze to make your lipstick shine in the sunlight. Shimmer in the moonlight. Dazzle in the dark. (Separate hues in the stick . . . blend on your lips.) Frost glacé over your Glissando lipstick, any shade . . . and glow, glow, glow!

Choose Glissando Pearl Glacé to "cool," Golden Glacé to "warm," Amber Glacé to "burnish" the color worn beneath.

Only at fine drug and department stores.





DuBARRY

the most elegant name in cosmetics

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Love

L'Air du Temps

the romantic fragrance...

Love it this new way... L'Air du Temps AIROMATIQUE by Nina Ricci

PARIS



An original Lalique flacon with a very special atomizer, created in Paris by Marcel Franck. It's leak-proof, spill-proof and easily refilled. Eau de Toilette, 2½ ozs., $6.50. In Capricci, $7.50. PRICES PLUS TAX

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

How to disappear into a bikini— a little story with an enormous message

As the time to go near the summer waters approaches, there comes to mind this story—a true one with a moral and a happy ending. . . . Busy young woman with full complement of husband, children, job, committees, business travel, et cetera, bought this little machine in a fit of industry about dispatching several inches from her midriff. She used it—thirty minutes a clip according to her instructions—faithfully for two days. Half as many inches as days disappeared, and then Things Came Up, and the little machine lay dormant. But not so the midriff. It quickly retrieved its inch. The owner of it got busier and busier, her centre-section broader and broader. The little machine's silvery veneer got dustier and dustier, but not its reputation. "I *have* one." the young woman would say with pride, over and over again, of her Relax-A-cizor, for that was the little machine's given name. "It's adorable and I hope to get back to it some day." (Clearly she felt that the mere fact that the little machine maintained an address in her closet would soon effect a pleasing change in her measurements.) She would also as often as not reflect: "Of course, if I went out and played tennis for a couple of hours, that might accomplish as much . . ." . . . . She never did get to tennis. She *did* get to the point where Acapulco un-bikinied seemed an outrageous thought and, simultaneously with this rueful conclusion, the little machine reproached her darkly from its closet shelf. Being really a logical person, she decided then and there to stop talking about the thing and to give it another, more orderly whirl. Which she did, having re-boned up on the instructions. These results ensued: two-and-a-half inches off her waistline, two off her abdomen, inch-and-a-half beneath her rib cage; size 12 to size 10 within six weeks. Equally satisfactory was the work she seemed to get done while enwrapped in her Relax-A-cizor bands—the reading, the writing, the menu-and-holiday planning that could be achieved in this exhilarating set-up. . . . Very true story, as we said at the outset. The moral—why let that little machine go fallow, in your house or in its warehouse? The happy ending: Not only an impressive loss of girth (as proven whenever Relax-A-cizor's used correctly), but the dividend of a private half-hour a day for letter-writing, phone-calling, or great world-shaking thoughts. Also, as the little machine's name would imply, for Relax-A-tion.

The Adelaar

Separates on the opposite page are available at:

Akron, Ohio .....The M. O'Neil Co.
Albany, N.Y. .....Flah's
Albuquerque, N.M. .....Benjamin's
Alhambra, Calif. .....Bragg's
Allentown, Pa. .....Zollinger Harned
Alton, Ill. .....The Vogue
Amherst, N.Y. .....Jenss Dept. Store
Anderson, Ind. .....Banner Store
Ann Arbor, Mich. .....Goodycar's
Asbury Park, N.J. .....Steinbach Co.
Asheville, N.C. .....Ivey's
Atlanta, Ga. .....J. P. Allen
Augusta, Ga. .....Frank Goldberg
Benton Harbor, Mich. .....The Petite Shoppe
Birmingham, Ala. .....Taylors
Bloomington, Ill. .....Rolands
Boston, Mass. .....Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Brownsville, Tex. .....Popular Dry Goods Co.
Buffalo, N.Y. .....Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Charleston, S.C. .....Kerrisons Dept. Store
Chicago, Ill. .....Kaufmann's
Danville, Ill. .....Jules Straus
Davenport, Iowa .....Goodell's
Dayton, Ohio .....The Rike-Kumler Co.
Denver, Colo. .....May D & F
Des Moines, Iowa .....Feldmann's
East Orange, N.J. .....R. H. Muir, Inc.
Elgin, Ill. .....Jos. Spiess Co.
Elkhart, Ind. .....Stephensons
Elmira, N.Y. .....The Gorton Coy
El Paso, Tex. .....Popular Dry Goods
Evansville, Ind. .....De Jong's
Flint, Mich. .....The Vogue
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. .....Jordan Marsh
Ft. Wayne, Ind. .....Wolf & Dessauer
Ft. Worth, Tex. .....Meachams
Glendale, Calif. .....Ruth Faye Shop
Grand Rapids, Mich. .....Steketee's
Greensboro, N.C. .....Brownhills
Greensburg, Pa. .....Royers
Greenwich, Conn. .....Chancy D'Elia
Hackensack, N.J. .....Knitwear Shoppe
Hartford, Conn. .....G. Fox & Co.
Houston, Tex. .....Sakowitz
Indianapolis, Ind. .....L. S. Ayres
Indianapolis, Ind. .....The Wm. H. Block Co.
Ithaca, N.Y. .....Holleys
Jackson Heights, N.Y. .....Clark Stores, Inc.
Jacksonville, Fla. .....Ivey's
Jamestown, N.Y. .....Olga's Town & Country
Johnstown, Pa. .....Penn Traffic
Kansas City, Mo. .....Adlers
Kenosha, Wisc. .....Greenbergs
La Crosse, Wisc. .....S & H Sports Shop
Lafayette, Ind. .....The Fashion
La Jolla, Calif. .....Walker Scott
Lansing, Ohio .....Knapp's
Lima, Ohio .....Gregg's
Los Angeles, Calif. .....Broadway Dept. Store
Louisville, Ky. .....Stewart Dry Goods
Mansfield, Ohio .....Golden Russell
Marion, Ind. .....Chester Staley
Miami, Fla. .....Jordan Marsh
Milwaukee, Wisc. .....Gimbel Bros., Inc.
Morristown, N.J. .....M. Epstein, Inc.
Newark, N.J. .....Hahne & Company
New Britain, Conn. .....Davidson & Levanthal
New Orleans, La. .....Leon Godchaux Clothing
Newton Center, Mass. .....Browning-King. Ltd.
Northampton, Mass. .....Albert's, Inc.
Oak Park, Ill. .....Gregory's
Orlando, Fla. .....Jordan Marsh
Pasadena, Calif. .....Bullock's Pasadena
Passaic, N.J. .....Wechsler's
Plainfield, N.J. .....Tepper Bros.
Portland, Ore. .....Bests Apparel, Inc.
Providence, R.I. .....The Peerless Co.
Raleigh, N.C. .....Mac Josephs
Richmond, Ind. .....Palais Royal
Richmond, Va. .....Miller Rhoads
Ridgewood, N.J. .....Sealfons, Inc.
Rochester, N.Y. .....B. Forman
Rochester, N.Y. .....Sibley Lindsay & Curr
Rockford, Ill. .....D. J. Stewart & Co.
Rocky Mt., N.C. .....Rosenbloom-Levy
Royal Oak, Mich. .....R. B. Shops
Salt Lake City, Utah .....Makoff
San Diego, Calif. .....Walker Scott
San Francisco, Calif. .....Livingston Bros.
Santa Ana, Calif. .....Bullock's Santa Ana
Santa Monica, Calif. .....H. C. Henshey Co.
Savannah, Ga. .....Fine's
Schenectady, N.Y. .....Muslers
Seattle, Wash. .....Best's Apparel, Inc.
So. Bend, Ind. .....Gilberts
St. Louis, Mo. .....Famous Barr Co.
St. Louis, Mo. .....Stix Baer & Fuller
Stockton, Calif. .....Katten Marengo
Tacoma, Wash. .....Lou Johnson
Terre Haute, Ind. .....Metro's Fashions, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio .....Sig Aron, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio .....La Salle & Koch
Tucson, Ariz. .....Jacomes
Utica, N.Y. .....D. Price & Co.
Vinciennes, Ind. .....Joseph's
Waterloo, Iowa .....Sweeney's
Wauxegan, Ill. .....Heine Co.
Westwood, Calif. .....Bullock's Westwood
Wichita, Kansas .....Macy's Innes
York, Pa. .....Jacks of York, Inc.





Adelaar

IN CALCUTTA CLOTH
BY DESIGNER FABRICS.

Adelaar chooses a crisp, cool blend of 50% Vycron® polyester and 50% cotton for a coordinated summer wardrobe. Above: Pin-tucked shirt and overblouse in bone with brown or orange stitching. Also in blue, pink and green with darker tone stitching. Each $8*. Two-pocket skirt $10*, A-line skirt $8*. Skirts in orange, brown, blue, strawberry and green. Left: Braided overblouse and panel-front shirt in bone, embroidered in each of skirt colors listed. Embroidered Sandpiper shirt in bone only. Each $10*. All sizes 10 to 18. At stores listed below and on opposite page. Adelaar, Inc. 525 Seventh Ave., New York.

Lord & Taylor, New York; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Hutzler's, Baltimore; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Goldwater's, Phoenix; Frost Bros., San Antonio; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles.

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST
BELTS BY CALDERON, JEWELRY BY GOLDBERG SANDOR.

for lips that are 'all woman'

NEW COTY CREMESTICK

a luxurious new lipstick so rich with
moisture-creme it is not even called lipstick.
Cremestick. For you, if you want
the voluptuous look he loves...
the rounded hip
your full silk spill of hair...
and now your creamy lips

smoother, softer than they've ever been before
color smooth, touch smooth

rich with a sheer new dimension of creme
lit with a sheer mouthwatering sheen
in tender tones that sing soft things...
'Come Closer Honey' 'Bunny Rose'

Yes colors.
Lips he could get lost in. COTY



moisturizing
absolutely non-greasy

© COTY, 1965

Where?



SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

Wear

Sacony as you climb the steps to the plush upstairs of the Quadri.

Where the decor inside matches…almost matches…the opulence of the Piazza San Marco outside.

Venice at dusk. Soft, lamplit.

Sip. Gaze. Dine.

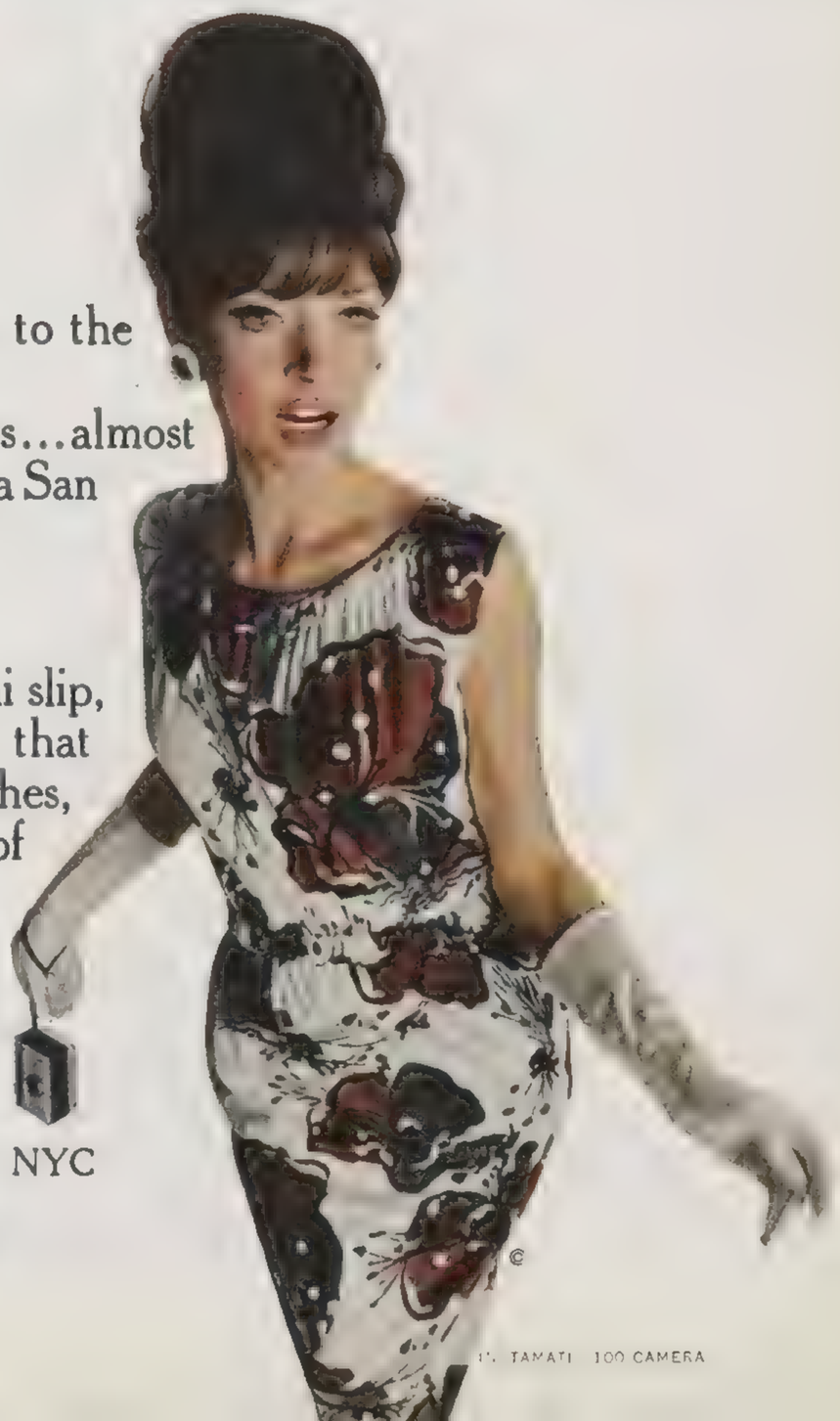
And, should a strand of linguini slip, comfort yourself in the knowledge that Sacony's Ciella® Arnel® triacetate washes, dries, even packs, as easily as a pair of stockings.

Sizes, 8-18. $20.

Also in orange-and-brown, and chartreuse-and-mauve. Which go equally well with linguini.

Sacony, 1407 Broadway, NYC

Sacony.®



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from
the
goddess
of
fragrance....
SPRAY
COLOGNES

Dana

• the goddess symbol that is Dana


PLATINE
SPRAY COLOGNE
Dana
TABU
Dana
20 CARATS
Dana
Ambush
Dana



DIVE INTO SUMMER

ENJOY EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THE SUN-SWEPT DAYS, THE VELVET NIGHTS. BE CONFIDENT, COMFORTABLE WITH THE COOL, CLEAN, FRESH PROTECTION OF TAMPAX

SPORTSWEAR AND BATHING SUIT BY CATALINA. DRESSES BY JR. SOPHISTICATES. TAMPAX® INTERNAL SANITARY PROTECTION IS MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

Formfit | Rogers

DRESS-SHAPERS®



FASHION SILHOUETTE BY JR. SOPHISTICATES

FORMFIT/ROGERS SHAPES YOU TO THE SHAPE OF FASHION

FASHION IS THE "HIP" DRESS

The body is thrown beautiful curves. How will you shape up underneath it all?

THE "HIP" DRESS-SHAPER GIRDLE

Has a natural back. Sleeks the thighs. Winnows the waist and shapes up dangerous curves. New nature color. Powder Buff. So nude. Goes practically invisible under pales... exciting under darks.

Only Formfit/Rogers has it. The Dress-Shaper Viva Natural Back long-leg pantie of Lycra® powernet with self front-panel. High princess waist-band with banded back. Dress-sized 9 to 18 for misses and juniors in White or Powder Buff. Ask for Style 0888. $12.50.

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A fashion division of GENESCO

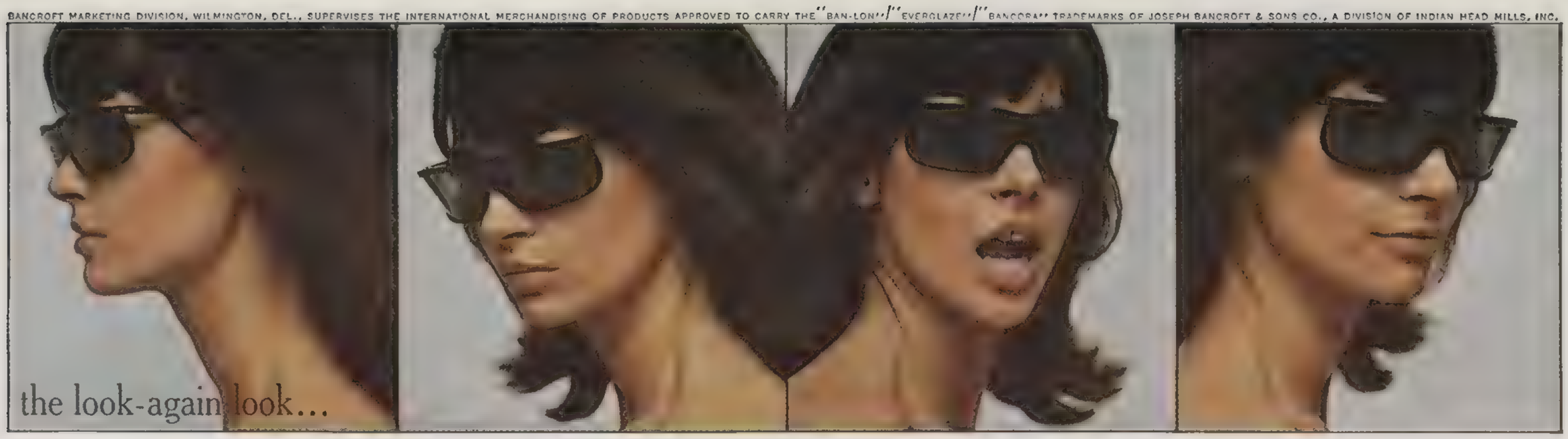
All that shows is your youth!



Foundation genius: adds beauty, subtracts years. A light blush of color—color that's the perfect echo of your own—whispers across your face to make your skin look fresh and young. There is no other foundation like it. No other foundation that reveals as it conceals—reveals your natural loveliness, conceals the cares and trials of all your yesterdays. No other foundation that makes you look younger tomorrow than today. **Powers Translucent Color Base.**

SOLD ONLY AT FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALITY STORES. JOHN ROBERT POWERS COSMETICS © 1965.

BANCROFT MARKETING DIVISION, WILMINGTON, DEL., SUPERVISES THE INTERNATIONAL MERCHANDISING OF PRODUCTS APPROVED TO CARRY THE "BAN-LON"/"EVERGLAZE"/"BANCORA" TRADEMARKS OF JOSEPH BANCROFT & SONS CO., A DIVISION OF INDIAN HEAD MILLS, INC.



Ban-Lon® knits. For baring, for daring, for easy-caring—"Ban-Lon" knits are a move to new freedom in the life you lead, in the way you live it. Besides, can you think of a more dashing way to dazzle?

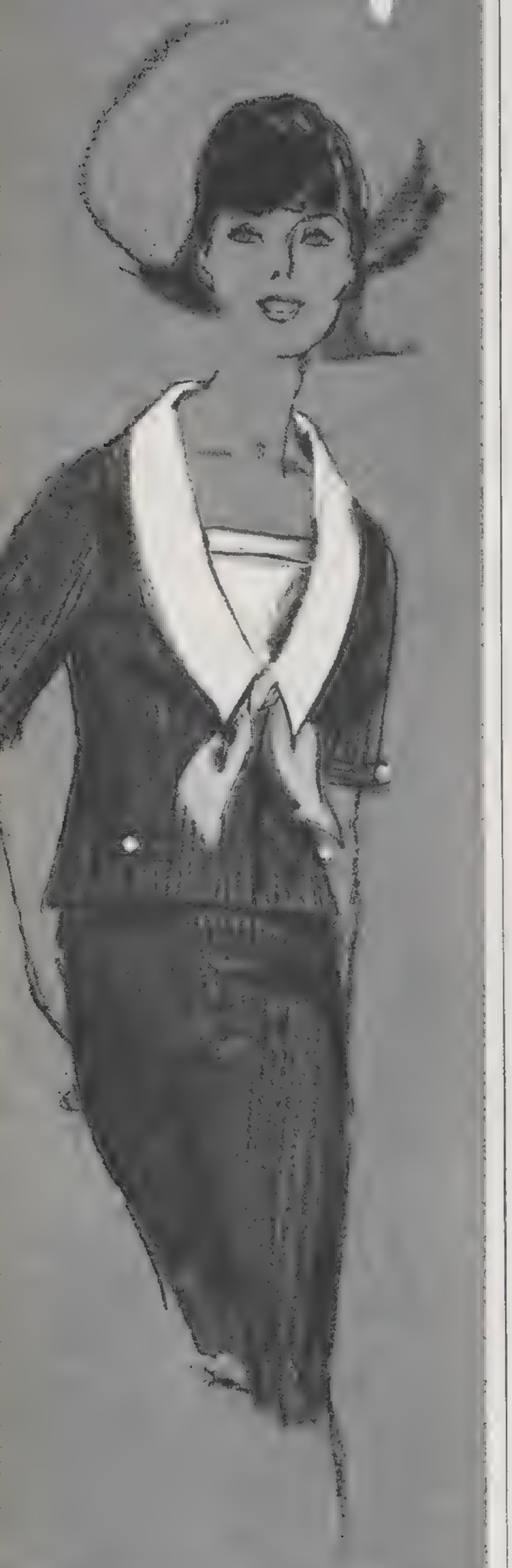
WILROY Top about $18. Pant-skirt about $30. Both 6-16. In a choice of brilliant prints. All nylon.

BAN-LON® fashion

Bloomingdale's New York
The Blum Store Philadelphia
Bullock's San Fernando, Sherman Oaks
Battelstein's Houston
Himelhoch's Detroit
Or write Wilroy, Inc.
498 Seventh Avenue
New York, 10018



Justin McCarty



Cool, Dark, and Handsome seersucker two piece traveler, designed with Justin McCarty's flair for casual fashion. Button-on bright tie, detachable crisp white collar over a self collar, plus a white or seersucker reversible vestee. Arnel triacetate and cotton in brown, olive or charcoal with black stripes. Sizes 8 to 18. About $36

Bullock's-Downtown • Bullock's-Lakewood
Bullock's-Pasadena • Bullock's-Santa Ana
Bullock's-San Fernando • Bullock's-Westwood
Bullock's-Wilshire

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

May

Visitor—with souvenir

Anytime Hubert de Givenchy makes a visit to the U.S.A. (and his visits, unpublicized, are fairly frequent nowadays), he likes to haunt the typically U.S.A. draws —for instance, Radio City, 10:30 A.M. show. Also big with him: Macy's Housewares and Bloomingdale's Downstairs Store. Indeed one of his associates said, "When Hubert is missing, we sometimes call the section manager at either of those places and ask whether she has seen a somewhat 6′5″, extremely slender gentleman shopper in the past hour or so, and if he answers to the name Givenchy, would she be so good as to call him to the phone." In any case, Givenchy's study of American life has had an effect on the American scene. As witness page 211 and the new lipstick thereon—Plus One, a lacquer-clear, sun-shining coral that might set the sights on colour again. Or contemplate this record of Givenchy cosmetics that have endeared themselves most to the face in American fashion. Lash Moist, a formula meant to replace water as a moisturizing medium for Givenchy eye shadow, eyeliner, and mascara. Moisturized pink pads called Porcelain that set makeup, give it durable luminosity. Cream Wash, a team of cream and soap that lathers with water, gets applied with a complexion brush (and gets mixed, no extra charge, with a special Perfume Essence of Le De Givenchy or L'Interdit, if you'd like). Interestingly, Cream Wash has outsold Givenchy's more traditional kind of cleansing cream, if anything in this line *is* traditional. A crystal-clear egg, filled with a solid lipstick to be used with a golden bamboo lipstick brush. No-colour powder. Everything rather seashelled and golden, including the golden Givenchy seashell compact, a $25 job that certain people have been known to buy by the dozen, even use as favours at dinner parties, parties we wish we'd been at. . . .

Hairdresser answers to hairowner questions

So numerous, so varied, so hitting-home are the questions Vogue readers have posed about hairdressers that we decided to gather them up and install them in a composite questionnaire. Through the good offices of the National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association, the resulting document went to a cross-country cross section of their 70,000 members—and through the good response to the NHCA mailing, we gained fascinating insight into the chords that make music between hairdresser and client. . . . Some of the most interesting comments were in the form of questions the hairdressers presented. "Would you tip your doctor?" "Would you be ferocious if your dentist kept you waiting?" "Would you not tell all to your lawyer and be a bit patient while he worked the problem out?" So many of the salon respondents came up with the like of these queries that we recognized we were dealing with a sage and proud lot, zealously guarding and nourishing their professional standing. . . . Any change in *tipping* procedures? Still goes on universally, we read, but with higher wages and an enhanced specialist status, nobody's happy about indiscriminate tipping, including the tipped. Generally, big-city average, 20-30%. Elsewhere, 10-15%. . . . Salon owners continue to say nothankyou to tips. When they do accept, it is frequently only to be polite. A slew observed how much more civilized they considered Christmas presents, travel mementoes. . . . Extravagant tipper often the troublesome woman—"tips high because she realizes subconsciously what a bore she's been," sharply remarked one Kansas operator. . . . Tip on tipping: When in doubt, consult receptionist or manager; or leave percentage of bill with person in charge and ask to distribute. . . . *Shampoo and related measures.* Keen hairdresser realization of (Continued on page 247)

now–
fragrance
you can
feel



A Veil of Arpege





tonight I'll
sleep in
A Veil of Arpege

it clings



tomorrow I'll
dance in
A Veil of Arpege

it clings

© 1965 LANVIN-PARFUMS



The New Long-Lasting Feel of Fragrance—'A Veil of Arpege'—to wear where you're bare. Silkens you. Scents you. And oh, how it clings. Now, hour after hour, your skin says Arpege. Introductory price, $2.50 plus tax. (Also in My Sin.)

Promise her anything but give her Arpege
LANVIN





Just because you want a strapless bra that doesn't flatten you, do you have to put up with those hot, bulky cups? And then they flatten you anyway.

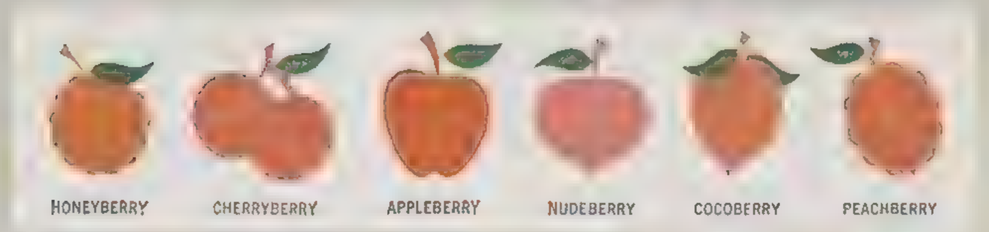
If a bra can't pull you up from above, it has to push you up from under. A lot of strapless bras do this with foam rubber push-ups. Ugh. Who needs it? The real thing has come along. A new kind of strapless bra. Cool Off™ by Warner's®. What pushes you up in Cool Off is fiberfill, not foam. Fiberfill is a miracle. It's cool, light, airy, but it has body. It's not squishy like foam. It can hold you up and hold you up and hold you up, but you feel like all you're wearing are little cotton cups. With separate wires and an air-cooled elastic back. $5.00. Before you wear spaghetti straps again, **Cool Off by Warner's.**

It's the Berries!

six crashing new colors to swing your Spring

Like no colors you've ever known because Hazel Bishop made them just for you...The most delicious berries that have ever crossed your lips. Wear them and ...just see what happens!

...for lips and fingertips



Hazel Bishop

JEWELRY: DAVID WEBB



A woman's
most important accessory
...her escort.

His dinner jacket: "Bergamo" by Lord West. A luxurious blending of contrasting yarns skillfully woven in Italy. Also available in blue or gold. Seventy dollars at fine stores./Lord West, 101 W. 21 Street, N.Y.C. **Lord West**

The everything-goes bag

See the world with a navy-blue tote bag taking everything in stride



TAD WAKAMATSU

Books, bikini, ham on rye—everything goes into the fifteen-inch deeps of a navy-blue tote bag of vinyl grained like lizard. Lined in navy-blue gabardine, with roomy pockets inside and out, a separate plastic-lined makeup bag to thwart any spillage. Swings over the shoulder on a gilt-chained handle; the flap closing can be locked with its own little padlock and key. Everything-going here on a slice of ocean-going cruiser. Bag by Seward. About $23 plus tax at Lord & Taylor.

Busy, Busy Girl...

here's the salon permanent created especially for you

Young actives want *lasting* body and bounce in their hair.
That's the beauty of new, salon-applied Alberto VO5 Permanent Wave.
Its exclusive protein-ized formula conditions as it waves. Never any frizz.
Never any broken ends. Your hair stays soft, smooth, delightfully
manageable . . . week after week. Behaves beautifully even when your
"go hours" run from morn through midnight.

There's an Alberto VO5 Permanent Wave formula to assure perfect
results on every type of hair. Trust your hairdresser to choose the one
exactly right for you. Trust her professional skill, too.



Specialized formulas for
Normal Hair—Resistant Hair—
Bleached or Damaged Hair—
Color-Treated but
not bleached Hair

NEW ALBERTO® VO5 PERMANENT WAVE *available only at fine beauty salons*



Photographed at Marina City, Kungsholm Restaurant and Fly by Nite Antiques, Chicago.

© Alberto-Culver Company 1965



Can a gentle, conditioning/setting lotion of Paris, London, Madrid, etc., etc., succeed in Hard-Sell, U.S.A.?



Only if you try Forming DE Pantene® Once.

Pray do. Years now, Forming DE Pantene has been the set most sought by Europe's natural beauties. Because it is the one. The one with D-Panthenol, a pro-vitamin readily absorbed by the hair. In consequence: Forming DE Pantene deep-conditions while it sets. Does a do that lasts longer. Defies humidity. Leaves the hair lustrous, vibrant and full-bodied. Now it is here. Two ways. No. I for normal hair. No. II for dry hair. At about $2. And happily found at Henri Bendel; Bonwit Teller, all stores; Julius Garfinckel & Co.; Hudson's, Detroit; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin & Co. and other fine stores.



SCOOP

Ice-cream colors in the coolest shirts and separates of the season.

Lady Arrow serves them in delicious flavors, to mix and match.

Each one with Lady Arrow's exclusive detailing and "neatness retention."

Tops—sizes 10-18, about $4 to $6.*
Bottoms—sizes 8-18, about $7 to $12.*

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

LADY ARROW

LADY ARROW, 1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

DESIGNER TOUCH

Gentle coloring in our 3-piece casual suit designed by Jody VanAmburgh for a serene summer. Arnel triacetate and cotton cord; white with pale blue, pink, or beige. Matching Blouse, Arnel and polyester. 8-18. About $40. (Slightly higher west of Rockies)

Lester Paul

Div. Lorch-Westway Corp.
DALLAS



NEIMAN-MARCUS
Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston
BULLOCK'S
Southern California, All Stores
GIDDING-JENNY
Cincinnati

Bargains in chic

The side-closed coat in oyster twill



$35—sidekick for a rainy day—a neat side-buttoned raincoat of oyster twill, with narrow shoulders, narrow sleeves, flapped pockets. One good way to wear it: with a five-gallon hat tied on the chin, kicky little-girl sandals. Coat by Naman Rainwear, of cotton and Avisco rayon tackle twill, with Zepel water and stain repeller (William Skinner fabric). Altman's; L. L. Berger; Woodward & Lothrop. Shoes by Evins. Hat by Courrèges from Emme.

The entire collection of Givenchy Cosmetics is available at America's leading fashion stores, some of which are listed below:

Albany, N.Y. .....Cortell-Segal's
Albany, N.Y.....Flah's
Beverly Hills, Calif.....I. Magnin & Co.
Boston, Mass.....Bonwit Teller
Boston, Mass. .....Filene's
Brooklyn, N.Y.....Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.....Bonwit Teller
Chicago, Ill.....Chas. A. Stevens & Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Gidding-Jenny
Cleveland, Ohio .....Bonwit Teller
Detroit, Mich. .....Himelhoch's
Hartford, Conn..... G. Fox & Co.
LasVegas, Nev.. D. I. Distinctive Apparel
Los Angeles, Calif. I. Magnin & Co.
Madison, Wisc..... .The Perfume Shops
Manhasset, N.Y. Bonwit Teller
Minneapolis, Minn. Young-Quinlan Rothschild
Muncie, Ind.....Ball Stores
Nashville, Tenn...Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
New Orleans, La.....Maison Blanche
New York, N.Y.....Bonwit Teller
New York, N.Y.....Lord & Taylor
Oakbrook, Ill.....Bonwit Teller
Philadelphia, Pa.....Bonwit Teller
Portland, Oregon..... I. Magnin & Co.
Providence, R.I.....The Shepard Company
Rochester, N.Y. . . B. Forman Co.
St. Louis, Mo. . . . Stix, Baer & Fuller
San Diego, Calif..... ..Hafters Haggarty
San Francisco, Calif.....I. Magnin & Co.
Seattle, Wash.. .. . . .I. Magnin & Co.
Sherman Oaks, Calif.....Bullock's
Short Hills, N.J.....Bonwit Teller
Tulsa, Okla. .....Field's
Washington, D.C. Julius Garfinckel & Co.
White Plains, N.Y.....Bonwit Teller

In Paris, the Givenchy mannequins are wearing his latest original.



To make everything go together, he designed Plus One,
a sunlit summer lipstick to wear with his new colors in fashion.
And what Givenchy calls fashion, the world does too.
Now. Try it with a melon chiffon embroidered with pearls,
a yellow gown with a shoulder bared, a peach dress belted in white,
a buttonless green coat, a sandy silk wrap and a smile on your face.
In the golden bamboo case $5 or the lipstick egg $6. Nail Colour $2.50.
Plus One is the first new lipstick color of the year
from the Givenchy Collection of Cosmetics.

PRICES PLUS TAX

Ellen is a Springmaid faced with a very big decision.

We don't want to pry. Ellen's decision is really none of our business. Our business is simply making fabrics. Like the fabric in Ellen's dress: Potentia, a blend of Kodel® polyester and cotton that she'll never have to worry about. CARLYE made the dress. It's available at better stores, everywhere. Sizes 8-18. About $55. In white, mist blue, and black. Decisions, decisions, decisions.

SPRINGMAID FABRICS, 104 WEST 40TH STREET, NYC





Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!™

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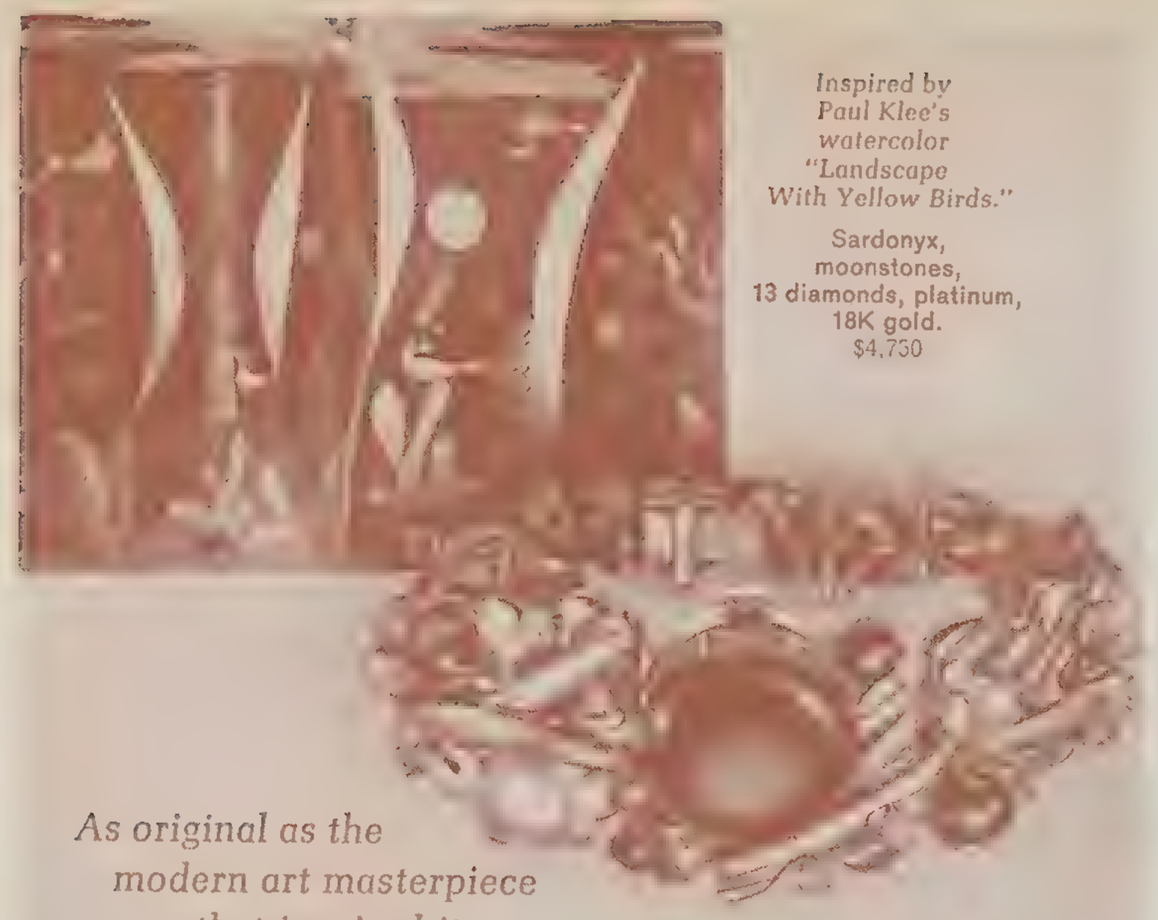
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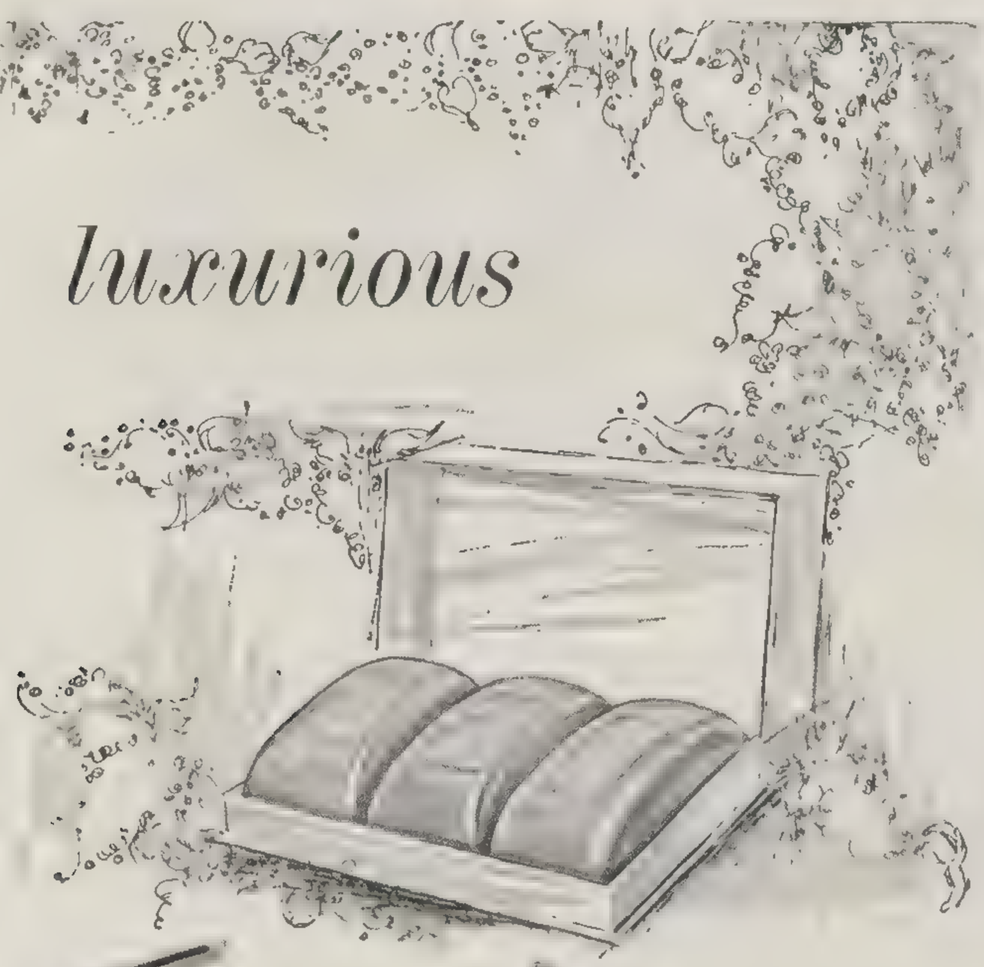
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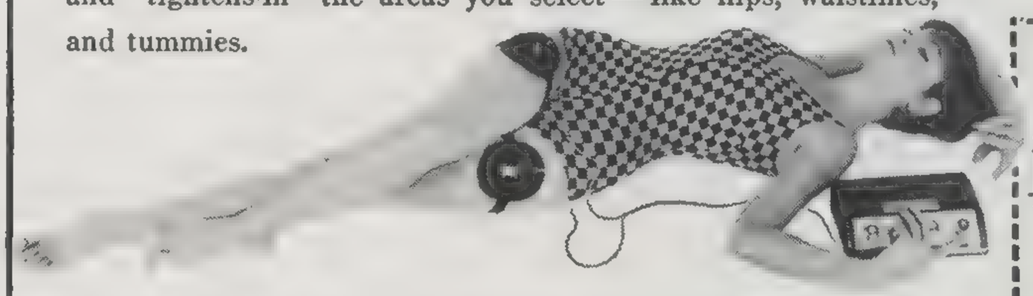
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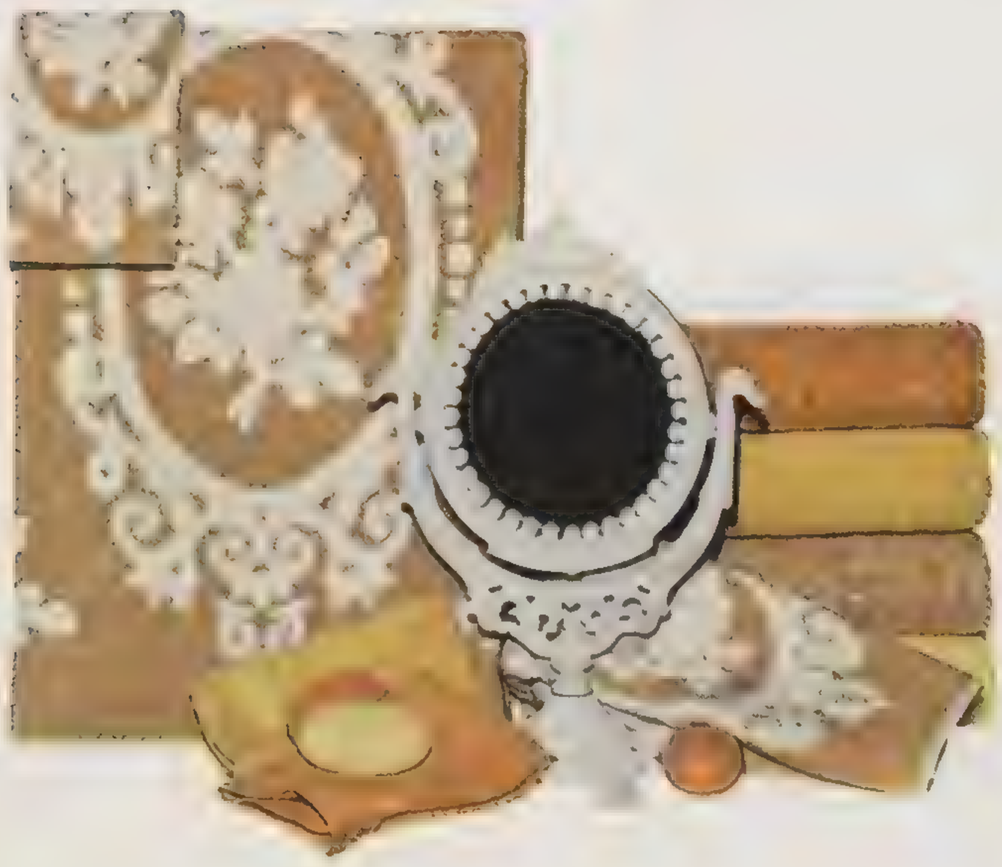
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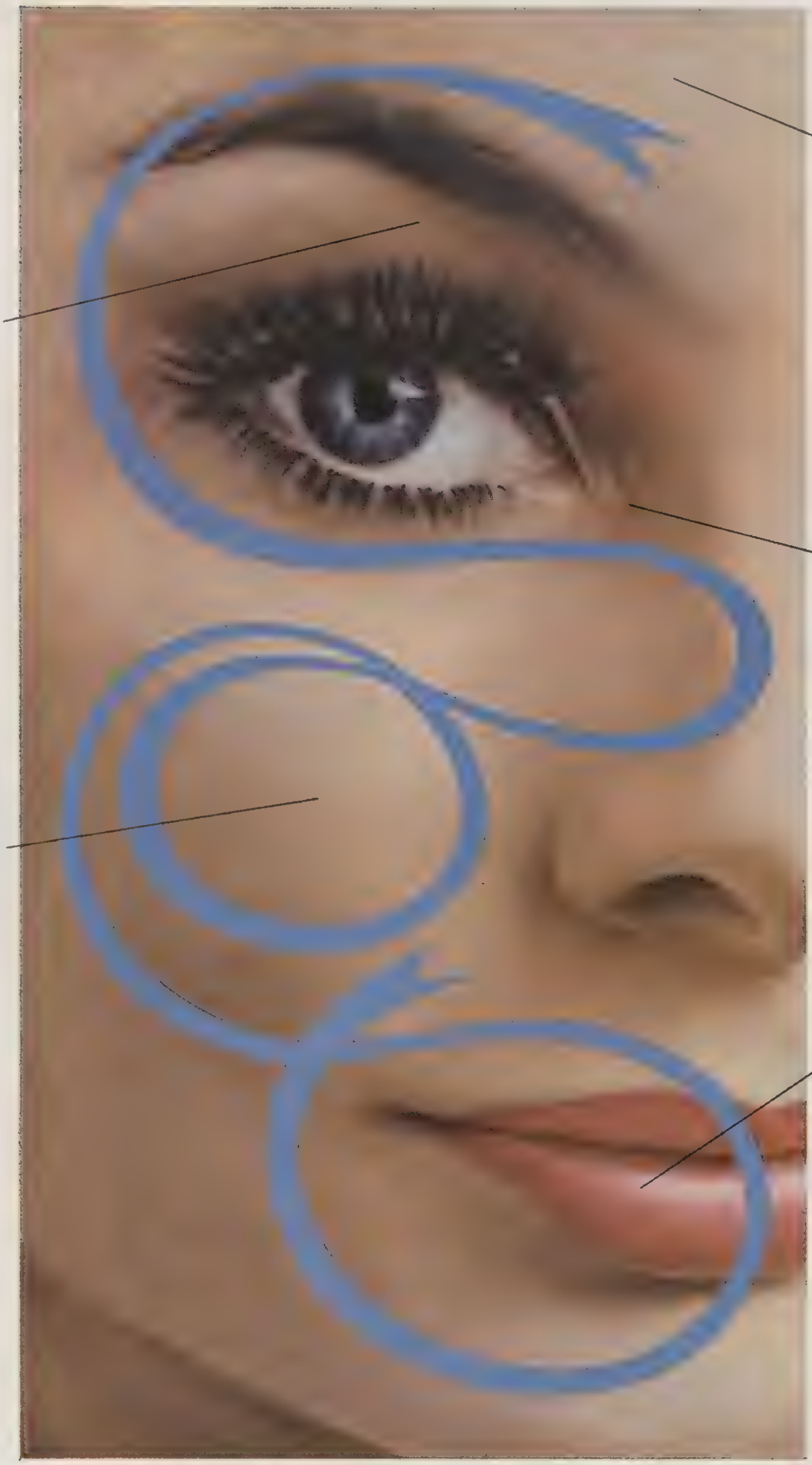
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. . . the first totally new hosiery fiber in 24 years has 3 to 4 times the snag resistance of nylon . . . plus the softness of silk!

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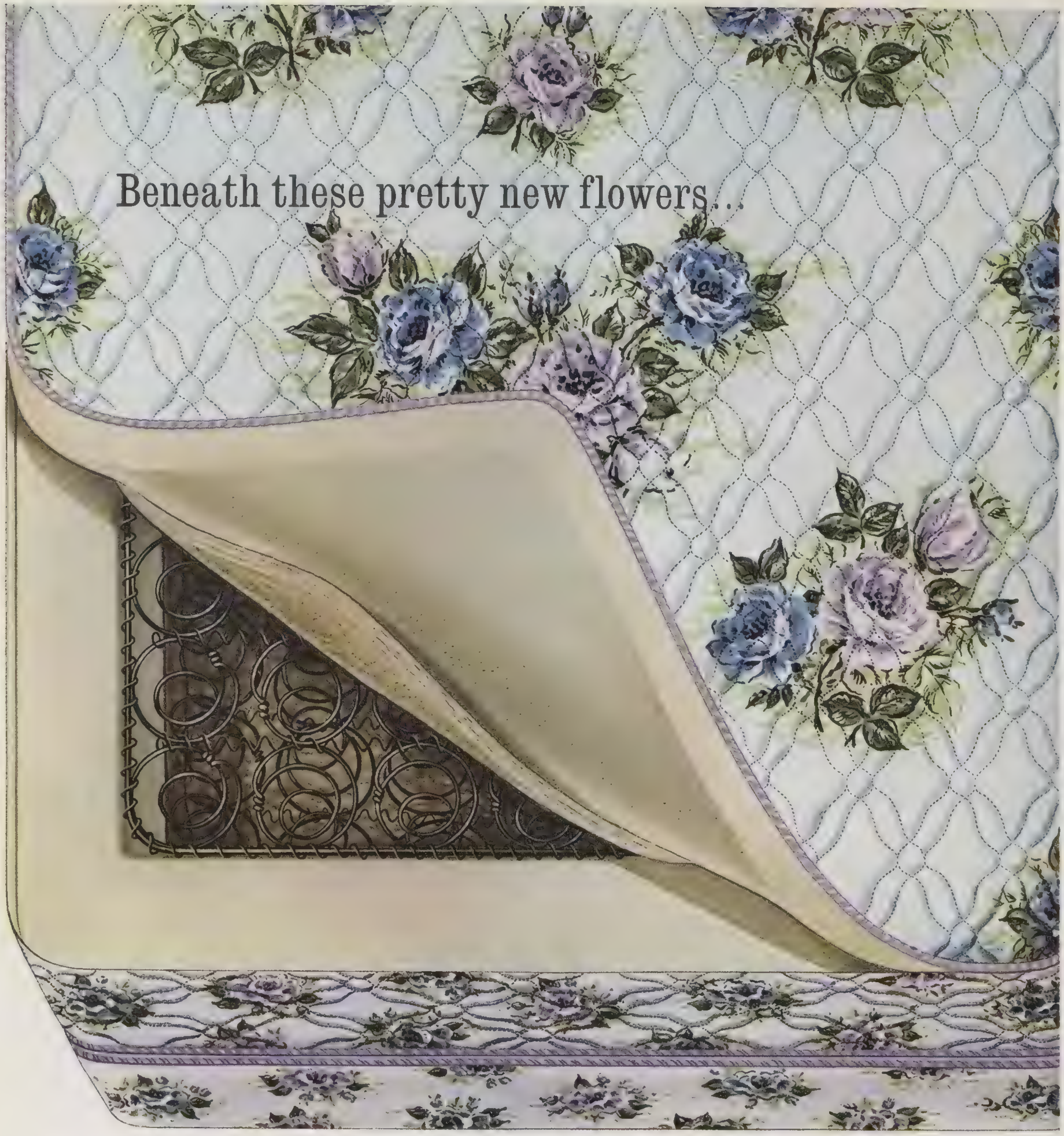
Tests prove Vectra polypropylene olefin fiber is 3 to 4 times more snag resistant than nylon. This means that now you can have hosiery that's as sheer as fresh air . . . yet still gives "work-a-day" durability.

Vectra fiber is cooler in summer . . . warmer in winter, not vice versa. And not since silk stockings has hosiery been so soft. So smooth. So feminine.

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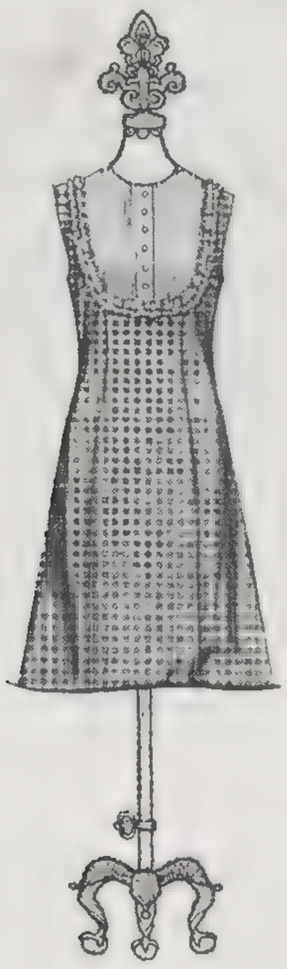
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About twenty dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager

1407 Broadway, New York 18

VOGUE'S

The mimosa'd wedding, in London, of Miss Christine Sekers and M. Jean Baudrand



1

Swathed in mimosa, lit by hundreds of candles, St. Bartholomew the Great's church was a glow of gold at the marriage of Miss Christine Sekers, daughter of Sir Nicholas and Lady Sekers, to M. Jean Baudrand of France. Sir Nicholas, who is famous in England for his interest in music, for his theatre where operas and concerts are often given, arranged for the wedding music: the English Chamber Orchestra and the Glyndebourne Festival Chorus performing Bach, Mozart, and Monteverdi. Afterwards, at a reception at Claridge's, the bride, in fact, looked happy enough to sing.

1. M. and Mme. Jean Baudrand, the bride and bridegroom. 2. Sir Nicholas Sekers; H.R.H. Princess Margaret, Countess of Snowdon; the Earl of Snowdon. 3. Count Renato Prunas; Contessa Francesca Roberti; Mr. Michael Szell. 4. Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft. 5. Miss Tonina Dorati. 6. Viscountess Hambleden. 7. Lady George Scott. 8. The Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, the best man; Miss Vivien Leigh.

2



NOTEBOOK



3



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VOGUE'S

A fizzy dinner for artists, at the Museum of Modern Art in New York



1

Young artists, young collectors, young dealers—they, for the most part, were the ones who came to the dinner before the opening of "The Responsive Eye," the jumping, successful exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. The American painters Poons and Anuszkiewicz, whose coloured dots bombard the eye; the Japanese Tadasky, whose spinning golden disc is one of the most beautiful paintings in the show; Piero Dorazio, from Italy; Heinz Mack, from Germany . . . and more, arrived. The young belonged, looked so indigenous, in some cases, that their clothes might have come off the walls. None belonged more than Josef Albers, a youthful exception, eighty years old, whose famous "squares" foreran "perceptual" art. Or than Bridget Riley, from England, the young, attractive painter whose black-and-white paintings have made collectors dizzy with desire.

1. Mr. Richard Anuszkiewicz; Mr. Josef Albers. 2. Herr Heinz Mack; Signor and Signora Piero Dorazio. 3. Mr. Monroe Wheeler; Miss Bridget Riley; Mr. Ad Reinhardt. 4. Mr. Tadasuke Kuwayama (the painter Tadasky), with Mrs. Kuwayama. 5. Mr. Jeffrey Steele; Mr. Philip Johnson. 6. Mrs. Eero Saarinen; Mrs. Donald B. Straus. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Larry Poons. 8. Mr. Sidney Janis; Mlle. Denise René.



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NOTEBOOK



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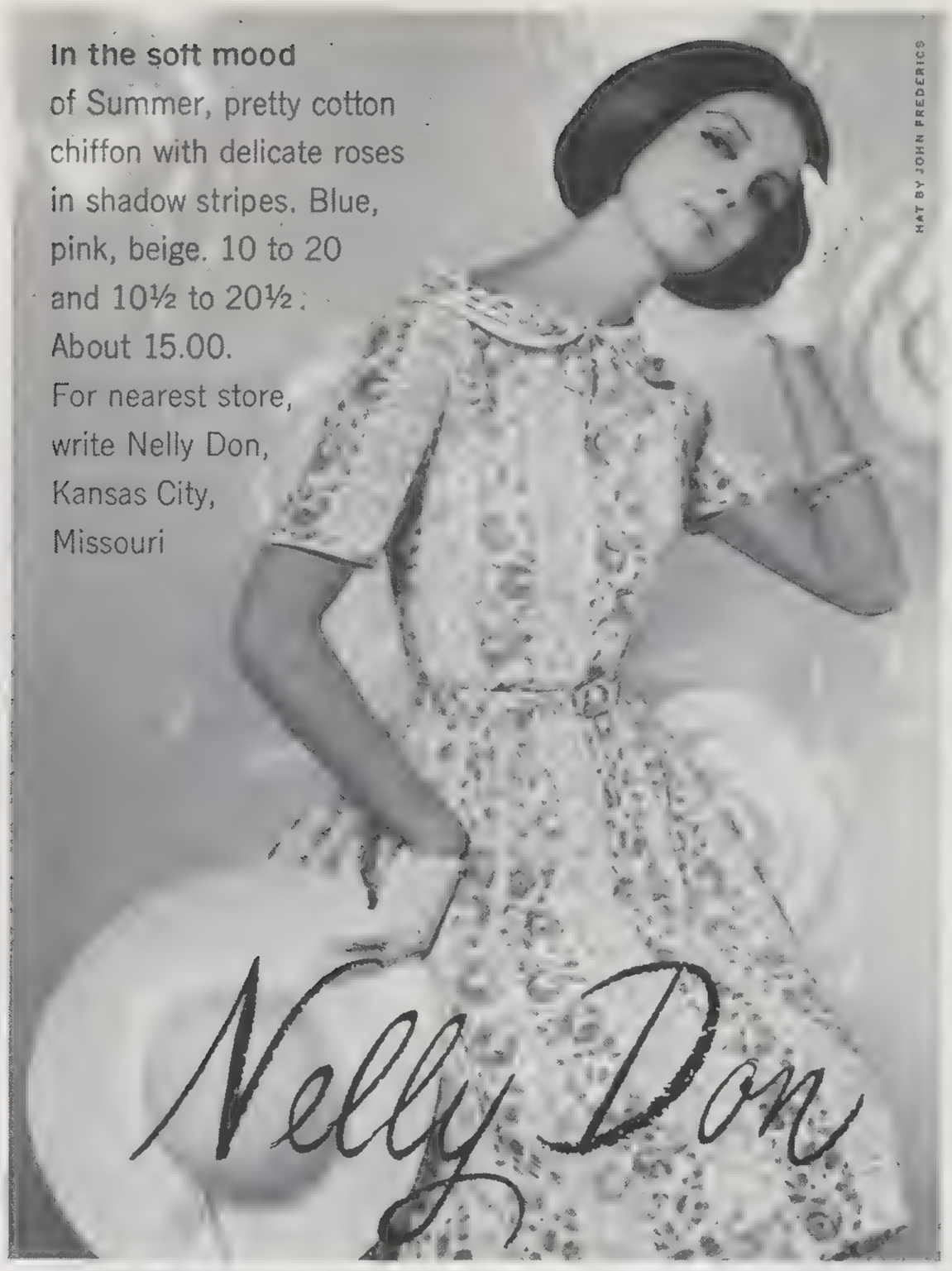
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gourmet food, often, in Boston's
favorite rendezvous rooms
for bon vivants—
The Hungry Pilgrim and the
Thirsty Pilgrim.



The New* Statler Hilton

VOGUE'S

A high-flying evening, in New York— The Second Annual Air Force Ball



1

Distinguished men, resplendent men, men in white ties with lapelsful of medals, men in uniforms encrusted with gold, Generals, Air Marshals, Air Force heroes of both world wars—they flew in to New York from all over the world to honour General Curtis E. LeMay, the retired U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff, and his successor, General John P. McConnell, and to benefit Air Force charities. And they had a ball, as old-fashioned and festive as a glass of pink champagne. The Waldorf Ballroom glowed with hundreds of tiny rose and green lamps, like a turn-of-the-century café. The women, in direct competition with the medals, brought out their jewels. The tributes to General LeMay were briskly funny, the speeches, crisply short, leaving most of the evening free for dancing, the dizziest pace being set, for a change,



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NOTEBOOK



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by the waltzers. The brass, everyone agreed, had come up with the most polished and lighthearted party of the season. 1. Sir Charles Elworthy, of the United Kingdom; General Aldo Remondino, of Italy; General Curtis E. LeMay; General Lauris Norstad, USAF retired; General Jean Houssay, of France; General John P. McConnell; General Einar Tufte Johnsen, of Norway. 2. Mrs. Hugh J. Chisholm, junior, Chairman of the Ball. 3. General and Mrs. LeMay; General Remondino. 4. Miss Jacqueline Cochran; Mrs. Clark Gable. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Guest, II; Mr. Hugh J. Chisholm, junior. 6. Miss Joan Crawford; Mr. Jerry Lehman; General Norstad. 7. Mrs. Lauris Norstad. 8. Mrs. Claire Chennault, with General and Mme. Wang Shu-ming, of the Republic of China.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: TRAVEL

By George Bradshaw

The S.S. "United States"

"like a great and powerful hostess"

"By *ship?*"

"Well," I said, "yes."

"But *why?* In a plane you can be there in seven hours."

"I know. But in a frenzy of Demerol . . . and all unprepared."

"What preparation do you need for London? Surely you know the natives speak an understandable patois."

"All right, I'm tired. I need a rest."

"From what?"

"Getting ready. Buying all that tooth powder, having pants pressed. You know. Also, I have too much baggage to fly."

"But you're going around the world. You'll have to fly sometime."

"Actually, no. Not once."

"You mean Cook's has got you a firm reservation in a horse and buggy?"

"Not firm. Tentative."

After twenty such conversations I began to wonder a little myself. Was I really so dislocated in time? To hear people talk you'd have thought the last ship anyone took seriously was the "Mayflower." But I persevered, despite presents of a compass and a 1905 *Baedeker,* for after all I did have my ticket.

But then the crucial morning arrived, and in a shabby Cadillac—which I had hired to be sure I'd be on time—I bowled along Forty-fifth Street and saw rearing up and up before me the "United States." I must say my spirits rose and I thought, people, you can have your airplanes.

What do you know about the S. S. "United States"? I didn't know much, I knew only she was the fastest ship on the seas and that she was handsome. I had seen her a couple of times from the Battery proceeding slowly down the bay with a kind of quiet arrogance, but that was all.

Well, there's a lot more to know. In the first place, she's nearly *five blocks long.* Dear friends, that's a brisk walk from Cartier's to Tiffany's. When she was built, she carried more aluminum than any other structure anywhere; there's no wood on her except in the pianos and the butchers' blocks. She has two theatres: Just figure, if you are trapped on a plane with Tony Curtis on the bill of fare, you are in deep and captive trouble. On the "United States" you can either change theatres, go out and watch the ocean flash by, take a turn around the dance floor, have a drink, or pick up a hand of bridge.

But, of course, a ship is not statistics. As we eased out into the Hudson that morning, nuzzled by tugs, I stood on the topmost deck and was not in the least conscious of the 25,000 glasses or the 80,000 pieces of china down below. No, more than almost anything man has made, a ship is a personality.

You can't tell one plane from another. And the pretty little girls who manage them all look as alike as movie starlets. But ships behave. You are never in any doubt about which ship you are on. They have quirks and crotchets and splendours. They can be mean; they can be gallant. I once was on a ship for a couple of weeks which had a permanent list to port, like a lady with a game leg, but whenever we got into really rough weather or whenever we passed another liner, she righted herself to an even keel. She gave the impression of being reliable—and vain.

The "United States" is like a great and powerful hostess in whose house everything works. She is now of a certain age,

and all emergencies have been met. She is on strict and friendly terms with the best vintners and green-grocers and butchers; she has reliable launderers and cleaners and upholsterers; she has a staff that knows what to do without being told; and as for the furnace, it runs so perfectly she never even thinks about it, except once a year when she has a man come in and give it a good going-over.

I suppose it is not unnatural that a bit of this power and glory rubs off on you. I remember that as we started down the Hudson I watched New York slide by with what was an arrogant eye.

And at the Battery I remember frowning at a passing ferryboat because among all its happy little passengers there was one who was not looking up at us. He was reading a newspaper. How, I wondered, could anyone be so oblivious of our glorious departure? Probably an anarchist.

And I eyed the Verrazano Bridge with pleasure. It is a handsome thing from any angle, and photogenic. But I decided that of all angles I was getting the best: from below, on this ship, headed out to sea.

Well satisfied with myself, I went down to lunch.

It became apparent after that first lunch (the good hostess had stuffed me to the point of unbuttoning) that I would need violent exercise, and often. So, after an involuntary nap, I got myself down to the swimming pool.

There I first encountered my fellow passengers in the mass—a well chosen word. Splashing in the pool were a lot of important people, talented people, and, of course, rich people. (It becomes harder and harder to avoid them, doesn't it?) A number of these I got to know; I walked the decks with them, I had drinks with them, I listened to their stories. I thought at the time, you must remember all this, you are a chance witness at some pretty striking disclosures, this will make fascinating talk when you get back to your garret.

Alas, I *don't* remember. All that inside stuff about Hollywood and Washington and the wholesale grocery business has become a pleasant seaborne haze.

What I remember best about the pool is the attendant who ran it. He was a remarkable fellow, of a kind of old-fashioned American you don't run into much any more: He was a man who took pride in his work.

The pool gleams as it must have on its first day, the temperature of the water is always correct to a degree, the locker rooms are achingly clean, your bathing suit is always dry and warm. The pool was the major factor in my fight against the table.

There was another original among the crew—the kennel man. Some friends of mine were taking a Boxer puppy to Spain, and I used to go up to the top deck with them for visits. I say original because he genuinely loved dogs. That's not the way the world usually works.

He fed them as they were not used to being fed at home, on steaks and roast beef which he snatched from the kitchens. He slept just across from the kennels with his door and one ear always open. If a dog even whimpered at three in the morning, up he got—a comforter with a reassuring biscuit.

I am afraid my friends weren't as happy with this treatment as their Boxer seemed to be. "What's going to happen to the beast," they said, "when he gets back to real life—to horse meat, and no one to hold his paw all night? Can you imagine the shaming looks we're going to get?"

I dropped, I believe, a couple of hints about the food. The food, for me, will always be connected with Richard, my table steward. He was a tyrant.

I sat in the Promenade Restaurant, which is up high, with great windows looking on to the sea. It (Continued on page 140)

For the woman
whose husband
reminds her (too often)
of the way
she used to look



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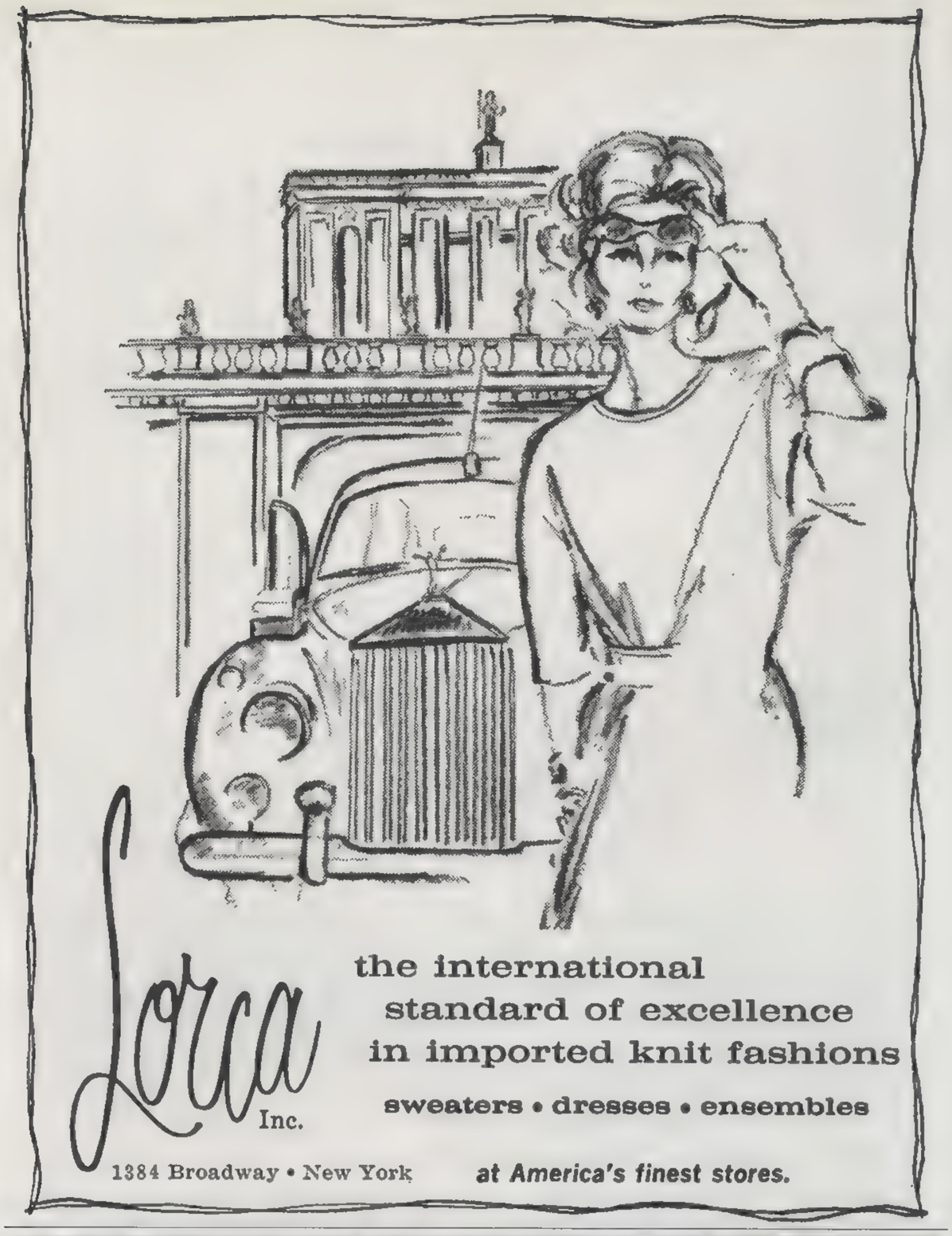
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Continue the remarkable benefits of Skin Life during the day with Skin Life Emulsion. It keeps your make-up fresh for hours . . . your complexion smooth and glowing. 10.00, 17.50.

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Vogue's Notebook: Travel

(Continued from page 139)

is run, with the kind of ease that takes years of practice, by Paul, the young headwaiter.

But Richard, the tyrant. He would come smiling to the table, hand me a menu—but as an act of tolerance rather—as one might hand a menu to a child who could not read. Then he would fold over his copy and, peering at it through his large strong glasses, would say, "Now. What shall we have to eat today." I must tell you this was not a question. It was a statement: He had already decided what I was to have. For the last hour he had been prying into things in the kitchen and he knew positively what was best.

"We'll start off with a little smoked Irish salmon," he would say if it were lunch, or, "A double order of caviar," if it were dinner.

Then he would go on: the soup, the entrée, the roast, the salad, the dessert, the cheese.

And I would nod. Oh, one foolish night in a rebellious humour I thought, for God's sake, I can have duck if I want it, and I said so. Richard shrugged in elegant disapproval. The duck was perfectly all right, it was simply not up to the extraordinary standard Richard had set for me.

After that I gave up completely. In fact I never even looked at a menu. I don't want to leave you with a wrong impression of Richard. It is true that he did give me a little leeway in the choice of cheeses. Not much, but a little.

Incidentally, about that double order of caviar. Here is a statistic, a final one, which Paul gave me one night. The "United States" uses five hundred pounds of caviar on each round trip. It makes twenty-three round trips per year. That's 11,500 pounds or almost SIX TONS. You could drown in it, oh happy thought.

I got my share.

Well, what have I left out? The sea, maybe. I shouldn't have, because on the fourth day we had a nice diversion. We were hit by the tail of a hurricane. Hit is the word. It was the work of an instant.

I was in my berth having an innocent read when I was hit on the head with a bottle of Scotch and the telephone. I was lucky. A young lady I know, Miss G., aged eight, told me she had been hit by a glass of chocolate malted milk and a bunch of carnations.

It was fine. I suppose the North Atlantic, feeling we had ignored her—which we had—decided to engage in a little attention getting. She did, with waves twenty-five feet high. Even the ship's log had the grace to call it "very rough."

Immediately, of course, the order was piped: "Secure all telephones and carnations," and we came through handsomely.

Now, after all this bowing and scraping, all this cap touching, have I a complaint to make about the "United States"?

As a matter of fact, I have. She goes too fast.

When you get yourself set in a spot like the "United States," four and a half days are not enough. Ten is more like it, or twenty. I am afraid there was a nasty scene in Southampton. My fingers had to be pried loose from the mainmast. "But this is as far as we go," the purser kept saying. They were the only harsh words I had on the whole trip.

But maybe, looking back, it was just as well. Maybe, like the Boxer, any more of it would have ruined me forever for real life.

But I didn't think so then. For a long time, on the boat train to London, I could gaze back over the green English fields and see the great red-white-and-blue stacks standing high. I wanted back.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

Jean Stafford

The Prime Minister's Daughter, "*villainous adventure*"

Like certain racehorses and wines, political novels do not always travel well. The esoterica of foreign economies, the coups d'états, the feuds or friendships with other powers that have their geneses in the national condition frequently perplex and thereby bore the reader whose knowledge of governments other than his own is indistinct. Happily, it can be reported that Random House, in Maurice Edelman's *The Prime Minister's Daughter,* has imported a winner. Mr. Edelman, Member of Parliament for twenty years, has written a novel of villainous adventure, of the imperilment of reputations and lives through self-aggrandizement or mere frivolity; his tragedies are grave; his love stories are believable and more bitter than sweet. He writes so intelligibly and with such impeccable sophistication that one need never have exercised the right of franchise to read this book of political manipulation with edification, excitement, and woe.

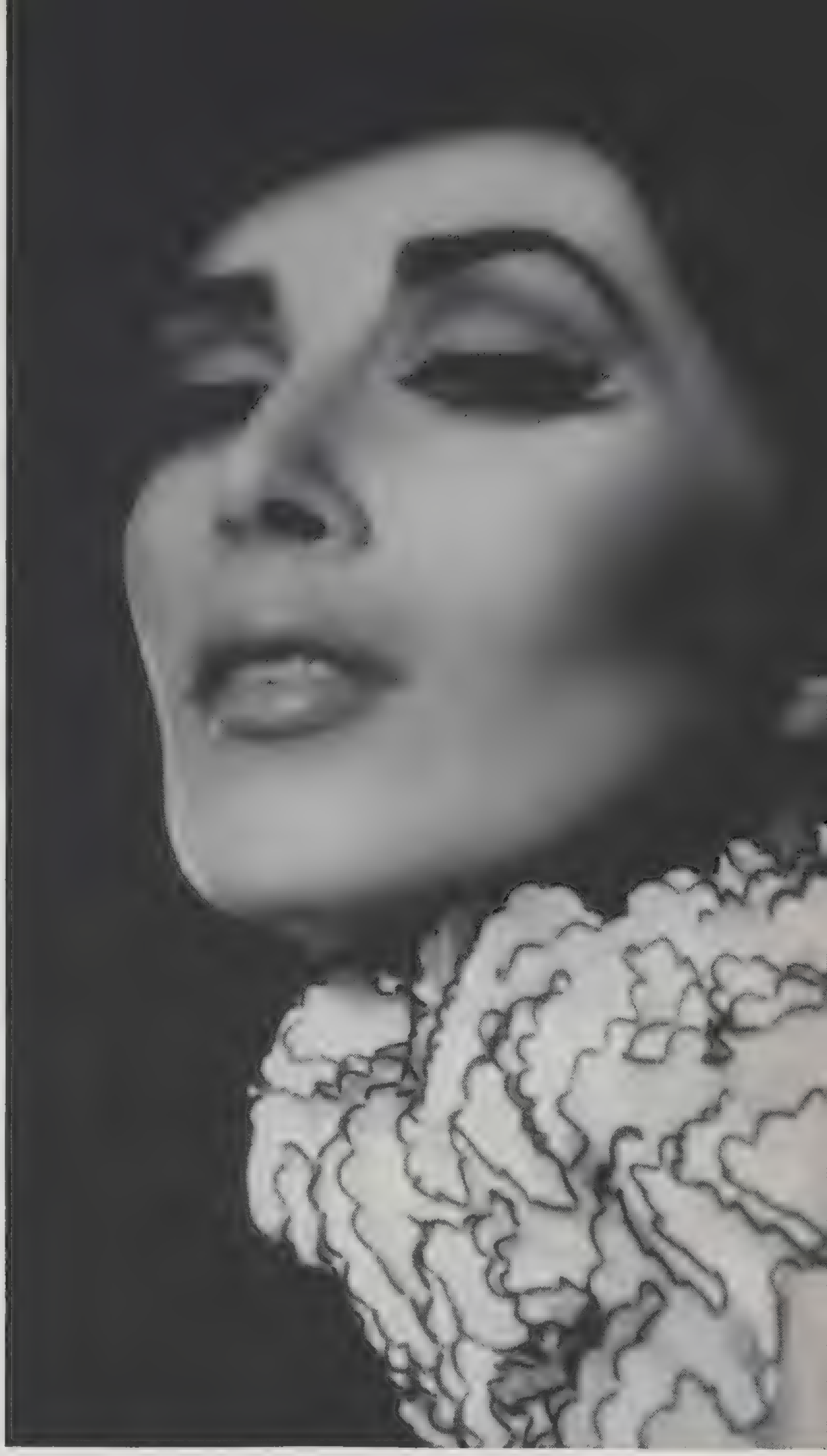
The hypothetical incumbent at 10 Downing Street, Geoffrey Melville, is fully in charge of his life. He has routed a formidable rival, Ormston, and is in complete control of his party; he has a working majority in Parliament; his long marriage to a beautiful woman is a success. Eden, however, is incomplete without a serpent, and in this case the serpent is coiled in the heart of the Prime Minister's daughter and has been there loathsomely for years. At the peak of his triumph, in his safe and handsome nest, the creature is disclosed to Melville by accident: his wife, that serene, kind woman, has been the most squalid of cheats.

This tremor in his private life is followed now by earthquakes in his public life. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man who admits that arithmetic makes him tired, must be put out to pasture. He is replaced by Melville's bête noire, Ormston, whose only aim in life is to be Prime Minister by hook or by crook.

The man who takes the cake in this gallery of rogues and handful of decent men is the newspaper tycoon, Mayland, intent on bringing Melville to his knees and the government to perdition for a gross reason he makes no bones about: A snob (his brace of Afghan hounds is somehow off-key; his growing of orchids somehow is wrong), he wants a peerage. But he can not have his plum because there is fraud and prison in his past which Melville can not condone or elide. The Mayland press is widely read and relished and believed, and its proprietor mercilessly sets out to undo Melville with garbles and innuendoes, all presumably for the good of the Commonwealth. Ruthless, imaginative, as persuasive as a first-class con man, he uses the miseries and peccadilloes of Sylvia, the Prime Minister's daughter, to enmesh him in a serious Parliamentary controversy. Melville says: "Mayland dresses himself up as a champion of causes, but all he really does is pursue private vendettas which he then sells to the public as holy wars."

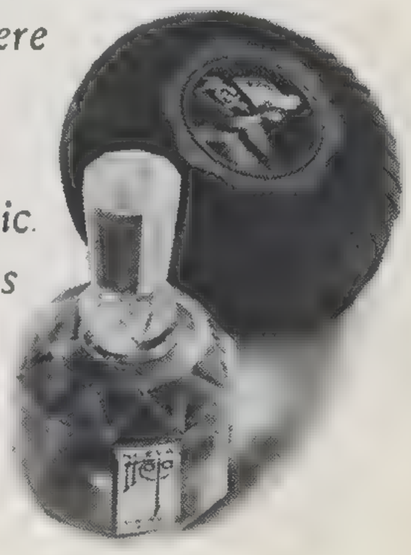
Melville, the moral man, wins, but one is left with the almost certain knowledge that in the return match Ormston and his trainer, Mayland, will claim the title.

Intricately plotted, the novel is told with clarity; swiftly told —though not breathlessly—it will remain in the memory.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Henry Popkin

The Odd Couple,

"Lucy is a man"

The hero of Neil Simon's *The Odd Couple* is a person whose existence our liberal conscience has told us not to believe in—a born victim who richly deserves his disasters. This man is God's fool, whom He protects at the cost of numerous misfortunes to those in the fallout area. His wife and his roommate know him best, and they have the soundest reasons for kicking him out, but no outsider can bring himself to think badly of so pitiful a creature.

This Jonah, whose talent for failure is matched only by his talent for survival, has two interdependent destinies. First, he possesses all the best and worst qualities of a fussy housewife, traits that invariably exasperate any less fussy person who has the misfortune to live with him. Second, the justified resentment he sets off makes him flamboyantly wretched—he sends "suicide telegrams" and sheds oceans of tears—and his well managed misery attracts universal sympathy. Thrown out by his wife and greatly enjoying his despair, he is taken in by a divorced friend whose life he systematizes and so makes miserable. When his host arranges a double date with a pair of light-headed English girls, the Jonah's flood of tears ruins the evening but insures him a new home with two clucking mother hens.

What is fresh and interesting in *The Odd Couple* is the portrait of this fitfully lucky unfortunate, who is a little like the equally lucky adolescent of Simon's first play, *Come Blow Your Horn.* But the playwright has hedged his bet on his most distinctive character by providing a heavy dose of masculinity—most of the scenes are centred on poker games—and spraying a heavy antiseptic film of gag lines, some funny, some not, some rooted in character, some irrelevant to the play. The director, Mike Nichols, deftly uses the casual qualities of most of his characters for contrast with the acute discomfort of Art Carney's fussy male housewife. As this housewife's temporary husband, Walter Matthau authoritatively establishes the norm of approved masculinity. He smokes cigars, hangs neckties on the Venetian blinds, and otherwise trumpets his manliness, and, yet, the net result of all this trumpeting is to support the favourite myth of our popular arts—the triumph of femininity. In short, this play is like one of those television sketches in which silly, scatterbrained Lucy would somehow get the better of Desi—except that this time Lucy is a man.

The Day the Whores Came Out to Play Tennis,

"silly saga"

Preceded by a shorter, more sentimental play of very little interest, this one-act play by Arthur Kopit has to its credit not much more than Anthony Holland's inventive portrait of an eccentric young man. The wildest joke, well concealed, is the idea that this silly saga of a male enclosure under attack by women somehow resembles *The Cherry Orchard,* with which it shares its opening stage-setting direction, the name (nearly) of one character, and, presumably, its concern with the ending of a way of life. Driven to it, I could list more parallels; Kopit's insolent servant might correspond to Chekhov's, for example, but the indispensable parallel is missing: Kopit does not correspond to Chekhov.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By Joan Didion

Crack in the World, "*the sublime cool of it*"

Although my tolerance for books of science fiction is so low as to be imperceptible, I remain spellbound by even the most spurious science-fiction movie. Lay it off to a cretinous weakness for special effects. *The Time Machine* had great special effects; I have watched flesh turn to bone and bone to ash in its marvellous cave sequence on screens in New York theatres and in California drive-ins and in Mexico City, dubbed. But it takes no *Time Machine* to enchant me. Sunrise has found me, glazed, in front of the television set, waiting for one more glimpse of the brain pulsing, the Chrysler Building crumbling, the Golden Gate dematerializing. I like the dialogue, too, the sublime cool of it. "He dances divinely," some blonde is always saying smoothly, "but Dr. Jim and I are just friends." "These giant gila monsters usually travel in straight paths," murmurs the teen-aged hero of *The Giant Gila Monster*, as he assesses the path of one. "Come on, Maggie," shouts the young geologist in *Crack in the World*, revving his Land Rover to follow the crack in the world, "we have to measure speed and direction."

Crack in the World, a new picture and pretty much the issue at hand, suggests only one tentative complaint. I grant that the picture appears to have been made on somebody's lunch hour, but was such startling nonchalance about verisimilitude really inevitable? Might not someone have suggested to Dana Andrews that the way to play a man in charge of a missile firing is not to stroll casually into the room during the countdown, refuse a telephone call, and say, with a kind of Fred Astaire *sangfroid*, "OK, everybody, positions "? But perhaps that is the very charm. Perhaps if pictures like *Crack in the World* were more laboured upon, we would have only mediocre melodrama, and lose forever the magic of such moments as this: The young geologist has just returned from London, where it has been his unhappy duty to report to "the Commission" that he and his colleagues have mistakenly started a reaction which will blow up the world, and rather imminently. He alights from the helicopter, strolls into the office, loosens his tie. A colleague looks up from his work, smiles a boyish, crooked smile, just a trace of rue in it, a Jimmy Stewart kind of smile, and says: "Hi there, Ted—welcome back. How did London take it?"

The Sound of Music, "*more embarrassing than most*"

It may well be impossible successfully to transfer musical comedy to the screen; the form is all artifice, all style, perilously dependent upon some distance between the audience and performance. To watch someone singing in Todd-AO closeup is obscurely demeaning, like being trapped on a dance floor and crooned at by a drunk. Even the kind of production musicals get is somehow insulting. "Think you can get me with some fat Technicolor chrysanthemums, just think again," one thinks like a belligerent child, or, "Take back your Alps." *South Pacific, The King and I, West Side Story:* They have all been a little embarrassing, but perhaps *The Sound of Music* is more embarrassing than most, if only because of its suggestion that history need not happen to people like Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer. Just whistle a happy tune, and leave the Anschluss behind.

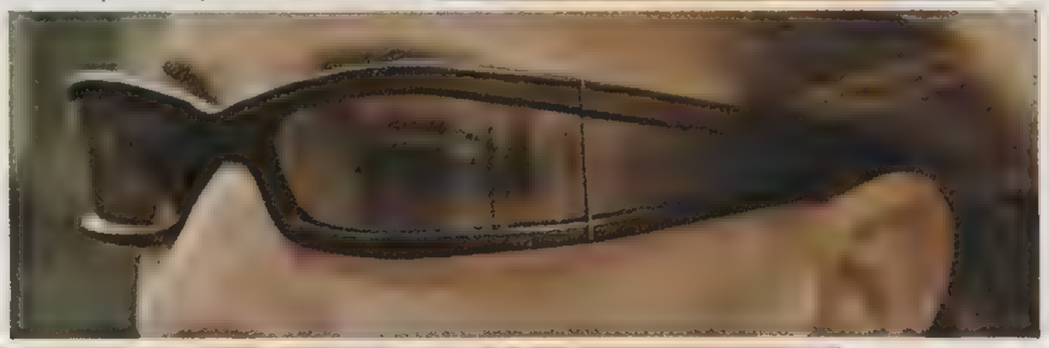








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Right: Tall, dark and Spanish, he chose C'Bon Camelot
Below: To flatter an English complexion, C'Bon Illusion







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Germaine Monteil

MAY 1965
VOGUE



VOGUE'S EYE VIEW:

Here, on the clean, inviting May-edge of summer with its perfect delicacy of sun, and air at the very temperature of refreshment—this is where the transformation begins....Skin blossoms with new colour. ...The body flexes, unfurls, pulls free of winter...reveals itself, strong and beautiful in the strong beautiful light of summer—as here and on the next 24 pages; all photographed in the bright perpetual summer of Tahiti. **THE PERFECT SUMMER WRAP** from Grès, *above:* a marvellous shawl in Moroccan stripes of navy-and-white wool jersey...the back flies out in a point, and little sleeves keep it from blowing away. For day, evening; for a ravishing proportion with bare bikini legs. Or, as Mme. Grès sees it: cover for the dress on the next page. (Both at I. Magnin.)

GILDED SUMMER

NORMAN PARKINSON



NAVY-BLUE LINEN CUT OUT FOR A MODERN BODY

Fit, athletic, gilded with summer—a radiantly modern girl, *opposite*, in a dress that demands and rewards every centimetre of perfection. Navy-blue linen from Grès, covering and uncovering...bracing and outlining...holding and freeing the body in a superb narrow construction of straight and bias cutting. The bodice, an austere little band like an Indian dancer's bolero, buttoned straight across a bared back; biased skirt cut into a point on the ribcage, exposing a satiny glimmer of midriff. Dress of Staron fabric. At I. Magnin. Coiffures on these twenty-four pages, by Kenneth; this wound with white jersey. Tahitian background: the hills of Moorea, rising like bright-green dragon's teeth around the vivid, translucent blueness of Pau Pau Bay.

NORMAN PARKINSON

GILDED SUMMER



JEWELS IN THE SUN— GLITTER OF GOLD... GLEAM OF WHITE

A jewelled jewel, *left:* doublet of gold mesh hung with brilliants, dazzling on a body of no mean carat-content itself—golden arms and legs tapering to gold-tipped nails...slip of gold eye shadow on each lid...hair brushed in gold. The doublet, necklace, and belt by Cis. I. Magnin. In the colour that spins its own gold in the sun, a strip of white bird's-eye piqué blazing on 24-k. skin, *right,* and a bikini cut in lotus folds and wrapped like a miniature panung. By John Weitz for Nardis, of Arnel (Rubin Levine fabric); $55. Henri Bendel. Riviera bombé goggles with lizard frames, white-washed in the Courrèges manner.

NORMAN PARKINSON

GILDED SUMMER

THE DIAPHANES— FILLED WITH LIGHT AND AIR

Huge, biased chiffon poncho from Grès, *left*, blown against a beautiful little matching brassière in a diaphanous blur of yellow and gold...like morning haze over a bare midriff, white Honan pants. Of Bianchini silks. I. Magnin. Joseph Warner earrings. A toga to step into, *right*, in a sheer asymmetric blaze of pink and white, catching the wind over one shoulder. By Sylvia Pedlar for Iris; about $40. Onondaga print on tricot of Du Pont nylon. Miriam Haskell bracelets. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Photographed on Pau Pau Bay, Moorea.

NORMAN PARKINSON





FOR A GILDED SUMMER:

LITTLE YOU

THERE'S A NEW FIT AND PROPORTION TO FASHION...NOW IS THE TIME TO TRAIN FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

Less dress, more you, smaller-looking-you: that's the proportion. For everyone. Whatever your size, that size will be smaller from now on; you will look smaller. Be smaller . . . train as you'd train for a championship. . . .

Here's the point: the eye that dominates fashion today is the eye of the athlete, with the athlete's fixation on health and fitness . . . the athlete's preoccupation with swiftness and strength . . . the athlete's passion for grace, freedom, and economy of motion. And the vision of the athlete—the girl of today dressed for the pace of her life today—this is the modern vision. Gives us the modern proportion. Smaller proportion—as in the dress that makes you look smaller because it's cut from a smaller pattern . . . made on a smaller form . . . proportioned smaller all over the body. Really skimped everywhere: little through the neck and shoulders to make throats and arms seem longer, narrower; higher on the bosom and waist to balance a short hem . . . to make the young, terse proportion straight down the body, past the legs, to the ground. . . . Little dress, quite a bit of little you showing—fix the proportioning firmly in your mind, and on to the wearing. . . .

For day, have a small dress in white linen. Add small gloves of white kid. Add a wristwatch with a tape-of-white pigskin strap. Strap a small white bag over your shoulder; strap white-and-black sandals on bare, beautifully polished feet. In a breeze, snap on a shell of pale-blue wool; no weight, no lining, nothing—the skimp of all skimp-coats, and delicious. . . . For evening, have a small dress like a sieve of black crochet-work. Wear only the nakedest "body slip" underneath of whatever strength and construction you need. Arrange the smallest, skull-fittingest coiffure. . . . At home, with a brilliant purple harem skirt, wear a small white-linen rajah jacket with the smallest possible shoulders and armholes; very long narrow sleeves. . . . Collect miniatures: have tiny undershirt-shirts in knitted cotton, with funnel necks and open armholes, cut as deep as Bill Bradley's. Have a white undershirt for short white shorts; for hip-slung linen pants in an inside-of-jonquils yellow . . . have an undershirt of palest thé-au-lait beige; tuck into a low-slung violet skirt; add tonalities of golden beige—skin, thongs, bamboo-tipped fingers and toes. . . . Have the most luxurious sweater in the world. Small. Black. Silk. Have it with pencil sleeves and a track of ribbing straight to the wrist. Wear at home over black silk pants and diamanté thongs. Wear in town over a short white linen skirt; crush in lightly with a tawny, shiny mock-tortoise belt. Wear over a white bikini. Smallest bikini, naturally—the fashion that got things stirring in the first place: hipped the psyche to fitness. Gave every figure a realistic star to reach for. Caused fashion to be proportioned as it is now—spare, succinct, small—to fit a smaller, modern, bikini body.

THE BIKINI BODY PERFECTLY CONTAINED—and held snug as a bug, *left*, in a small, soft, hooded green velours romper that does a very pretty covering job without obscuring a shred of the evidence. All of that remains visibly—gloriously—vital, head to toe. Cole of California romper of Fair-Tex cotton; about $24. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz; Neusteters. Photographed on fingers of sand, at the isthmus between Moana Nui and Otahititi, with a Tahiti profile of cloud-capped hills in the background.

NORMAN PARKINSON







UNDERSHIRT TOPS . . . LITTLE WHITE MINI-SKIRTS

Narrow white cotton undershirt top, *opposite*, barely covering the shoulders. Small and close above a miniature white cotton duck skirt, thong-tied at the waist, setting off a long tanned stretch of leg. Knitted shirt by Smartee. About $5. Skirt by Sloat. About $20. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's. The strappy white shoes by Helene Arpels for Aliata. Undershirt stripes, *left*, in red-and-white stretch cotton buttoned off-centre. Tucked into a little white cotton duck mini-skirt with a red-white-and-blue belt above an inverted front pleat. Both by Mr. Mort Boutique. About $8 each. At Bonwit Teller; The Addis Co. The sandals by Golo. Ribbed white undershirt top, *above*, edged in navy blue. Slick as a whistle with a white duck mini-skirt. Knitted cotton-and-polyester top by Ship 'n Shore. About $3. At Stern's; Frederick & Nelson. The hat on both pages by Mr. John.

NORMAN PARKINSON

UNCOVERED MIDRIFFS...QUICK COVERED TOPS

Strong supple midriff, *this page,* gleaming in clean white terry cloth—short-cut turtleneck and the briefest little shorts. By White Stag. Top, about $4. Shorts, about $5. Both at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Dayton's. Long taut stretch of midriff, *opposite,* between a chopped T-shirt in red-and-navy stripes; close white duck bikini pants laced over a bare streak of tanned leg. Both by Jack Winter. Cotton jersey T-shirt about $7. Pants, of white cotton duck, about $10. At Peck & Peck; Joske's, Houston; Bullock's, Downtown.





NORMAN PARKINSON

SHORT SNAPPY SUN COVERS

Right: The cover that uncovers: a delicious transparency of white organdie and tiers-of-petals sleeves, showing every line of a bikini body and the bikini itself—a fluff of embroidered white organdie petals. By Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan. Of George Richardson cotton. Cover, about $30. Bikini, about $35. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Livingston's; Bramson; Gus Mayer. Riviera bombé sunglasses.
Opposite, above: Beachy little dress in white piqué herringbones skimming lightly to an inverted front pleat, gleaming against sun-warmed skin. By Brigance for Sinclair. About $22. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.
Lower right: Summer windbreak in sunny yellow-and-white striped cotton seersucker—one of the freshest looks in the world—held by a snug smocked band over its own sleek bikini. By Catalina, of Russell fabric, Bikini, $12. Cover, $8. Saks Fifth Avenue.
Far right: White to wrap around gold—crisp, bright waffle piqué turning on a burnished satin back. By American Golfer, of Dacron and cotton. (Cohama fabric.) About $18. At Best & Co.: Hutzler's; Frost Bros. Burmel scarf at Bonwit Teller.

GILDED SUMMER

NORMAN PARKINSON



GILDED SUMMER

Top left: White piqué bikini slacks, with a hip-low cut, tight sleeveless top, a wonderful look of simplicity. Pants of cotton piqué, about $23; top, of Racine rayon matte jersey; about $30. At Jax. Burmel scarf, at Bonwit Teller.
Lower left: Pattes d'éléphant—pants widening from knee to ankle, narrower from knee up; the top, a camisole with well-separated straps. By John Weitz for Nardis, both of white Fortrel and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric). About $40 at Lord & Taylor.
Above: Cuffed white denims with a matching T-shirt top edged in knitted red-white-blue stripes. By Haymaker, of Avril and cotton (Springmaid fabric). Top, about $10; pants, about $12. At Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel.
Opposite: Wraparound britches tied at the waist and knees; snug high-necked top. By Majestic, of white Arnel jersey. Top, $8; pants, $12; at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's. Ben-King belt: Bonwit Teller. Both pages, lizard-framed bombé sunglasses by Riviera.

LAND-AND-SEA PANTS—
THE GREAT SHAPES NOW,
ALL WHITE

NORMAN PARKINSON

GILDED SUMMER

NORMAN PARKINSON

THE SARONG LIFE— LONG, WHITE, WRAPPED OVER A TAUT BARE MIDRIFF

Sarong-wrap with shirt, *opposite*, and a short-cut Indian top—all of white Arnel jersey, here with a planter's sisal hat and a pony who flipped, heads and tails, for striped bows. The top and sarong, about $36; shirt, about $16; costume by Countess Sybilla for Sacony. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Asymmetric top and sarong, *this page*, in cream-white crêpe bordered in chocolate-brown dots, wrapped and tied at the side over bronzed bareness. By Sylvia de Gay for Robert Sloan; of acetate and rayon crêpe. About $55 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Godchaux's. The hats on both pages, by Adolfo. Tahiti background here: the highlands of the Valley of Fautaua—deep, intimate, green—near the Bain Loti cascade.





GILT-EDGED WRAPS— SWEEPING IN FROM THE EAST

The burnoose at home in a sun-place, *above*—a sweep of sand-coloured wool with a fascinating Lawrence-of-Arabia shape: softly curved hood, parachute seams that slope into the flowing sleeves and body, gilded edge and frog-closings of silvery braid. By Ruth Bekker for Chezelle, of Bianchini wool; about $75 at Henri Bendel. Crimson caftan, *opposite*, lined in tawny Paisley, with ball-fringed bands of vermeil braid—blazing over a white bikini and panung skirt, stretches of sun-gilded bareness. Caftan by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of William Rose silk; available in July, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Bikini and skirt of double-knitted Arnel jersey, by Tina Leser for Gabar; of William Winkler fabric. About $90 at Saks Fifth Avenue. Joseph Warner jewellery.

NORMAN PARKINSON



NEXT LINEN IDEA— SILVER GREY... SIDE-WRAPPED

Pants, side-buttons, *this page*, a clean fresh stroke of linen in silver grey. The overblouse, long, lean, with drop-sleeves, a wide turtleneck, buttons down one side: narrow pants. By B. H. Wragge, of Moygashel linen: about $90 at Bonwit Teller; Burdine's; Harold's; I. Magnin. Cut-out shoes by Helene Arpels for Aliata. The side-tied dress, *left*, of textured silk in cool silver grey—a marvellous look now with summer-gilded skin. Wrapped to one side, loose and narrow, tied with a bow like a charming young pinafore with a skirt that wings out in a breeze. By B. H. Wragge: about $100 at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Rich's; I. Magnin. The clothes on both pages: available after May 15. Both coiffures: Kenneth.

NORMAN PARKINSON

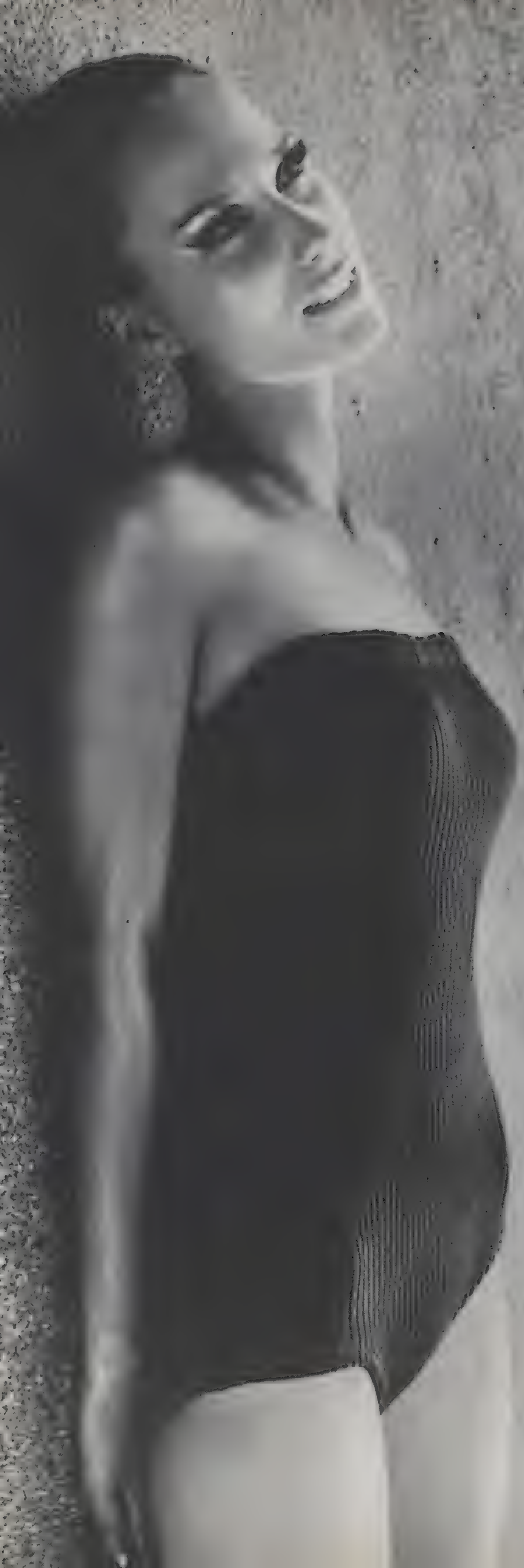
GILDED SUMMER

MAKEUP WITH A SUMMER FEELING: THE DRAGONFLY MAQUILLAGE

Delicious way to hover around the edges of fantasy makeup without plunging in over your head: eyes drawn out to look like a silken set of dragonfly wings, with wisps of brilliance lifting at the sides. It's all from Estée Lauder, this makeup—and she hasn't said a single word against anyone's using it quite conventionally when life is ditto. Whether you build your own dragonfly, or simply put some fresh glow on your face as it is, the instructions are in general identical. First, be a little suntanned. Authentically or not. Then draw an eye outline with strong blue eyelining pencil. Fill this in with two cream eye shadows: Sky Light and Antique Bisque, and at the eyebone blend in a touch of surprise. Which is: a fingertipful of Iced Rose lipstick. More pearled than rosed, this marvellously intense high shade can be very awakening to the eyes when it's used this way. Same lipstick for the mouth, which gathers still more youth when glazed with lip gloss. Makeup at Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Neusteters. Attractive way to slick up hair after a day on the water: ribbon-and-butterfly chignon by Adolfo, arranged here by Kenneth.

NORMAN PARKINSON





THE ONDINE STRETCH

YOU-SHAPED BATHING SUITS

When sand is your castle, and the sun your life, these are your looks: marvellous new bathing suits that slick over a lithe active body and seem part of it —in a play of blue-eyed blues, or the newest nude colours that look like extensions of beautiful skin tones. They're bathing suits for sprites, for wonderful Ondine-girls whose delight is a frolic in the laplap of waves, whose repose is a delicious stretch on shore, whose bodies long for lightweight, skin-supple suits that smooth and flatter without fettering. And back to those skin tones—a primal part of the sprightly Ondine look—the glowing suntanned tones of the next skin you see, here and on the next six pages, could be the results of Bain de Soleil gelée, or its new more liquefied counterpart, Fluid Bain de Soleil; both of these give a sun-tint the minute they're spread on, then work to keep out the burn, bring on the burnish, and supply the skin with softening oils while it's sunning. For more news about bathing suits and how you shape them, read on through the following pages.... Sprite idea, left, a skin-close bathing suit of ribbed nylon in a lively form of navy blue, with a narrow flat-ruffled edge, straps that attach for action. By Pius Wieler; about $35 at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Makoff; Sakowitz. Another opening, another show of beautifully sunned skin, right—gleaming through two scoops of bareness down the back of a navy-blue nylon bathing suit with a marvellous you-shape, a little touch of white at the neck and straps. By Elisabeth Stewart, of Helanca stretch fabric of Du Pont nylon (by Fair-Tex). About $23 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Halle Bros.

NORMAN PARKINSON



THE ONDINE STRETCH—ASYMMETRIC BATHING SUITS PLAYED CLOSE TO THE SKIN

Colour in the nude, above, the slant of one bare shoulder, and the marvellous look of muscle-toned skin all over—a maillot with free feelings, you-shape. By Harbor Road, of stretch Du Pont nylon and Antron nylon. About $23 at Lord & Taylor; Hovland-Swanson; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Asymmetric bikini, opposite, with the tautness and tone of young skin gleaming in the sun. Nude nylon that bares one shoulder, all of a midriff. By Sport Trio, of Chemstrand nylon; about $20 at Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Himelhoch's; I. Magnin.

NORMAN PARKINSON



NORMAN PARKINSON

THE ONDINE STRETCH— PRINTS SAUVAGE... THE NAKED MAILLOT



Prints—primitive, brilliant, left, one for bareness, one for cover. The maillot, Lycra with a low V at front and back; the beach dress with buttoned front and slit sides, of cotton terry velours. Both, a flamboyant print of yellows, browns, flashes of orange. By Emilio Pucci; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

Nude and net, right, the barest of one-piece bathing suits—skin-coloured nylon with a deep V-slash and sides filled with nylon mesh and skin. Suit by Cole of California, in Helanca stretch fabric of Du Pont nylon. About $28 at Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; I. Magnin.



THE ONDINE STRETCH-LONG RIBS, YOU-SHAPED BLUES

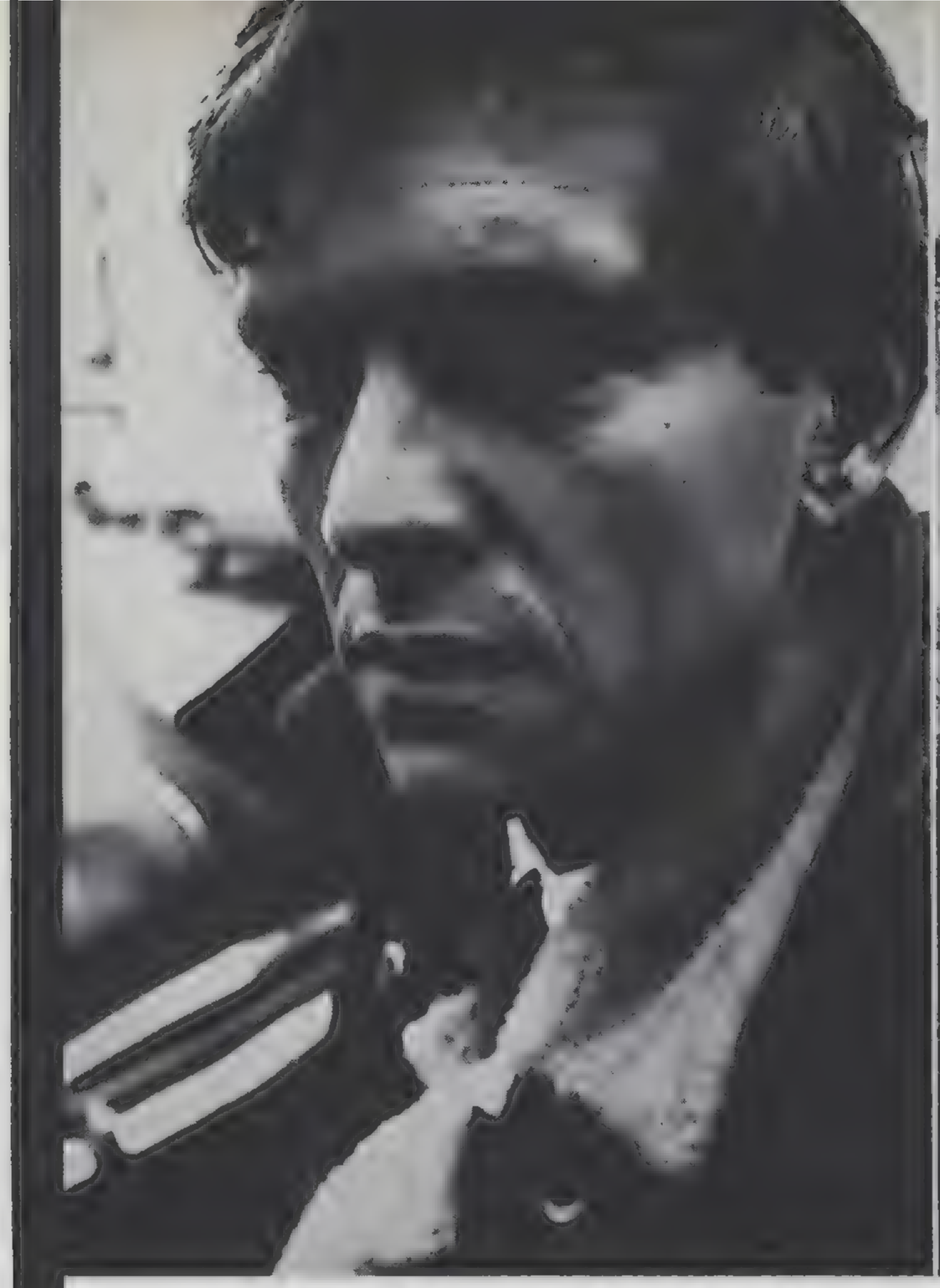


Long lean pull of violet ribbing, opposite, new and snappy now with little bikini pants, a shiny hip-slung belt, the easiest stretch of fit. By Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear. Of Du Pont nylon; about $30 at Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Battelstein's. Relaxed, left, in the enchanting young-shape of a snugly wrapped towel—a bathing suit of sky blue with a built-in belt of elastic at the hips. String straps optional. By Rose Marie Reid, of Arnel and nylon; about $22 at Lord & Taylor; Jelleff's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Maillot splash, above, a suit in a deep blue-eyed blue, with a plunging front, a very low back, a swimmer's kind of shape. By Oleg Cassini for Peter Pan, of textured Tycora nylon. About $20: Bonwit Teller; Best's Apparel.

NORMAN PARKINSON



BERT STERN





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



TOM COURTENAY, *above left,* ugly as a ferret until he laughs, when he becomes beautiful as a lion—who has arced out of English art movies into the big international melee. Famous as the spunky, punky sprinter in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner,* he is stirred into the new Sophia Loren movie, *Operation Crossbow,* an all-star war pastiche, has just finished making *King Rat* in Hollywood, another war movie, in which he plays the cat, a stern prison MP, to George Segal's rat. Courtenay is now in Spain filming the huge and ambitious *Doctor Zhivago.* In this, Omar Sharif plays the title rôle; Tom Courtenay plays Pasha, the taciturn, sarcastic young revolutionary who almost steals the book from Zhivago . . . a part to fire Courtenay, who has said of his acting, "I am heart and stomach and soul."

ANDREA CASCELLA, *above right,* the Milanese sculptor who makes granite seem a passionate substance, and his first one-man showing in New York. Handsome, alert, attracted by poetry, he is the son of a painter, the brother of another successful sculptor, Pietro Cascella. Last year Andrea Cascella won the important first prize for sculpture at the Venice Biennale. Although some of his interlocking stone sculptures, now at the Betty Parsons Gallery, measure less than a foot in length, they have, as does the nine-foot-long granite "Jupiter," *above,* the heft of the monumental.

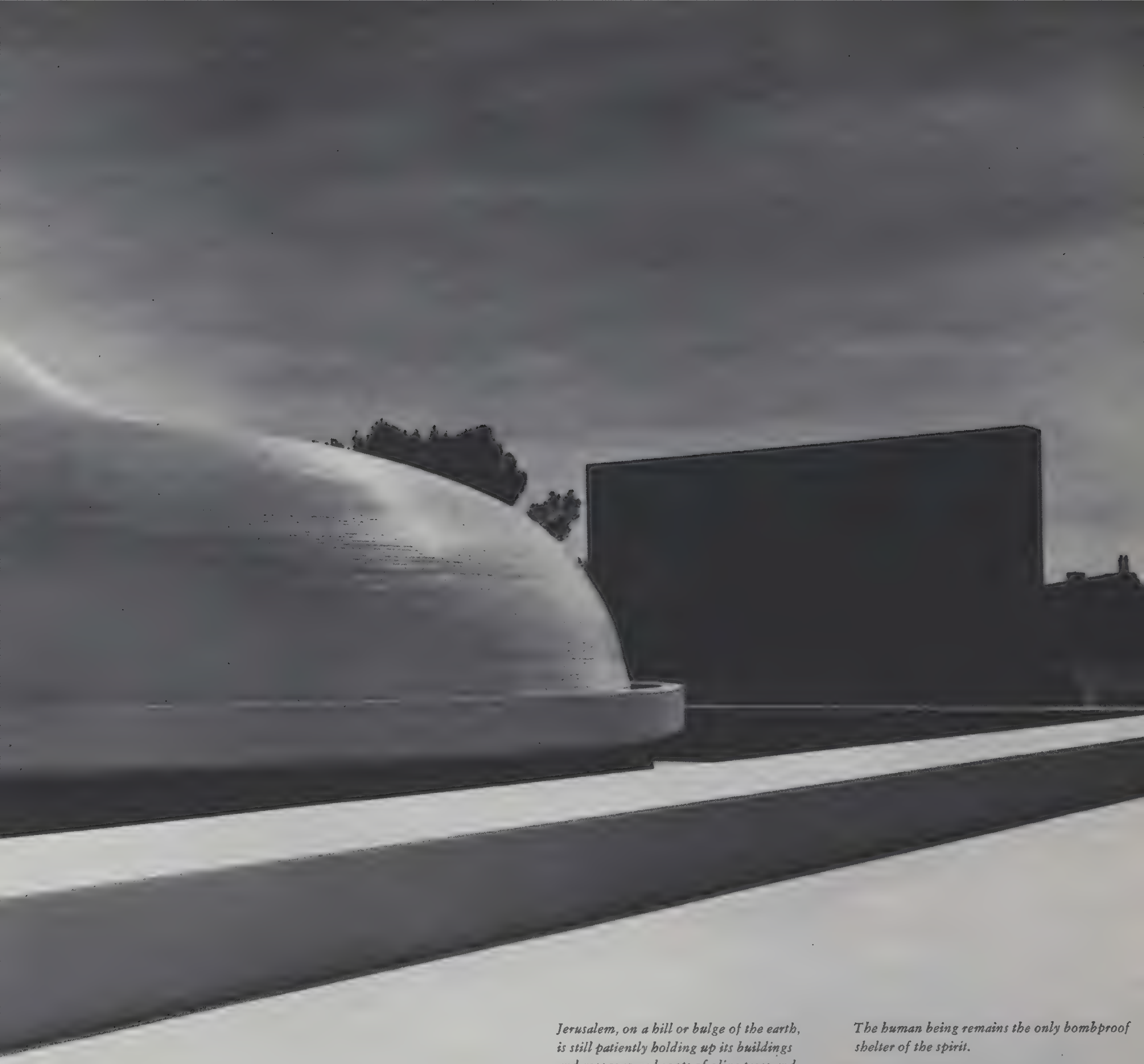
LYNN SEYMOUR AND CHRISTOPHER GABLE, *left,* who have fitted the rôles of Romeo and Juliet around themselves like a sorcerer's caul. Now in New York with The Royal Ballet, they are the darling, terrible children—with time-lapse glimpses of a modern high school girl and a college junior—of Kenneth MacMillan's version of the Prokofiev ballet. Lynn Seymour sizzles with deceptive dramatic force: She can imply puppy fat. Christopher Gable, revved-up, powerful, has excited a young gaggle of fans. Neither dancer fills a balletic cliché. They simply break hearts.

LOLA FLORES, *far left,* Spain's greatest woman flamenco dancer and singer, who will bring her full fury, her flamenco troupe to the Spanish Pavilion of the New York World's Fair. A full-blooded gypsy, famous for her sinuously snapping fingers, flashing heelwork, impassioned voice, and superb arch of spine, Lola Flores holds the supreme flamenco title: *La Faraona*—Daughter of the Pharaoh—the dancer with "legs of cinnamon." Born in Jerez de la Frontera, she started at fourteen to dance *zambras* and *tarantos* in the cafés and theatres of Andalucía. Now, with her *cuadro flamenco,* she stars in all the great music halls of Europe and the Americas, and has been awarded Spain's highest artistic decoration. "I—I express me," said Lola Flores who has a vast musical vocabulary, a strangely poignant savagery. Her wildest *jaleo* (row) is danced with her husband and guitarist, Antonio Gonzales, a Catalonian gypsy. He bears down, guitar rippling, his voice stretched in deepsong, as La Flores stabs the boards with her heels, whips his face with her dense black hair.



THE SHRINE OF THE BOOK: THE GREAT NEW MUSEUM IN JERUSALEM

Instantly one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, The Shrine of the Book for Biblical Manuscripts in Israel is signed, Kiesler and Bartos, architects: Frederick J. Kiesler, senior designer. The shrine includes The Sanctuary of the Dead Sea Scrolls, *above,* which crowns the eight units, some of them underground, of the museum. Inside this dome stands a bronze tabernacle which contains the original "Isaiah Scroll." From this tabernacle a water jet will shoot up through the opening of the dome dispersing the water outside over the shell and into a fountain from which further jets recirculate the water—a symbol of the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls and the rebirth of Israel. Mr. Kiesler's inspired words about Jerusalem, *right,* are from his journal, *Inside the Endless House,* to be published by Simon and Schuster.



Jerusalem, on a hill or bulge of the earth,
is still patiently holding up its buildings
and mosques and roots of olive trees and
cypresses and umbrella pines, as it has
since the Red Sea became red and the
Dead Sea became dead.

But that support by mother or grandmother
earth is not enough: the migrating ant-men
have built a rocky wall around the city.
with square towers as reinforcements along
the belt of chiselled stone blocks, to
protect the chastity of their beliefs:
Jewish, Christian, or Moslem.

This is the very character of the total
city: closed downward to the ground, dug
into the very skull of the earth, a
honeycomb of arid caves, yet still open
to menace from the sky, where white herds
of sheep-clouds graze, moving step by
step throughout the ages, indifferent to
religions, tribes, or races below.

The human being remains the only bombproof
shelter of the spirit.

Once last Monday, on Yom Kippur, I saw an
enormous cloud, white and torn,
zigzagging, racing from west to east,
with super-jet velocity, only inches above
the roofs of new Jerusalem. Frightening.
An omen, surely, in Biblical times, now
only remarked with, "...look up, Zvi, how
ferociously she moves...." I stopped
in my tracks.

That cloud looked to me very much like
Jehovah's beard, torn to shreds in anger,
striking at the roofs of Jerusalem.

Its shadow fell upon the town only for
seconds—a sinister eternity.

It vanished as fast as it appeared.

We continued our stroll through the furrows
of the streets plowed throughout the land
of this new city of hope incarnate.

FREDERICK J. KIESLER

ALFRED BERNHEIM





Small is the word for this summer's dress, paring down white and bringing it into smooth and narrow line with this summer's small-boned look—each lean, textured run of linen, piqué, or knitted wool as supple as the swift firm body it plays against. *Opposite:* Glazed grainy white, moulded by sections of scallops, curving small and high to the bosom—disarming pureness, simplicity. By Donald Brooks, of Moygashel linen. About $90. Earrings by Arpad. K. J. L. bracelets. All, Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also Godchaux's; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz. Shalimar gloves. Coiffure: Adrian of the House of Revlon. *Left:* The extended crew shirt, sculling swiftly past, bypasses the body—in the breeziest little run of white bird's-eye cotton piqué. Dress from Jax. About $40. Shalimar gloves. White coif by Adolfo. *Below:* Shrug sleeves, piped at raglan tilt, define the bateau neckline of a small linen dress, planed and bevelled to the body. By Samuel Robert, in white Moreau-TSM linen. About $70. Charles Elkaim earrings. Both, at Henri Bendel. Dress, also at Gus Mayer. Sandals by Degas of Saks Fifth Avenue.

THE SMALL WHITE DRESS

PENN

White, small to the body, images the body smaller. Everywhere, this marvellous parallel: well-toned figure revelling in well-cut linen, white wool. *Right:* Speeding the slither of a small, spare, white linen dress, welted seams margin the neck, and skim along the body past bosom to hem. By Samuel Robert, in Moreau-TSM linen. About $70. Earrings by K. J. L. Both, at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Montaldo's. Cadoro ring. Evins white sandals. *Below:* Compact white wool trued to this summer —an asymmetric panel T-squares the neck and the armhole, and plummets straight as a rule down the left-hand side. Knitted wool dress by Kimberly. About $55. Jewellery by Bergère. All, at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. *Opposite:* Knitted white wool, small proportions in loose alignment—the circle squared twice, at the neck and the armhole; the bodice set wide as a little girl's guimpe. Knitted dress by Kimberly. About $50. Earrings by Arpad. Both, at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also Montaldo's; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Grandoe gloves, at Altman's. Summer coiffure: Adrian of the House of Revlon.

THE SMALL WHITE DRESS



PENN



AT EIGHTY-FIVE HOFMANN IS A VANGUARDIST BUILT TO LAST— THE WORLD'S OLDEST

"Being incomplete in concept, the creation will be inadequate."

HOFMANN

Hofmann could be billed as the world's oldest vanguardist painter—he shades Picasso by more than a year. Though his career spans the entire development of twentieth-century art, his canvases of the last twenty years have the look of the middle 1960's, of today. Those astonishing panels of light—broad, open "landscapes" sprung from a festival of colour and movement, and ranging from sombre chocolate to piping yellows and reds and from slaps and swirls of the brush to smooth placid rectangles—seem to grow fresher every season. When a retrospective of Hofmann's paintings opened at The Museum of Modern Art in 1963, a band of young artists demonstrated at the entrance in favour of Hofmann as the artist who stood for the direction in which they wanted art to go.

There is something paradoxical about being eighty-five and of the vanguard. Shouldn't the row up front be reserved for the newest generation? Hofmann worked in Paris from 1904 to 1914, in the discovery period of Matisse, Braque, Delaunay; he was an adult at the time of the Armory Show; it is exactly half a century since he opened his famous art school in Munich. Yet this veteran German immigrant was among the "young" artists who created the new American painting in the years following the Second World War.

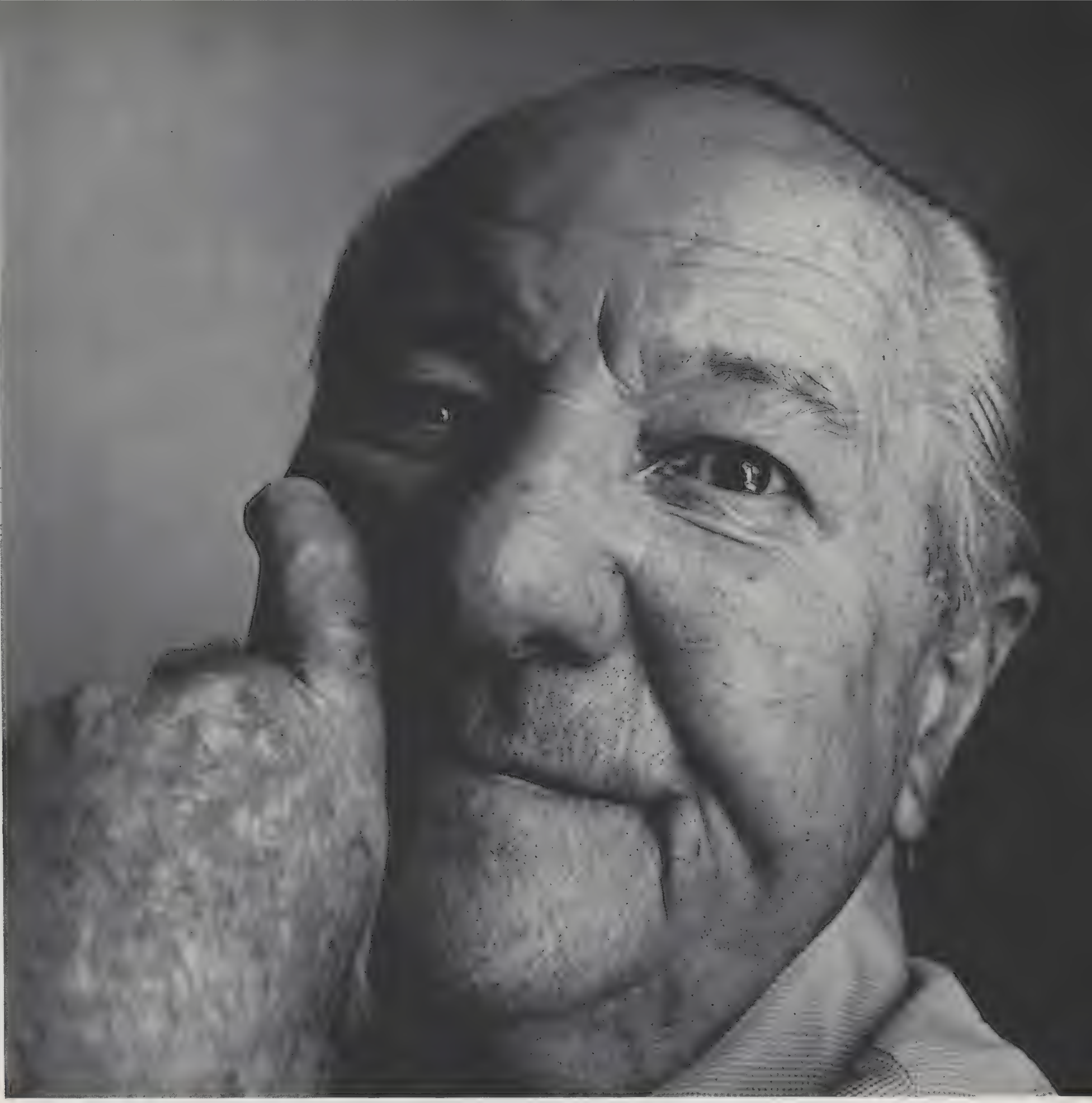
To stretch so far, Hofmann's up-to-dateness had to be anchored in a principle different from that of the calendar. In art, 1965 is not necessarily ahead of 1925, any more than James Baldwin is ahead of James Joyce. While still working in Paris, Hofmann concluded that all paintings of this century, regardless of the mode in which they were executed (Cubist, Fauvist, Futurist), belong to the same aesthetic moment so long as their creation embodies the new plastic insight developed since Cézanne and Van Gogh. The key word is "creation," the quality of which, rather than the date of performance, determines how far "advanced" the work of art is. To put the idea in another way: There is modern art but no such thing as most modern.

Thus Hofmann has sought an approach to creation that would draw upon all the resources—technical, intellectual, psychic—developed by painting since Impressionism. His vanguardism is a forward position fortified by conservative concepts. Or, to be more precise, by concepts that have been applied for decades, though not necessarily understood. It is a vanguardism built to last. Through half a century of search he has uncovered the core of a new tradition in painting, "the underlying aesthetic principles," as he calls them, of the modern masters.

A permanent outpost on the frontier of the new, Hofmann appears, in the expansiveness of his temperament, his moral and intellectual solidity, even his massive Bavarian physique, more of the nineteenth century than of this one. The broad, colour-saturated continent evoked by his paintings is a resurrection on the plane of inwardness of the American West brought into art by the painter-explorers of a hundred years ago. To the pioneer heritage belongs also Hofmann's faith in the creative possibilities of all individuals (a faith which has survived in spite of data to the contrary supplied by his years as a teacher). For Hofmann creation is the normal daily business of the human being; it has nothing in common with that induced confusion, egotism, and anti-intellectual pretentiousness that causes the ideal of creativity to amount (in Jacques Barzun's opinion) to a national malady. In painting, Hofmann has insisted, creation depends on mastering certain fundamental concepts, plus long-term exercises in "learning to see" and a still longer—a lifetime—training in learning to feel and respond.

Nothing nervously all-out here. Stability was built into the "plan" of his personality—his robust humour and eroticism, his ignoring of offense, and his inability to hold a grudge, his liking for food, swimming, gadgets, animals, lively company. In a room with Hofmann one is aware of him laughing, a laugh that jogs his whole body and reddens his face. Before the evening has fatigued him, he is on the alert to give a comical twist to what he hears—or mis-hears when he's forgotten his hearing aid. His wit, sometimes bawdy but never lewd or malicious, shows a shrewd, detached familiarity with the people and goings-on in his neighbourhood, a form of perception that surprises admirers who expect the stereotype of the exalted artist and theoretician. Hofmann's stories, going back to his Paris Left Bank days, the Munich school, summer sessions in Capri, the passage to Berkeley under escort by a University of California professor, artists and students in Provincetown and Greenwich Village, are always funny stories and some of them are hilarious. Serious incidents in Hofmann's life, miseries of individual artists, the bankruptcies brought by currency inflation in Germany during the twenties, the abduction of friends by the Nazis, used to be recounted by his wife, Miz (she had to stay in Germany for several years under the Hitler regime while Hans was establishing himself in the United States).

In telling his tales Hofmann plays with his thick accent as a means of achieving dramatic contrast and suspense. Sometimes a phrase fails him and he asks for translation of an expression in German or French. But a moment later he draws out an uncommon English word, apt and precise. Throughout, his talk is spotted with interjections of "nikke," his private version of "*nicht wahr?*" which has become famous as his conversational trademark. (Continued on next page)



PENN

HANS HOFMANN

BY
HAROLD ROSENBERG

HANS HOFMANN continued

"Yes, art, nikke, is cray-ah-teef not deco-rateef." Somewhere near the close of the evening Hofmann is sure to deliver a brief and utterly grave lecture on how only the creative, as manifested in the proper practice and appreciation of art, can in this mechanical age save man from turning into a robot.

Hofmann's development has been cautious and persevering. He and Miz managed for the most part to live comfortably in the spare, economical style of Left Bank artists and intellectuals. The Hofmann house in Provincetown has the proportions of a mansion but it was acquired to provide room for The Hans Hofmann School of Fine Arts. The School continued until 1958 when Hofmann's income from painting gave him security without it. Since then he has complained about spending so much on a house too big for his needs.

To his situation—whether involving income, reputation, or old age—Hofmann has always responded with an amused matter-of-factness. Having become in the past few years a near millionaire (the tax laws do not permit an artist to become the real thing), he remains in every respect exactly as he was during the period in the thirties when he had to subsist on fish obtained free on the Provincetown docks. He has the indifference to public opinion of the old-fashioned Bohemian. He prefers an argument about painting to adulation of his work. The celebrity game into which American artists have recently been drawn does not arouse him, though he seems to find it fun to appear on TV or have his picture taken for the press. He has never expressed any longing for success nor any disdain for it; in his scheme what success has to offer is extremely limited. In becoming an artist he chose, he is convinced, the most rewarding life available to man.

What could be more novel among the gallery displays of the 1960's, with their refurbished art packages and imitation lab charts, than an exhibition of Hofmanns founded upon an aesthetic synthesis of the spatial concepts of Cézanne and the Cubists, the colour dynamics of Matisse, the Fauves, and Delaunay, the animism of Kandinsky and Klee, the geometrics of Mondrian? The school which Hofmann opened in Munich in 1915 had as its aim "to clarify the then entirely new pictorial approach" of modern painting. The greatness of this approach, as Hofmann set out to demonstrate, lay in binding together art, the artist, and the visible world in a deeper union than had been achieved in the past—though Hofmann conceded later that Michelangelo and Rembrandt had brought forms to life by the same principle.

Technically, the new aesthetic begins by addressing itself to the problem of space. Before Cézanne the canvas was a "window" opened on the scene. The sensation of depth was produced through the illusory device of perspective. Discarding perspective, modern painting sought more candid means for representing the depth of nature on a flat surface. In the art of our time, Hofmann has written, "depth is created on a flat surface not as an illusion but as a plastic reality." What "plastic reality" signifies and how it is achieved is not easy to grasp—all through his years of teaching Hofmann had to keep reiterating to students that doing away with perspective did not mean that painting had turned into the two-dimensional patterns of linoleum design. On the contrary, depth had become all-important. Instead of being poured into the funnel of a vanishing point as in Renaissance compositions, it was now to be brought into being everywhere on the canvas. As conceived by Hofmann, depth is a dimension introduced into a painting not by aligning forms one behind the other, or through tonal gradations ("another doctrine of the academician"), but by means of the backward and forward animation of the whole picture surface through colour, shapes, rhythm. No longer is there depth but depths. They result not from tricking the eye but through "the creation of forces." (Ironists, from Magritte to Johns, have played with this problem of depth by inserting a strip of painted or photographed sky into a realistically painted landscape or by modelling a "0" or a "5" as if it were an object in a realistic painting.)

From depth as a technical problem of painting Hofmann proceeds in a straight line to his metaphysics of an ever-active nature, of the artist as a creator, and of the work of art as a magical effigy pulsing with captured energies. Make a line, he suggests, and after a few additions "your empty paper has been transformed by the simplest graphic means into a universe in action. This is real magic." In the last analysis, depth means to him feeling into and identifying with the inner life of things. In the modern conception of pictorial space Hofmann has found a technical equivalent for his pantheism, a Whitmanesque nature-feeling that places him in the mainstream of New World sentiment. "The experience of space," he wrote thirty years ago, "depends upon the spiritual understanding of the 'living' coherence of things." The artist enters into this coherence and recomposes it, thus bringing nature to human fulfillment in the work of art.

Painters and critics still speak of "space" as if it were the inside of a box, a curtain, or a dish rack, that is, as a passive receptacle of objects or signs. With Hofmann, in contrast, space implies action—"where there is matter and action, there is space." "In nature," he wrote, "space is charged with a whirlwind of inner disturbance and so it shall be with the picture."

Space is active, and so also is colour, line, the surface on which the painter works. Hofmann could see in a spot of paint or the random mark of the crayon the start of a creative transformation. Thus he was the first to produce "drip paintings"—the 1939 "Red Trickle," and the 1940 "Spring." For the painter, action is already present in nature as a form-giving potential; it is not a mere "happening" instigated by the will. About painting, Hofmann could say with Rimbaud: "A touch of your finger on the drum lets loose all sound and commences the new harmony."

Intuitions of invisible acts have inspired scores of Hofmann canvases since 1940 when his paintings began to abandon, though not altogether, recognizable motifs. The part played in his imagination by the natural shocks and vibrations evoked by the act of painting is suggested by such characteristic titles of the past twenty-five years as "Effervescence," "Cataclysm," "Storm," "Radiant Space," "Scintillating Space," "Fortissimo," "Undulating Expanse," and "In the Wake of the Hurricane."

These abstract Action Paintings are the dominant mode of Hofmann's later years. As counterpoint, however, he also employs smoothly brushed rectangles of pure colour either as balances within his shaken-up depths (as in "Sun in the Foli- (Continued on page 236)

"'. . . AND OUT OF THE CAVES, THE NIGHT THREW A HANDFUL OF PALE, TUMBLING PIGEONS INTO THE LIGHT. . . .' RAINER MARIA RILKE": A 1964 HOFMANN
FROM SAMUEL M. KOOTZ GALLERY





GALANOS

MOTION AND EMOTION:
THE SILK SHIRT-SUIT

Sudden colours, vibrant geometries, restless silks all interfired with marvellous fling and feeling—this is the Galanos collection, striking forth to summer, prescient at every turn. *Left:* Shirt-suit cutting new definition—the length of a tucked shirt-sleeve, the width of a flung scarf and panelled skirt. Suit and blouse, in Staron optically slanted orange, mustard, green, and black silk foulard. Suit and black straw hat, at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Blum's, Chicago; I. Magnin. *Opposite:* Shirt-suit cutting through a maze of colour — from rolled-up collar to tucked wrist and foreswept surge of pleats. Suit and blouse, in Bianchini plaided silk foulard. Suit and straw hat, both at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

BERT STERN







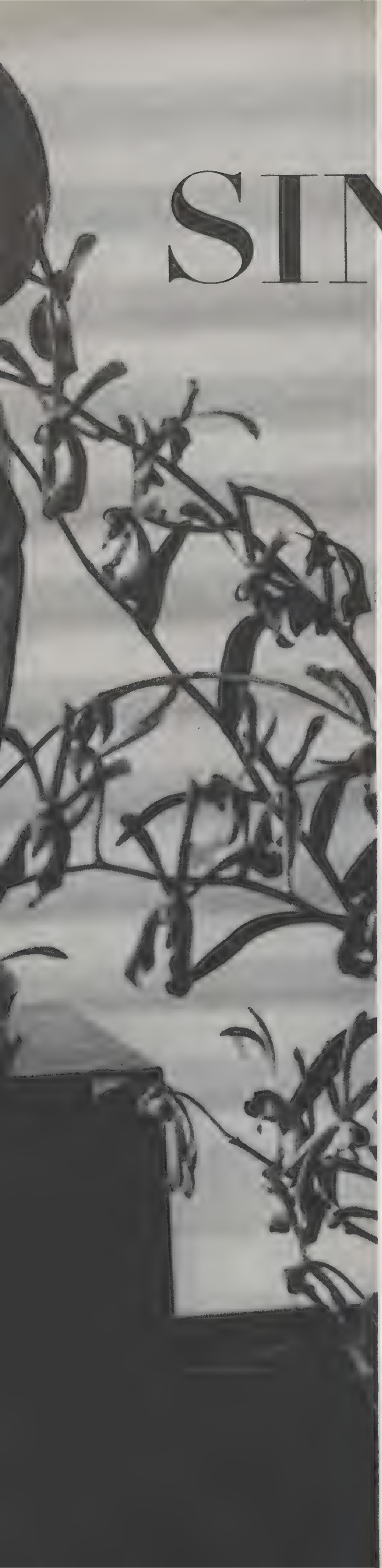
GALANOS

MOTION AND EMOTION: THE SMOCKED DRESS

Beauty to stir the body, stir the senses—this is the Galanos collection, fastidiously his own, yet alive with the burst of motion and emotion whirring America and Paris now. *Right:* One bias length of silk, one unbroken swerve to the floor—drawn softly to a close with smocking at neck and wrist. Dinner dress in Pierre Godart bright-blue, black, white cloqué. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. I. Miller shoes. *Opposite:* Chock-a-block colours skirting out to new dinner length — a bias rustle of silk ending snug at the smocked wrist, wide at the ankle-hem. Dress of Staron cloqué. K. J. L. earrings. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Nan Duskin; Blum's, Chicago; I. Magnin. Evins silk shoes for Galanos. The coiffures on both pages, by Marc Sinclair.

BERT STERN





FOR VOGUE, AUBREY MENEN LOOKS AT SINGAPORE

WHERE EVERYTHING COMES UP ORCHIDS

All my life I have travelled the globe incessantly, and I often wonder why. Only little strips of the world are really beautiful. Mountains look much the same everywhere. One can travel to see works of art, but after doing it for three decades I believe that mankind in its whole history produced not more than a dozen original ideas, and they begin to become as familiar as the labels on the bottles behind the barman. I had two friends who travelled to eat: One is dead; the other, alarmed, is on a diet. My own best journeys are made at home with ancient maps of places I have seen, but blank or marked "Here Be Dragons." When the early travellers arrived, there were no dragons, of course, only village headmen dubiously proffering lumps of cheese in grimy fingers. But at least the traveller had a tale to tell when he got home.

This time, so have I. I have returned to Italy, where I live, as surprised as Marco Polo. I have not explored anywhere—there is nowhere left to explore—but I have discovered a strange, new, elegant, rich, orchidaceous people. They are so novel that I really should have discovered them by fighting my way through a snowbound cleft in a mountain, coming out into a smiling valley. Instead, I took a plane in a gloomy mood to Singapore.

I was gloomy because I thought I knew what I was going to see. Singapore had become independent. But the bloom of independence is wearing off everywhere, both in Asia and in Africa. I was sure I would meet Englishmen who would talk of *them* over gin and bitters, the bitterness increasing with each gin. Next morning I would meet one of *them,* a Minister, who would describe in faultless English his five-year plan for something, and be out of office next month. Subsequently, some ten people would take me aside and say, "I wouldn't like you to say I said it, but this country is rotten with corruption," and a Name would be muttered. A very rich man—perhaps the Name himself—would invite me to a very rich dinner and, over exceedingly sticky liqueurs, say, "I wouldn't like you to say I said this, but the Communists aren't as bad as they're painted. They're open to reason." I had seen it all before.

In fact the airport of Singapore first suggested to me that I was going to enjoy myself. It was small and cosy. A plane was announced to leave and the happy crowd swept upstairs in a chattering stream. A notice said, "To the Waving Gallery." That is as pretty a thought as the airport at Zanzibar which is got up to look like an Arab palace. My spirits rose. I had enjoyed myself in Zanzibar too, years ago. I went up to the prettily named gallery. I found myself among a crowd of people all in bubbling good humour. They waved incessantly, like children, and indeed there seemed (Continued on page 241)

People who count in Singapore

Mrs. Christina Loke, opposite, *one of the most beautiful women in Singapore. Hands like a porcelain statue, Ming, perhaps. First-rate photographer of birds. Books:* Birds in the Sun; Birds in My Indian Garden *(both with texts by Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald). Lives in the only house on Pulau Selegu, small pretty island in Singapore Harbour, five minutes by sampan from mainland.* La princesse lointaine. *Set up bird-watching stations on island. Now correcting proofs of new book on East African birds and animals. She moves, travels, inquires, finds. Photographed here with Middle Ch'ing Dynasty head of Buddha and dark ruby-red orchid, Aranthera "Mohamed Haniff." (More on the next two pages.)*

SINGAPORE



Mr. Othman Wok, right, *Minister of Social Affairs for State of Singapore, and Mrs. Wok. She, in batik sarong. He, in Malaysian dress, worn for ceremonies. Only Malaysian in Singapore cabinet. Was News Editor of the important newspaper,* Malaysian Affairs. *Now responsible for keeping Singapore free of vice.*





Mr. and Mrs. Runme Shaw, left, *with their daughter, Doris. Shaw brothers' family fortune in films, some produced in Hong Kong, most distributed everywhere. The Runme Shaws have six children, four white poodles, dozens of racehorses, a splurge of house flooded with flowers. Orchids. Mr. Shaw's hobby: orchids; his great authority: orchids; his treasures, locked up at night: orchids. Mrs. Shaw, welcoming spirit, nifty figure. Doris Shaw, enchanting, twenty-three, returned from finishing school in Switzerland. Between the spread of Western swimming pool and the house lies a contained, formal Japanese garden—an appealing surround for Mr. Shaw, who arrived from Shanghai in 1926 with two unmarketable reels of film and not a cent.*

Mrs. Hena Sinha, right, *a founder, and Chairman of the Singapore branch of the Family Planning Board. Bright, pleasing. Married to a distinguished doctor. Older son, a doctor. Younger son, a doctor if he has anything to say about it (now, he's seventeen). Two white cockatoos, handsome clowns. This one, given to clambering around at parties saying "Hullo dear" to guests. A Malaysian of Burmese background, Mrs. Hena Sinha graduated from the Rangoon University. Her steady burn of concern for the Augean problem of population explosion helped to win for her Board a Ford Foundation grant of 540,000 Malaysian dollars, or about $180,000 American-style.*



Dato S. Q. Wong, left, *financier, banker, collector of magnificent Chinese art. A smiling man, given to laughter, the good life. Photographed here with a meltingly beautiful Ming blanc de chine figure of Kuan Yin, Goddess of Mercy. Collects, too, the odd, dark nineteenth-century furniture inlaid with marble chosen for its grain suggesting landscapes or breaking waves. "Dato," is title of respect, Malaysian knighthood. Educated at Cambridge. Persistent golfer; in his upper seventies, Dato S. Q. Wong has shot golf in the same.*

Mrs. Lee Choon Guan, right, *photographed in a golden chair used in all family weddings, including hers, wearing her second-best jewellery (best appears, with police escort, once a year), and, on her golden lamé dress, the M. B. E., received at Buckingham Palace during the First World War. Late husband's family founded Straits Shipping. Fine old house overlooking sea, masses of memorabilia. Ageless, Mrs. Lee has teen-aged spirit. "Spry as a kitten"; dancing, her catnip. So she can meet all descendants, her birthday party lasts two days.*



Dato and Datin Aw Cheng Chye, right, *of Tiger Balm and Tiger Oil, super nostrums of Singapore and Hong Kong. His buttonhole, her brooch: diamond tigers. Statues of tigers punctuate their Jade Palace, where they were photographed. Palace holds an astonishing collection of jade. Philanthropy on an imperial scale. His family donated Tiger Balm Gardens in Singapore, Hong Kong, both blazing with explicit statuary. Everywhere, the tiger smiles.*



Mrs. Cho Jock Kim and her younger daughter, Barbara, opposite. *One of the flush, young families in Singapore. Inquiring, quick, flexible. Mr. Cho Jock Kim publishes primary-school textbooks, is chairman of the firm building two new hotels, one in Singapore, one in Kuala Lumpur, both for Hilton. Jet tycoonery. Barbara, delectable, five years old, has an older sister, Lanabel, six. Mrs. Cho, beguiling, a smile to light sparklers with. Modern house, good, clean-limbed, with a swimming pool in the centre. Family pet, stuffed, in the foreground: an improbable-looking beast called a musang.*

NORMAN PARKINSON







AUBREY MENEN LOOKS AT

HONG KONG

"A PURE DELIGHT... CONFUCIUS IN LETTERS OF FIRE."

There was nothing childlike about the airport at Hong Kong. The Union Jack snapped from a flagpole in a stiff, cold breeze. The Waving Gallery was given a no-nonsense, practical name, and anybody who yielded to sentiment so far as to wave goodbye had to pay five cents tax at a turnstile for his weakness.

Within one minute of my arrival I was met by an efficient young lady who welcomed me to Hong Kong and simultaneously thrust a bundle of pamphlets into my hand which told me, in detail, what to think about it. In case I did not read them, she made sure by saying: "Is this your first visit to Hong Kong? I envy you! You will eat the delicious seafood at Aberdeen and go shopping for antiques in Cat Street and drive through the New Territories. How nice! I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself. I know Hong Kong will enjoy having *you* here. This is a friendly place."

"Do you know Hong Kong?" I ventured to ask her.

"I was born here," she said.

"Tell me, then," I said, "how long do you think it would take to see Hong Kong?"

"Two days," she said crisply. "And that's a lot."

She was right, in a way. To see the tourist sights of Hong Kong does not take very long. To see what Hong Kong really has to offer to the enquiring traveller can take a week, a month, or even a year. And I do not think that a traveller could spend his time better anywhere else in the world.

Hong Kong consists of a mountainous island, very beautiful, the site of the city called Victoria. There is also another town, Kowloon, across the water on the mainland. Behind that lies a stretch of generally flat countryside known as the New Territories which, since they are held merely on lease from the Chinese for thirty-two more years, will never have much chance (Continued on page 251)

People who count in Hong Kong

Mrs. Mario Pepe, left, *aboard the "Sea Dragon," in Hong Kong's Aberdeen Harbour. Blue-misted, magical. Watery kingdom of Tanka fishing people, thousands of junks. Against this jungle of masts, Renata Pepe. Wind-roughed hair, an ebony eye. Vivid in belled prawn-pink pants and shirt of Thai silk. Her husband: Mario Pepe, Argentine Consul in Hong Kong. Both young swingers, internationals. Weekends: water-borne on the "Sea Dragon," teak with bat-winged sails, three in crew. This junk belongs to Renata Pepe's mother, Mrs. Charlotte Horstmann, whose Hong Kong galleries are famous. (More next pages.)*

NORMAN PARKINSON

HONG KONG



Mrs. D. J. R. Blaker, above. *Marie-Françoise. Breton-blue eyes and black hair offset by a Manchu robe of the Ch'ing Dynasty. Her house: "Hill of Great Peace," on cloud-painting peaks of Shek O. Sumptuous. Thai silk on lie-around places. Jade. Superb collection early Phoenician glass—one vial for funeral tears. In dining room: Aubusson,* chinoiserie *exotica of birds, beasts. Gives beautiful parties with her husband, John, director of vast enterprise, Gilman & Co. The Blaker family —Old China Hands—arrived Hong Kong, 1841, a year before it became a Crown Colony.*



Mrs. Andrew Eu, left. *Hawaiian charmer. Young sons, Robert and Douglas, look like Instant Mandarins in long purple* cheongsams. *Husband: Andrew Eu, investment banker. Son of Malaysian magnate who peppered Hong Kong with Eu palaces: one—"Eucliff," Repulse-Bay Balmoral. Entrance menaced by mediaeval armour; "Leda and the Swan" frescoes on a bedroom ceiling; tons of white marble ladies in poses of fair torment—folies bought mail-order from Europe.*

Mrs. Hui Sai Fun, right. *A figurine in pale satin* cheongsam, *jade-and-diamond necklace, chinchilla. Julian, her son, usually surrounded by amahs. Mr. Hui, big in shipping, real estate; drives an air-cooled Jaguar, a Rolls-Royce. Repulse Bay house, quiet, cooled by a continual sheet of water falling down blue-tiled wall beyond a marble-floored room with black chairs.*



Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Zecha, right. *Attractive young movers. Amusing, amused. Beverly Zecha from Honolulu. Chic in biscuit-coloured knee socks and brown tweed* cheongsam. *Hip. Adrian Zecha, born in Indonesia; Columbia University master's degree at nineteen. Publishes—and co-founded—*The Asia Magazine. *Largest circulation in Asia, weekly supplement in ten newspapers. Cliff-hanging modern house. Rare objects: Buddhic-Brahim head from Angkor; Thai paintings; dining-room chairs, 1560 Ming, copied in blackwood. Parties buzz like common room of university. Great chef. Diplomats, artists, politicos, intellectuals; conversation, knowledgeable, involved. Of Hong Kong, Adrian Zecha said: "It is an area of total stability."*



Mrs. Harold Lee, below. *Christine. Pretty, vivacious, laughs a lot. Chimed voice. Speaks several Chinese dialects. With her* cheongsam *wears twisted rope of emeralds and diamonds. Extraordinary jewels. Strong for welfare work. Three children. Chinese-Victorian mansion. Rarely photographed, she stands here before a mural of a Chinese warrior in The Mandarin Hotel, of which her husband is Chairman. Mr. Harold Lee. Financial amalgam; Oxbridge English, great old Chinese family. Chairman, Hong Kong Tourist Association. Real Estate. International Beverages. Flies 7-UP flag on cruiser.*



Dr. Li Shu-Fan, right, below. *Dr. Fragrant Plum Tree. World-famous Chinese surgeon. Founder of Hong Kong Sanatorium and Hospital. In practice fifty-three years. "I am equally happy with a knife or a gun." He has hunted the six most dangerous animals in the world. Himalayan tiger, stuffed, guards his Victoria Peak villa, White Jade, with gardens of rare black bamboo, thousands of roses. Goes by yacht to Kowloon villa, Green Jade, a Chinese palace with cinnamon-stone grotto. Recent book:* Hong Kong Surgeon. *Secret of youth: Iron Goddess of Mercy Green Tea.*



Dr. and Mrs. John Carey-Hughes, right. *Carol Carey-Hughes, blonde, American, a gaze that burns. John Carey-Hughes, Welsh, handsome, a surgeon in Hong Kong. Their boat: Shan. Their Chinese skipper: Sugar. Big Game hunters: Mozambique, Kenya, India, Alaska. House in Kowloon loaded with beautifully arranged taxidermy. Each one a well-aimed bullet. Over fireplace: seven-foot ivory. Zebra hide on the floor.*

NORMAN PARKINSON



COURRIERS



A SLAYING IN THE CORRIDA OF FASHION

BY VIOLETTE LEDUC

The tom-tom. What is it? The pulsebeat of a virgin forest. The throbbing of a secret in a tangle of lianas: hence the heart in its confusion of love. What is the tom-tom? The anguish of a drum. Blow and accolade, song and dance in the palm of a hand. The tom-tom. What is it? The fever of the invisible. A fantastic migraine.

* * * *

The tom-tom at Courrèges, a special arrangement of jazz, works us up before the models burst in like a whirlwind. We catch our breath, as we do in a theatre after the third stroke of the gong has sounded. My confident, excited anticipation intoxicated me, I was raving eloquently about his dresses and coats before I had seen them all the while I was staring, like a country bumpkin, at the path the mannequins would tread. Courrèges presents his findings on a little road of white canvas, in a temporary haven of rest where, before being jolted up, we are confronted with the placidity of waxed furniture, the modesty of low chairs with plump, good-humoured curves, the friendliness of ball fringe around the loose covers and running from top to bottom of the curtains. All this white fabric in the decoration is tranquillizing. The spectral water of aquariums is also a tranquillizer. No matter if the vases at Courrèges are not transparent. The purple-red tulip is slow to bend down, to separate its petals and fall. I would gladly doze off while this full-blown flower miraculously fades as it opens. I can not. The tom-tom is there. What is the tom-tom, a musical arrangement of jazz, in proximity with a tulip? A rose which prevents me from sleeping. This rose is so perturbed, so passionate, that it is at the point of death. Does Courrèges know that he is soothing us by putting us in surroundings as calm and reassuring as a country bedroom? Does Courrèges know that he is shattering our peace, deranging our minds by this obsessive music? He knows everything, he creates on a chessboard.

* * * *

And the tom-tom went on and on, settled in like the cuckoo in May. The beat of modern machinery, they were playing the record louder. This power hammer which rises and falls, which says: What I am waiting for here is not a mistake; I am not deceiving myself, I am the proof of what it will prove to me. This power hammer is myself, nothing else but myself.

* * * *

In parentheses: The first time I heard the name Courrèges, I was struck dumb, as when I hear the name cypress. There are names that are incorruptible. Courrèges resembles a cypress. He is upright, he is calm, he is firm, he makes no gestures. The cypress wrestles with storms in silence. Strength, sobriety. Let us remember the immobility of the bullfighter Manolete, the calculations before his movements. Courrèges, at this moment, signifies a slaying in the corrida of fashion. Is all over in the arena when the dead bull is dragged away in chains and goes off to another butchery? The crowd on the tiers disperses; tomorrow's bull is already there: younger, simpler, more innocent, more easily excited, more deaf to the critics. Without meaning to, I have just alluded to the hot fashion of tomorrow, the fashion of Courrèges. It is there, in the arena, a bull fixing its gaze on us. End of parentheses.

* * * *

Being well placed, my expectant eyes could see the inside of a tent set up at the far end of the white canvas path, flapping like the swelling of the sails of a ship ready to put to sea. All this conventional white, somewhat shabby with wear and tear, lightened my spirits, prepared me. Our habits are accumulated layers of grime. I cleaned myself up with this commonplace, everyday white. What was going to happen? The tom-tom called and did not answer.

* * * *

A young girl suddenly appears on the white canvas path. Her entrance was frankly cyclonic. She is bearing down on us, she is still striding over the centuries and the fashions she has left behind her. How gay, how simple, how attractive it is, the banner she holds up in front of her torso, like a bath towel. Opening a collection is important. The young girl is important. She is a young girl unadorned, advancing through the flowering trees of ages of civilization. Though no muscles are visible, she is, nonetheless, an athlete; her feet, flat on the ground, assure us of it. She is a peach, she is an apple, she is more complete than an athlete, for she is sunshine that has ripened in a fruit. She is suntan arrayed in a two-piece white satin swimsuit. She is a bathing girl. No. She is a modern girl who has journeyed through ancient Sparta. . . . She is a messenger, she has little ventilated boots. If I look only at her calves, she is the messenger of a Greek tragedy. But she has raised her banner in both hands. What has she come to announce to us?

* * * *

An excursion to Indianapolis. Buzzes of applause. Meteors shoot past, blur together, separate. The Courrèges collection rushes by at a diabolical pace. Simplicity scores its points fast.

* * * *

A question everyone is asking in Paris. A catchphrase repeated ad nauseam. Is Courrèges wearable? Do *you* really think Courrèges is wearable? Can one show oneself in the street dressed in creations designed for the year 2000? Granted, you are all for Courrèges, but would you dare wear his models?

* * * *

Was Heliogabalus a desirable acquaintance? You bet! was Antonin Artaud's reply in a brilliant biography. Was Baudelaire publishable? Was Villon respectable?

* * * *

I am not going off the rails; I am not getting away from the subject. Courrèges, with his ascetic scissors, cuts dresses, tunics, blouses that represent, in the realm of couture, cathedrals of simplicity. He meditates, he purifies the line with the felt pencil of his braidings. I maintain it; his simplicity is a literary simplicity. Where do his tennis dresses, his sailor dresses come from? Where (Continued on page 244)

Courrèges girls, drawn for Vogue by Courrèges, who imagined them thus: seen through a look-out slit in Courrèges goggles.

BUILDING A NEW HOUSE—NO TRAUMA

BY NAN FAIRBROTHER

When swallows grow restless to leave at the end of summer it is not for conscious reasons like colder weather or shortage of flies, but because the changing light of autumn disturbs the sensitive balance of their summer lives. And I too grow restless, not because our life is any less satisfactory (the weather is as warm as ever, the flies as plentiful) but only because the light is different outside the window. It will soon be autumn.

By a hundred questionings and discontents I begin to understand my restlessness. For since it is women who make the domestic setting for families to live in, the periodic changes in a household are brought about by a change in the settled condition of the housewife who runs it. And now, it seems, our family life has reached a stage where it needs something done. It needs rehousing. And my restless state is a growing consciousness that I must rearrange our domestic affairs before I can settle down again to the ordinary rhythm.

It is not simply that William and the boys and I need a different house—larger or smaller or in a new place. What we need is a different basis of living. We need a settled base which we can think of as our fixed family centre for as far ahead as we like to look. And this house, in the middle of London, is not like that. It is not ours. We rent it from a landlord as a convenient central lodging for two schoolboys and a London doctor, and it has suited us excellently for years, combining our working and private lives with generous urbanity. But it is not ours, and though it may be long term it is nonetheless temporary. We live in it always knowing we must leave, planning our occupation from lease to lease renewed, and growing no permanent roots. As the sole anchor of our domesticity it will not do any longer, and it is this growing awareness of our rootless living which disturbs my winter peace. . . . For if we cease in time to grow roots to sustain our lives in new places, then we must make sure of the rooting while we are still in the actively growing stage of existence. For the time may come when we are past any true transplanting, but only move about like trees in tubs set down in new places and never belonging.

Somewhere in Proust there is a passage where he describes his sorrow at finding he is no longer in love. To the young it is an inexplicable sorrow. I still remember. Why should he grieve when the world is full of people to fall in love with, and new love always promises more than the old? But the promise is not in the other people, it is in ourselves. Encounters are only intensified to love affairs by the force of our own vitality, and that is not inexhaustible. We shall outlive the emotional energy to project the magic over and over. For falling in love is an act of creation by the lover, and, far more than parting, to fall out of love is to die a little. We shall not always fall in love again—with other faces, other houses, other ways of living.

* * *

To live in London and read Walpole's letters.
To live in the country and read White's *Selborne.*
Which? . . .

Such fundamental problems are seldom decided by deliberate reasoning. They are questions we ask of our lives, not our conscious intelligence. And if we ask them early enough, they answer themselves unnoticed. If we formulate and forget them, the answer is there when we want it. And so it is with our house. Whatever debate and heart-searching and renunciation has gone on in my domestic unconscious, the answer is clear.

We will live in the country. . . .

We will live in the Chiltern Hills. What the boys call "owl and foxes country," but close to the London trains, for we shall always want to be in touch with London. A logical, suitable, and altogether satisfactory decision. For the hills and the Vale of Aylesbury below them are country we already know well from years of living. The farmhouse in which the children and I lived during the war was in the Vale; our present summer house, a Regency Villa, is in a village at the foot of the scarp. In this contrasted landscape of hills and plain we have been happy and sad, lonely and despondent, or peacefully content. Here we belong.

* * *

I am dazzled by a glorious new idea rising over the horizon like the morning sun. We want a house. (Continued on page 237)

LACQUER-COLOURED LIPSTICK
THE ASYMMETRIC NECKLINE—
GIVENCHY'S NEXT SUCCESSES

No question about it, lipstick colours are gathering strength. Gathering it brilliantly here:

a great new lacquer-clear coral—not a trace of
blue, not a shred of reminiscence. A modern.
This is Givenchy's Plus One; could be
One of the Ones to swing the pendulum to colour again.
(Ever since their arrival last October, Givenchy cosmetics
have been spectacular pendulum-swingers of the U. S.
faces-scene; see Beauty Checkout for more on that
subject.) And no question about the one-shoulder
blouse: most delicious new piece of fashion in—or out—
of a Givenchy suit-jacket. Here, for a pale-blue linen suit,
masses of taupe organza flowers. Worn—with a wheel of pink
straw—by the adorable young French actress, Elizabeth Ercy.

WILLIAM KLEIN

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THE SHAWL

A FLING WITH AN ENDLESS FASCINATION

Changeable, charming, always in motion, never falling twice in the same folds . . . catching the light in its flickering silks, its colours . . . marvellously designed to show off the slender hands that rearrange it, the pretty shoulders it encircles . . . that endless fascination, the shawl. Often frail and delicate, of thin China silk or lace, airy muslin or cashmere, it's one of the enduring symbols of femininity—part of the mystery and allure of countless famous beauties. It is, or can be, all things to all women. . . . It may suggest a Henry James heroine, cool and elegant in a gondola on the Grand Canal, or a fiery flamenco dancer in the caves of La Triana; it all depends on the shawl, and even more on the woman who wears it. . . . Some women like clothes to be completely organized in advance, unchangeable, with nothing left to the wearer's whim or mood. Shawls are not for them. The woman who wears a shawl now might draw it sideways around strapless shoulders; might wear it asymmetrically across one shoulder, tucked through a belt; might fling it over a nude maillot beside a pool; might drape it a dozen different ways. The woman who wears a shawl beautifully—this summer as always, as on these pages—is a woman of temperament, imagination, with an unpredictable streak, and a strong and confident dash of coquetry.

THE WRAP-UP

BEAUTY WITH A NEW TOTALITY . . .

Changeable, charming, let's say you're all of that. But you're also you, nobody but, admits the responsible beauty advisor, and it's your you-ness that both perplexes and fascinates the beauty makers—who feel they haven't reached you unless they've "seen" you *as an individual.* Short of feeding you into an IBM machine or holding an hour-long private séance with you, is there an efficient and accurate system for giving you a makeup plan that's thoroughly alive to the possibilities unique to you? There are systems and systems—some of them very good. The latest is one devised by Clairol. In its first adventure into being a makeup maker, Clairol has hit upon three checkpoints as clues to the makeup shades advisable for you: your true skin tone; your present hair tone; and—the prevailing fashion. Working with a minimum of gadgetry—in fact, simply a cardboard fan designed to make instant skin-tone identification—they categorize your complexion, they name your hair-colouring family, and they slot you tidily, but with some leeway that seems both sympathetic and realistic. Their belief is: even beyond what's "best" for you, there's a realm where leeway and one's own taste belong; where rigidity about "rightness" is, to any current mind, quite ridiculous. Thus, from a narrowed field of dozens of lipstick choices come some six or so lipstick shades which, according to the system, fit into your scheme. And among these, some *one* shade that speaks particularly to you right now. Beauty as a totality, arranged by makeup brought up to date with hair-colouring: this is the beauty wrap-up worked out by Clairol on these three pages.

WRAP-UP FOR THE TRUE BRUNETTE. The dark good looks of a woman who's a true, not borderline, brunette move into a new completeness this way: If her skin is medium olive, it's made up with Gentle Blush foundation, and toned for the summer with Suntan Blush. Among her lipstick choices (and the one chosen here) : Just About Red. All, by Clairol. The enchanting fling of Nattier-blue silk taffeta edged with a fan of pleats is by and at Mr. John. The same shawl, to wear however the spirit moves, is also at Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. The emoting earrings are by Arpad.



PENN



THE BEAUTY WRAP-UP

WRAP-UP FOR A HONEY BLONDE. Designed to sweep everything into a flow of uninterrupted golden-ness, this makeup combined by Clairol for the face of a honey blonde whose skin is basically medium beige. Gentle Beige makeup foundation warmed at the edges with Peach Blush. Lipstick, Hint of Coral. White organdie shawl, cut with pleats to flick and unflick like a fan—sensational way to surround an evening dress with fresh glamour. This, Mr. John. Also at Stanley Korshak; Frost Bros. Schreiner earrings.

WRAP-UP FOR THE AUBURN-HAIRED. Hair that has—or has been made to have—dark-red lights does marvellously well this way: when the complexion's light olive tendency is lifted toward more delicacy and aliveness by Clairol's Lightly Peach makeup foundation, and the lipstick is Just About Tawny. The shawl: foulard colours brilliant on silk—a ravishing fling for an evening dress; or, if the body has a dark, highly-polished suntan and a nude maillot, the most attractive look anywhere near the pool. Shawl, Mr. John. Also at I. Magnin. Earrings by K.J.L.

PENN



BEAUTY BULLETIN

HOW *not* TO BE A BEAUTY LOSER... AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S... THE MAKEUP ARTIST'S...ET CETERA

You go to one of the world's most lionized hairdressers and have the luck to get the maestro himself. Respecting his skill, his eye, his reputation, you urge him to redo your hair in any way he thinks best for you. And respecting your wishes, he does just that. After a shampoo, a drastically different cut, a meticulous set, a masterful combout, you dress and leave the salon three hours from the time you entered. You leave—uglified

HOW NOT TO BE A LOSER AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S beyond words, beyond belief. Rejecting an impulse to throw yourself under the wheels of a passing vehicle—any vehicle, even a grocery boy's bicycle will do—you warn yourself not to panic. Patience, a hairpiece, and three months' worth of covering hats will get you back to normal again. And besides, you tell yourself, isn't it just too ironical, too really terribly funny that this should have happened to you? You haven't an outlandish vanity, but there's still no denying: you certainly did rather care about your hair. Groping your way toward objectivity —an exercise by which you hope to distract yourself from pain; pain you've now localized as a blow at the heart—you marvel at how all this could have come about. How, indeed, a hairdresser who knows his business, who is known to have coiffed some of the most famously elegant fowl, could have missed—and missed so disastrously—in your case. The answer is: the miss was easy. You asked for it. You asked to be a beauty loser when you invited a hairdresser who'd never before set eyes on you, to tear your looks apart. You asked for it by not taking the essential preliminary step toward restyling, which is: a quiet first visit in which nothing more drastic than a wash-and-set takes place. It's on the wash-and-set basis that any woman can "shop" a hairdressing salon; can decide whether she likes the climate of what the hairdresser is doing at the moment; can gauge to a fair degree whether she thinks that hairdresser—great, greater, greatest, notwithstanding—is really right for her. Don't forget: hairdressers are pushed to invent change. At present, they are being pushed toward short curly cuts. So if you like silky, smooth, longish hair, be prepared to say so. Don't challenge a hairdresser to turn in a brilliant, newsy, original performance—if you really don't want much change.



HOW NOT TO BE A LOSER AT THE MANICURIST'S Your fingernails, well cared for, have begun to show strange spots of white, mid-nail. Because you like the look of pale nails, and believe this look is here to stay for quite a while, you consider the presence of the mystery guests a minor but definite beauty emer- (Continued on next page)

LIPSTICK LOSING WEIGHT—AND GAINING A LOOK

It has, as they say, a lot of look—the lipstick that's thinner, far more sheer. It has a lot of look—especially in summer daylight when the wanted look is clarity: clarity of skin, of health, of makeup. So the beauty makers feel.The thinner lipstick shown at right is from Charles of the Ritz, whose new thin formula comes in four shades. Two are used here: Coral Lustre and Pink Lustre. Sun Bronze, from the same house, obliges by helping to turn the skin this golden colour. Anyway, the tiger seems to find the bare, bronzed shoulder an ideal place to throw himself; completely limp, this cuddly jewel is a Paris toy by Boivin.

GUY BOURDIN





BEAUTY bulletin

(Continued from preceding page) gency. You know better than to blame your nail lacquer, stylish as that is as a scapegoat. You know nothing has changed in your health practices to upset your balance. So you narrow your field to the manicure table itself—and there dawn strikes. The girl who does your fingernails is, you reflect, quite tense. She stabs at your cuticles as with a sword. Could it be, you ask her, that you make her tense? Queried, she replies that's the case. Knowing that cuticles are as bruise-able as flower petals, she has always been told to push cuticles *at an angle;* never head on. What threw her? Silliest thing you ever heard of. Simply your comment, one day, to the effect that you'd yet to find a *great* manicurist . . . anyone as gifted as Peraira, the Venetian manicurist of Paris of the thirties, whose rewards for excellence included a set of solid gold manicure implements from the Queen of Whatnot.

HOW NOT TO BE A LOSER AT THE MAKEUP ARTIST'S. You tilt back, shut your eyes, and open them to a new face. You like it—all but the lower-lash makeup which, of course, you can skip. Ordering everything in the book that was used to build this face, you go home to reproduce Art. But that's not what happens. No one—not even the kindliest, lovingest, givingest friend—can say you've come within a mile of the effect produced by Mr. Genius. So you set about comparing procedures. What you realize is this: where he has dabbed, dotted, blotted, patted, you have been wildly generous—and quick. In quantity, you've used many times the helpings he gave your face; you're masked with makeup, stucco-ed with it. Beginning all over again, you go easy. You read the word "dot" for what it is (not a dot the size of a fifty-cent piece). You blend, then blot, then blend some more, taking your time for each of these. And your face becomes a living face again—as planned.

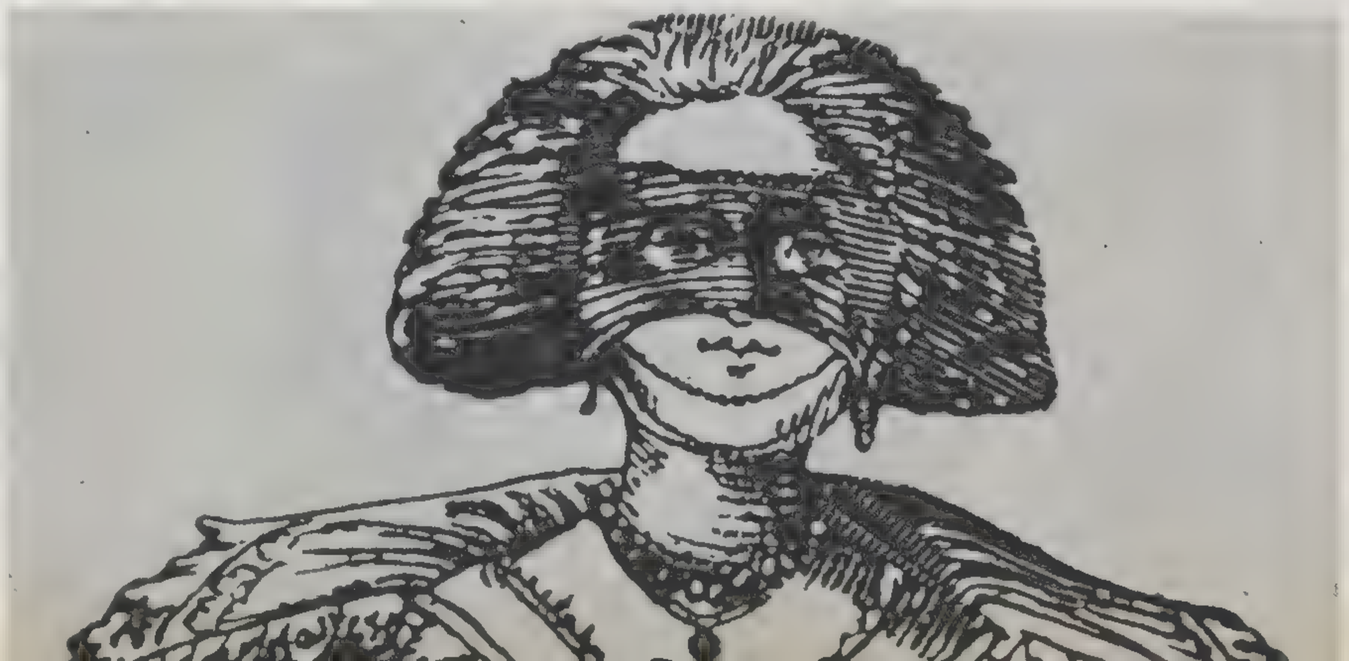
HOW NOT TO BE A LOSER AT THE FACIAL SALON. Having chosen the facial treatment you mean to have (there are three distinctly different kinds—deep cleansing; deep muscle-toning; and a combination of both, which is simply face-freshening), you make one monumental mistake. You doze at the hour's end. This takes you off the alert for a critical moment—the moment when the facial masseuse gives you the gratis treatment which is "the little eyebrow plucking" for which you didn't ask. Some of the very best facial people have some of the least enlightened eyebrow ideas; they pluck out expression in a wink. Don't let them.

HOW NOT TO BE A LOSER IN THE MAKEUP FOUNDATION YOU CHOOSE. You're a candidate for at least a dozen different kinds of makeup foundation—and to tell the truth, that's how many kinds you use within a given year. Now it's liquids, now it's oils, now it's a cream, a paste. But none is really quite right. And there's a reason. Believing that your skin is parched, you always slather it first with an under-makeup moisturizer in quantities far beyond what the label calls for. Apply sparingly, says the label. Apply only where needed (probably around the eyes and mouth). One skin expert will go further: apply and then blot off. You've been unsettling every makeup foundation with your moisturizing zeal. (Continued on next page)

HOW NOT TO BE A LOSER AT THE EYE MAKEUP GAME

It's now a thing so totally of the past that there's almost no discussing it: the idea of eye makeup in a single colour, a single intensity. (If you use eye makeup at all, you use it in pairs or triples—in tonalities that mould the eyelid, soften the effect, supply depth.) Worth discussing, therefore, is the way DuBarry sees the dual trend: all in a single stroke of eye-shadow stick. Based on the recipe used so successfully in the Glissando lipsticks introduced last year, Glissando eye shadows are only sensational.

PENN




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BEAUTY *bulletin*

HOW NOT TO BE A PERFUME LOSER

You like perfume—the real stuff. So you use it on a full-time basis. But you're disturbed at the rate at which its level drops in the bottle; it's going too fast, too expensively. Even though you own some rather nice little uranium mines (*especially* because you own some rather nice little uranium mines), you're against speedy depletion in any form. You suspect—quite correctly—that there must be a waste-not way to fragrance; an efficient way to get more mileage out of every bottle of perfume you buy, without lessening its potency. Deciding, therefore, to be both the Lewis and the Clark of an expedition, you set out to find the way. And being no fool, you ask a Frenchwoman to guide you. . . . She advises you first to accept this fact: perfume is one thing, fragrance is another—and *dispersal* of perfume is the secret of being gloriously fragrant. "Otherwise, you get thick pieces of perfume, and that's *not* how to smell divine." Also, unless you use a spray or an atomizer, she adds, you are in actuality perfuming your index finger (a waste) . . . you're perfuming your fingernail lacquer (wasteful and damaging) . . . and you're altering the bouquet that remains in the bottle. Demonstrating in Marcel Marceau fashion the dabbing on of perfume by touch, she says, "Whenever you touch a finger to the opening of a bottle of scent, you transfer hand lotion . . . tobacco . . . a smear of makeup . . . or whatever is on your skin . . . right back into the source. Alcohol is a cleanser, non, chère amie?" . . . Sold on the saving ways of spray, you observe that some of the great perfumes do indeed come with their own spray guns now—but these generally are purse-size only. And this observation warms the French heart of your guide. "Quite right," she says, "but you can refill from the big one-ounce bottle at home, or buy an atomizer, and fill *it* from the big bottle on your dressing table." Taking (Continued on page 247)



Gather fashion like flowers in summer—the prettiest you can find—have in abundance; change at whim; live at the peak of refreshment. Don't think twice about price. We've already looked into that—it's part of the refreshment served here.... **$18** for instance, lowers temperatures on sight, *left,* when it's crisp and uncluttered black piqué. Sleeveless, collarless, waistless, it goes to dinner as easily as it goes to lunch. Here, it's dressed for any day with a shiny tape of black patent leather blousing the waist, a bright orange scarf wrapped around the head. Dress by Evan-Picone. Kislav gloves. Both at Best & Co. Dress: Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Roos-Atkins. Mr. John scarf. Joseph Warner earrings at Lord & Taylor. Colony belt. **$18** splash of Paisley, *right:* a dress to live in—soft skim of jersey in orange, green, and white. It moves through summer without a wrinkle, travels like a breeze. By Loomtogs. Of Caprolan nylon (Maxwell fabric). At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Mimi di N belt at Bonwit Teller. Castlecliff earrings. The coiffure by Ruel of Coiffures of Americana.

BARGAINS IN CHIC

SUMMERFUL OF CLOTHES– FRESH, COOL, LACED WITH CHARM FOR DAY, FOR EVENING...FOR A SONG

PENATI

BARGAINS IN CHIC

$35 T-dress, *left*, knitted in pale-sky blue, close and narrow everywhere, with bright white edging at the neck, on the tiny handkerchief pocket, around the newly deep-cut armholes. For a belt, we've uncoiled a snaky glitter of bracelet, wound it around the hips. Dress by Sportwhirl. Of Heidmans linen and Arnel. Aris gloves. Both: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Joseph Horne: Dayton's: I. Magnin. K.J.L. bracelet. Adolfo hat. **$35** for linen looks with a fine sense of proportion, *above:* this summer's spare small dress in cool clay-green with the tiniest sleeves, high double-breasted bodice. By Stephan. Of rayon and flax. Crown fabric. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. All: Lord & Taylor. Dress: Neiman-Marcus: I. Magnin. Miriam Haskell jewellery. **$80** for hundreds of chiffon pleats, *right*, spinning all evening in bright strong pink from a high, taut waist; bare shoulders sheltered under a matching chiffon scarf. Dress by Lanz, of silk. In junior sizes. At Bonwit Teller; Gidding-Jenny; Woolf Brothers. Shoes by Degas: Saks Fifth Avenue.



BARGAINS IN CHIC

$60 swings a good deal, *left:* dotted swiss in a Paisley blaze of purple-and-turquoise cotton—bare little blouson top, hip-yoked circle of skirt. By Kasper for Joan Leslie, of Onondaga fabric. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Shoes at Fine Imported Shoes. Coiffure: Adrian, House of Revlon. **$20**-stroke of luck, *far right:* charcoal strokes on gauzy white voile, leashed in shiny leather. By Leslie Fay, of Dacron and cotton. Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Bullock's, Downtown. Ben-King belt. Marcel Wagner gloves. James Wedge cap. **$85** in the black, *above right:* knitted pull straight into evening, skirt to the ankle. By Charles Dickey, of Antron nylon. Lord & Taylor. Nacreated pearl necklaces and earrings by Star of Siam: Henri Bendel. **$90** opted for Op, *centre right:* brown breaking against crisp white Fibranne—a bare-backed bodice, long flurry of pleats. By Young Elegante, of Maxwell fabric. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Amourelle by Kramer earrings: Altman's. **$70** sitting pretty, *below right:* white organza overblouse edged in ruffles, transparent over a white-dotted pink cotton dress with tiny straps, floaty embroidery skirt. By Abbott East. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffures at right: Ruel of Coiffures Americana.

PENATI









BARGAINS IN CHIC

$80 sweep of waffled white piqué, *left,* sleeveless beneath its own tiny jacket—a clean, very pretty way to look any evening this summer. By Abe Schrader. Of Arnel, rayon, and cotton (Fabritique fabric). At Altman's; Julius Garfinckel. Miriam Haskell earrings. **$25** brimful of charm, *above.* A lacy embroidered white overblouse covering—and revealing—a late-day dress of chalk-white cotton piqué. By R & K. At Altman's. Arpad earrings. **$70** catches the early white linen, *below*—rolled collar, square front yoke, tape-tied waist, freshness that holds through dinner. By Robert Morton. Of Moygashel linen. At Altman's. James Wedge hat. **$40** for embossed white cotton piqué in two delicious parts, *near right.* Tiny sleeveless overblouse and a starchy bell of skirt to the floor. By Tanner of North Carolina. Of Eurotex fabric. At Peck & Peck. Cadoro earrings. **$50** ruffled on the side, *far right.* Tall, narrow blaze of white piqué zipped up under wavelets of ruffles. By Anne Fogarty. Of Dacron and cotton, Zepel protected. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Dayton's. Coiffures: Ruel of Coiffures Americana.



Michael Cacoyannis was in Paris, rehearsing his storming, triumphant interpretation of *The Trojan Women.* Late one night, he and I and his star, Judith Magre, who plays Cassandra, had supper together at Les Petits Pavés on rue Bernard-Palissy, a quiet, comfortable bistro with pleasant food. There Cacoyannis hurled himself into a discussion of food as he hurls himself into directing: with much emotion and many gestures.

"My life as a cook began in London where I lived during the war," he said, assuming the voice of high tragedy. "With my first bomb, I cracked my first egg. Of course, at that time the staples of Greek cooking, lemons and olive oil, were not to be had. But I found a solution . . . at the pharmacy. I discovered I could get olive oil by prescription, and that citric acid, diluted in water, gave the illusion of lemon juice.

"I made beautiful gratins with bread and tomatoes. One can do marvellous things with just these two things, and olive oil. I had some Greek friends and together we would pick dandelions in Hyde Park, to the astonishment of the English who do not know this salad; no more than the French know that young beet greens are delicious prepared like spinach. I detest beets themselves—despicable. I also detest pears. Except for candied pears.

"In Greece we make many candied fruits. They are offered to guests with coffee. It is a tradition. And we eat pastries at all hours of the day. During the war I made *kataifis*, Greek cakes, a little like baklava, out of Shredded Wheat. It was my invention. Now you find such recipes on many cereal boxes. This is always happening to me!

"When I was a child, I loved sweets but I was quite fat and these were forbidden fruits. I remember when I was ten or so, my mother had prepared jars of preserves for the whole year and had locked them in a cupboard. I managed to open it and eat the year's supply in eight days. What a surprise for my mother when she opened that cupboard.

"If I loved to eat, I hated school. I was a good student, as my brothers and sisters were, because my father—he was a lawyer—would not have allowed us to fail. But I took refuge in that wonderful day, Sunday. First of all I could sleep late. Then it was time for the traditional Greek lunch: lamb surrounded by the most extraordinary potatoes, moist, fat, tender—perfection. For dessert, exquisite cakes. Then we would go to the movies. And still the day wasn't over. That day the family indulged my weakness. In the evening I had soup of eggs and lemons and what was left from lunch, cold, including those marvellous potatoes.

"And in my bed, after I had closed my eyes, I had a second run-through of the film. I saw it again, reel by reel, without missing a single scene. So, even now, when I go to bed very tired, I explore my childhood. I hear a certain noise, perhaps it is rain on the window, and I see again my first film, and I relive, reel by reel, those magical Sundays."

At this point Cacoyannis began writing out the recipe for his Sunday lamb for me. "It's the way of cutting the potatoes that is important," he said, "neither like this nor like this. . . ." I asked the waiter to bring us a raw potato. Cacoyannis was (Continued on next page)

MICHAEL

CACOYANNIS

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Michael Cacoyannis is as a director of percussive, memorable work in films and the theatre. New York has the Cacoyannis-directed plays The Trojan Women, *followed by* And Things That Go Bump in the Night; *plus the movie* Zorba the Greek, *which Cacoyannis the Greek produced and adapted, as well as directed. In Paris,* Zorba *is on, and recently the Palais de Chaillot rang with stamping and shouting for the Théâtre National Populaire opening of* The Trojan Women. *"I had two great authors to work with, Sartre and Euripides," said Cacoyannis, whose powerful 1963 movie of Euripides's* Electra *won twenty-one awards. From a family of distinguished Cypriot lawyers, Cacoyannis read for the bar in London, switched to acting, then film-making in 1952. Now a one-man rekindler of Promethean fire, between jobs he returns to Greece, "to the olive tree and the rock . . . to explore my head."*



PENN



seized with melancholy as he picked up the inferior object. "It is poor," he said, "too long, too gross, not pretty." He cut it in four pieces lengthwise, then, after some thought, cut each piece in half, the same way. "This way you put them around the lamb," he said, "that has been stuck with bits of garlic and liberally rubbed with lemon. Lemon is the joy of Greek cooking. Then you sprinkle the potatoes with some coarsely chopped tomatoes and a lot of lemon juice and baste often with drippings during cooking in the oven. When I make this dish it is always a success."

"Since I married, I have made only one successful dish," Judith Magre said. "Tournedos, golden crusty, most delicious . . . because I had sprinkled them with sugar instead of salt."

Then she and Cacoyannis abandoned the subject of food to talk theatre. "I began as an actor," Cacoyannis said. "When I was twenty-four years old, I played the part of Caligula in the London Lyric Theater. I have tried everything, drama, boulevard comedy. I finally decided acting was not my vocation, but having done it, I understand better my present business."

"It's extraordinary to work with you," Mlle. Magre said. "I know few men who direct so thoroughly and completely."

"I try to find in the actor's own personality a colouring similar to the one of the part. With Judith it is marvellous: At the very instant when she cries 'haaaaaa,' I feel that I too am crying 'haaaaaa.' " Cacoyannis gave a "haaaaaa" that could be heard in every corner of the restaurant, and I remembered a description given by an actress of his method of rehearsing tragedy: "He wants the cries to come from way down inside of you, so when you howl, he leans towards you and he, too, howls. . . ."

At this moment the waiter brought us our check.

Three of Mr. Cacoyannis's recipes follow.

Avgolemono Soup (lemon-and-egg soup)
for four people

5 cups strong chicken broth
½ cup rice
4 egg yolks
3 tablespoons lemon juice
Salt and pepper

Heat broth in a casserole till it boils. Wash the rice and put it in the boiling broth. Let it boil, uncovered, for 15 minutes. Mix the lemon juice and egg yolks in a bowl, add slowly 2 or 3 ladles of hot broth, beating all the while. Take the casserole off the fire and add the egg-and-lemon mixture, continuing to beat. Reheat *without boiling*. Add salt and pepper to taste and serve.

Kataifis
for four people

8 Shredded Wheat biscuits
½ cup milk
1 cup almonds and other nuts, preferably pistachios and walnuts
½ cup butter
1⅓ cups fine sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup water
2 tablespoons lemon juice

Soften butter in a bowl, shell nuts, crush them and add to butter with 1 cup sugar and cinnamon. Put 4 Shredded Wheat biscuits in a greased cake mould or square ovenproof dish. Sprinkle each one with a tablespoon of milk. Fill them with the butter mixture, cover with the 4 remaining Shredded Wheat biscuits, soaked in milk. Bake 15 minutes in moderate oven. Meanwhile, melt ⅓ cup sugar in water in saucepan, stirring continually. Add lemon juice, stir, and cook 10 minutes. The syrup should be thick. Pour over *kataifis* after they are baked. Chill before serving.

Note: To make serving easier, line mould with buttered waxed paper. When *kataifis* are cold, slide them off paper onto serving platter.

Tomatoes au Gratin
for four people

4 or 5 tablespoons olive oil
8 tomatoes, sliced
½ loaf French bread, crust trimmed
⅓ cup tomato juice
1 to 3 cloves garlic
5 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon parsley, chopped
Bread crumbs
Salt and pepper

Grease a rectangular ovenproof dish. Line with 5 tomatoes cut in slices. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons olive oil, season. With a vegetable mill, grind the bread coarsely into a big bowl until there is 1½ cups' worth. Add the tomato juice and the lemon juice, the crushed garlic, a tablespoon of oil, the chopped parsley, salt, and pepper. Mix everything well. (According to Cacoyannis's gestures, this is done by hand.) Spread the mixture on the tomatoes, cover with the remaining tomatoes, sliced. Sprinkle with seasoned oil and bread crumbs, and cook 30–40 minutes in a moderate oven, increasing the heat slightly at the end of the cooking.

Note: For this dish, ripe, highly flavoured tomatoes are essential.

He had built her a castle in the sand.
But even on the Riviera one does not use a sterling silver spoon for a shovel.

Unless, of course, one is the young Armand du Champignon-Molyneaux de Moujons de Provence. And the castle is his famous ancestral home. And the sterling Mademoiselle.

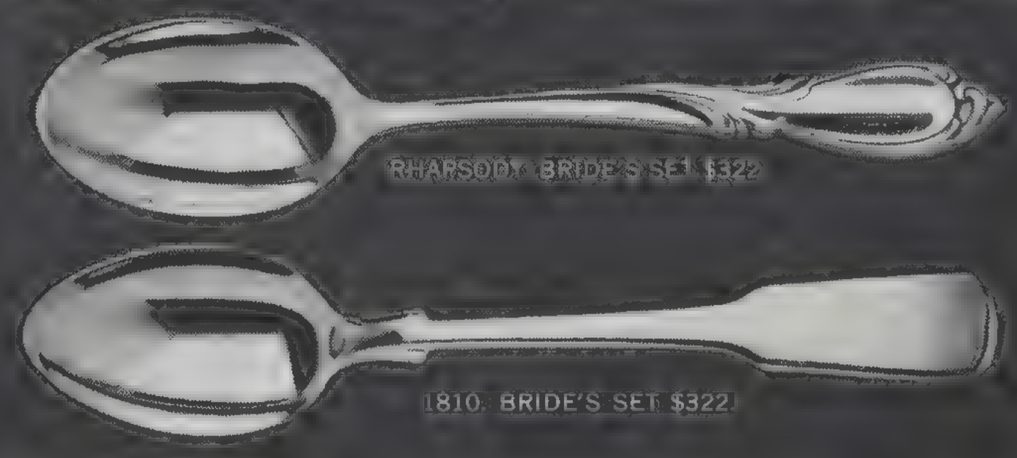
Never had Yvette seen such silver. So delicately shaped, with one perfect rose planted at the tip. Fresher, younger than anything she ever saw.

"Beloved," said Armand, "marry me and you will live in this castle and eat with this solid silver forever." "Yé-yé," said Yvette in French.

And they lived happily ever after in the Chateau du Champignon-Molyneaux de Moujons de Provence with their Mademoiselle sterling.

The International Silver Company makes it. You can own it. The Bride's Set, a 44-piece service for eight with a walnut chest, is only $288. It would cost $353 in open stock. You save $65.

(Other remarkably yé-yé sterling patterns turning up in young homes all over the world are Rhapsody and 1810. The International Silver Company makes them. You can own them.)



Mademoiselle in International Sterling

The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn. Prices do not include taxes.



***Diane's rule of thumb to dress salad perfectly:** Pour a thin stream of Pompeian Olive Oil on the greens in the form of a large O, with an X in the middle of it. Toss lightly to enhance each leaf with the delicate flavor of Pompeian. Now pour a fine wine vinegar in the form of an X. Toss again. Season to taste and serve. For our complete illustrated recipe book, send your name, address and a quarter (to cover handling and postage) to:

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

The sweet-tooth diet: for those who work when they might be sleeping

"All those who have to work when they might be sleeping, men of wit who feel temporarily deprived of their intellectual powers, those who find the weather oppressive, time dragging . . . let all such men imbibe a half-litre of chocolate." So said Brillat-Savarin and so noted our Paragon Dieter, she being somewhat overweight, by her measure, to the tune of ten pounds. This time around she decided to take a different tack—and along with her went her children, happily, because the tack was smacked in this way. First day: *Glacé au Moka* for breakfast. *Banana split* for Elevenses. *Fruits rafraîchis à la Maltaise* for lunch. *Cherry mousse* for dinner. Second day: *Crème à l'orange* for breakfast. *Strawberry soufflé* lunch. *Hot vanilla rum* for cocktails. *Killarney cherries* for dinner. Third day: *Ananas en surprise* for breakfast. *Minted café au lait* for lunch. *Tea* for tea. *Soufflé aux fraises* for dinner. *Brandy toddy* for bedtime. . . . Heeding the widely-accepted theory that it takes 15 calories a day per pound to maintain one's weight, our Paragon Dieter, weighing in this month at 130 pounds and presumably therefore needing 1,950 calories to keep up to that, decided that sinking to 120 pounds was not only desirable but essential. A few days at a 1,000-calorie diet seemed to be about to do the trick, which it did. She based the whole thing on Sego (900 for the Sego plus 100 for the extra touches), that vitamin-wild liquid diet food being easy to come by at the Gristede shop around the corner—or, for that matter, at any major chain in the land—all A & P's, for instance, (except, devilishly, those in Manhattan and Brooklyn). And her recipes went something like this. *Glacé au Moka*—chocolate fudge Sego and a teaspoon of instant coffee, frozen in tray, then blended to frappé. *Banana split*—frozen French vanilla Sego and chocolate-coconut Sego, topped with chilled banana Sego and a bit of chopped bananas. *Fruits rafraîchis à la Maltaise*—a few mingled dabs of orange, strawberry, pineapple, banana, and cherry Sego served in a silver bowl over frozen orange Sego. *Cherry mousse*—cherry Sego, mixed with a little gelatine, poured into a mould, covered with wax paper, chilled, then turned out onto the serving dish. *Crème à l'orange*—vanilla Sego chilled until firm, then spotted with a dollop of orange Sego. *Strawberry soufflé*—gelatine plus strawberry Sego steamed until gelatine dissolved; then chilled in ice tray until thick. ⅓ cup cold water and ½ cup instant dry milk

(in dry form) beaten until fluffy, then added to gelatine mixture, blended, poured into 1-quart casserole, and chilled until firm. *Hot vanilla rum*—a can of vanilla Sego, flavoured with ¼ teaspoon of rum flavouring, decorated with nutmeg, heated. *Killarney cherries*—cherry Sego, with cinnamon and cloves, heated and served over frozen orange Sego. *Ananas en surprise*—a pineapple, scooped out, filled with pineapple Sego, trimmed with chopped pineapple and a cherry, chilled in refrigerator. Minted *café au lait*—a can of chocolate fudge Sego, half teaspoon of instant coffee, couple of drops of mint flavouring—all heated in a small saucepan until steaming. *Soufflé aux fraises*—into a canful of strawberry Sego, pour 3 or 4 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Mix quickly. Turn into a buttered soufflé dish. Put in hot oven for 25 minutes. . . . *Brandy toddy*—vanilla Sego with brandy flavouring, heated. . . . Upon the fourth day Paragon Dieter had lost several of the ten pounds and felt free to confine her sweet talk with Sego to one meal a day for the several ensuing. . . . From then on, she felt free to sleep while she might have been working.

The masculine mystique, tenderface variety



As rough and tough as those craggy faces seem, they're sensitive fixtures. Often more thirsty for creamery than a woman's face, the masculine complexion has been known to go without a moisturizer, probably with this gloomy thought twirling around in the mind behind it: Could moisturizing be a sign of weakness? Yes, it could. What face is *not* weakened by the daily sport of shaving? Out to heal that wound is a collection of face-calmers and sharp-smellers directed to tenderfaces and scented for privateers. Collection by name of Messire, by Jean d'Albret. Lacto-Derme, in our own dark mind, is the concert's star—a flowing white moisturizer ideal for male face detenderizing. Its relatives, bearing same name, are After-Shave Lotions, a no-smart one for sensitive skins and one for oily or normal skins which contains everything its cousin does—plus alcohol. Two complementary *eaux*, one *de toilette*, other *de cologne*, both briskly redolent with coriander, verbena, rosewood. And Bio-Capil, a mystical hair lotion that purports to restore grey hair to the colour it was born with. . . . A sand-coloured soap, Savon Messire, drives home the message. . . . The counters of Saks Fifth Avenue are among those which Messire calls home.





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Hans Hofmann

(Continued from page 194)

age," shown in his February, 1965, exhibition) or as blocks in compositions conceived on a structural hypothesis. The 1960 "String Quartet" expresses the musicality of Hofmann's equilibriums of colour and size in the simplest of mathematical shapes, as does "To Miz—Pax Vobiscum."

Of all the Action Painters, with the possible exception of De Kooning, Hofmann avails himself of the widest repertory of gestures: furious strokes, rubbings, jets of pigment out of the tube, subtle feathers of tint, sprays, bricks and slabs of raw colour, exposed stretches of canvas or board, transparent washes, serpentine dribbles. A single painting, like the 1961 "Wild Vine," may use a majority of these. Others, like "Serenade," done in the same year, is constructed almost entirely of wide brush strokes like receding panels. Rare in the late Hofmanns, but still occasionally manifest, is the interlocking of sharply contoured curved and rectilinear shapes, as in the 1944 "Seated Woman" or the 1947 "Delight," with which he converted figures and still lifes into clashes of energy.

For half a century Hofmann has laboured to reconstitute the vocabulary of art by infusing into it his activist vision. This effort has been only partially successful. Art thinking still takes place largely in static nouns: Colour, for instance, is described as an area of hue adjacent to other areas rather than as an "interval" in a total creative process. The greatest obstacle to a wider apprehension of "the new pictorial approach" has been the dogged conservatism of self-styled modernists, including admirers of Hofmann, who can recognize in his teachings, as in his paintings, only the weary tale of post-Cubist technical evolution. Yet the chief virtue of Hofmann's animism is that it has lent to the craft problems of the contemporary artist the scope of a philosophical adventure. At the same time, his generalizations, often so difficult to grasp in themselves, are rescued from vagueness by the way he has pinned them down to studio practice. Whatever "the spiritual understanding of the living coherence of things" may mean as a verbal formula, in the workshop it requires studying the model not as a composite of separate forms but as an organic entity enmeshed in moving planes and volumes.

In America, no one is regarded with more suspicion than an artist who thinks. It is common to criticize in Hofmann the clash between rule and impulse, concept and spontaneity. It requires no rare expertness to identify as weak those Hofmann canvases in which the ebbing of the artist's élan forced him to resort to his space and colour formulas. Or, at the opposite extreme, those which, carried by too swift an impulse, were finished before the artist could encounter the resistance necessary for a genuine act. The great Hofmanns are those composed of acts protracted in the vibrant centre between theory and the unexpected. These masterpieces would not have been possible without Hofmann's long striving to get his concepts straight.

Although Hofmann's career spans the history of twentieth-century art, one element is missing in it: the anti-art impulse so prevalent in all the arts since World War I. To this rebellious inclination, which makes modern art perennially young—and old before its time—Hofmann is a stranger. "Painting," he has said, "puts me in a positive mood." He has passed untouched by the general crisis of belief. For Hofmann art is never in question. Nor is nature, beauty, truth, affection. Each evening he and Miz liked to go to some favourite point on the shore of Cape Cod to watch the sun go down. Now he makes the journey alone up the side of a hill, with a distant view of the sea, to water the flowers he has planted on her grave.

Building a house

(Continued from page 210)

We can't find one we like. Why not build one ourselves?

It is not what we first intended, but it very soon becomes what I long to do above all else. For the idea of building one's own domestic snailshell is irresistible. We most of us live in a succession of houses each only more or less right for our particular domestic life, and by adapting them as best we can we learn exactly what we want as a container for our own way of living. We learn too that we never find it in a house built for someone else's domesticity: that the only exactly right shell for any snail is the one it secretes itself.

"Shall we sell the Regency Villa and build a new house?" I ask William.

"Yes." He is prompt and definite. "If that's what you want and you think you can do it. Yes. It's an excellent idea. Why don't you start straight away?" When William decides on the road, he also believes in galloping.

* * *

We have found our field. In June with the hedges a celebration smother of wild roses. It lies along a lane winding up into the hills about a mile behind the village. Seven acres, tilted to the sun, slope gently down to meadows and hedges below. On the facing hillside wide arable fields divide up the gently rising slope, and the hedges flow in curving patterns over the shapes of the land. The opposite hilltops are a mile and more away across the hollow, rounded shoulders of chalk, half wooded and half wild, and pink all summer with a shoulder-high forest of rosebay willow herb.

As for the view—it stretches round us on three sides in a wide unbroken sweep of flowing hills encircling the shallow hollow with its gently rolling floor, and in this oval saucer shape we are halfway up the edge.

* * *

Architects know about building houses.

Housewives know about living in them.

Cooperation is therefore essential.

But will any architect cooperate with so opinionated a housewife as I am? It is fortunate that I have an architect as a brother who will put up with our unreasonable demands. One thing is certain. It must be a house of firmly sealed-off separate rooms where we can each live our separate lives when we want to without either causing or suffering disturbance.

What else? We want windows everywhere, uninterrupted sheets of glass as invisible barriers, and the vistas through and across the house aligned on the windows. And on the ground floor glass doors opening straight to the garden, so that in summer they can be set wide and the house will be an outdoor living space only roofed over by the bedrooms above like a canopy.

It is not a house that any true country person would live in for a moment. People who work in the country see quite enough of the outdoors, and when they come in they like to feel enclosed and intimate. Country windows are small, and even so they are thickly screened with curtains and hedges of geraniums. The working-day outdoor world is kept firmly outdoors where it belongs. But we come from a city, and the country will not be our work but our pleasure. The house must look outwards. And be self-supporting, built to look after itself, and comfortable enough to use in all weathers.

* * *

Here is the house defined on paper at last, a bespoke building tailored exactly to fit our family figure. It may not be a house to delight architects but it certainly delights us. It has all we asked for and more besides, all kinds of extra delights provided by my brother as it took shape on paper. It might well be

(Continued on page 238)



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Building a house

(Continued from page 237)

our perfect house except for one insuperable disadvantage—we can't possibly afford to build it.

The second plan is a modest house, but it still will not do. Tightening our belts is not enough it seems, and the next move is cheeseparing.

The leaves are falling in soft russet showers from the beeches which will soon be austerely bare, and the house too must be stripped of every expendable luxury. There are many things we can do later on when we recover from the original building, and I strip them out ruthlessly. And there are some things we will not alter. The foundations must be as solid as we first intended, the construction as sound. We are not prepared to sacrifice a single inch of glass. It is easier to line rooms with bookshelves as we one day hope to than to knock out a hole in a supporting wall to enlarge a window. So we will keep our extra-wide doors and plate-glass windows.

* * *

We have picked our site: The bulldozers have come and levelled it and gone (this is all we can do till the following spring) and one fall day I collect a bundle of branches and divide the house-space into rooms marked out by wavering dark lines of twigs. I gather flints turned up in the chalk and set them as the edges of the window frames.

And suddenly I have built the house, solid and square. Just here, by the window-stones of this particular twig-enclosure which is the kitchen, we shall sit around the table hundreds of times eating hundreds of meals. Suspended in this exact point in space we shall lie in bed, here lie in the bath, here sit at night in a room which is a bright warm box set exactly and rigidly at this point in space in the enormous night of encircling darkness. It is this exact perspective of the hills across the valley which will become as familiar to us as the shape of our own faces, which we shall live with until we die. and our children perhaps after us.

And indeed this phantom house is haunted by ghosts of the future as other houses are haunted by the past: by the hundreds of human beings who will so intensively occupy this tiny space of air in the empty countryside. It is strange to think that by piling a few bricks together we dictate a place where people will be born and will die, that we fix for unknown strangers the exact setting for their sudden radiant moments of happiness and their long days of unshakable despair.

* * *

The builders arrive one day when the valley is echoing with cuckoos. . . .

My children once had a mildly educational picture book about building a house. On every page were coloured drawings of the different stages of construction, and from digging the first neat foundations to putting on the last coat of gleaming paint, every operation was as trim and decorative as afternoon tea in a well-kept garden. The men were very clean, the site was very tidy, the sun was always shining, and the sand and gravel were in piles as exactly symmetrical as Mount Fuji. There was no mess, no litter of any kind in the whole proceedings.

But our house building is not in the least like that. The beginning is a civilized business of drawing boards and blueprints and the neatly pegged-out plan for me to romance over. Very much a matter of smooth suède shoes in the drawing room beside this practical business of destructive nailed boots. For this is a dreadful stage of the creation, a harsh and violent birth which I never allowed for in all the houses I built so airily in so many undisturbed green fields. Those early houses sprang up complete like Athena, mellow already and happily merged with their site. There was nothing in the least like this crude violence, with trenches everywhere for drains and foundations, and the new summer grass crushed to green pulp, and the meadow flowers buried in sterile chalk, and the trees the bulldozer wrenched from the hedge broken up now for lighting fires—poor corpses devoured piecemeal.

But at least by the end of June the house is emerging. The foundations are solidly laid—solidly enough to dispel even our wary suspicions of possible future trouble. What are we building, one of the workmen asked me. Are we putting up a skyscraper or something? He'd never done anything so solid before, he said. . . .

* * *

The walls have begun to rise. Already there are several rows of bricks on the concrete footings, enclosing the house and rising between the rooms like the rims of shallow dishes holding the slabs of the concrete floors like slabs of grey toffee. They are scarcely walls yet, scarcely more than outline rows of bricks, but still they are unmistakably the rooms to be. Certainly they are definite enough to dismay us by their tiny size: a well-known stage which alarms all inexperienced builders of houses. Can this really be what we asked for? Are these tiny enclosures the rooms we imagined? They are absurdly small—mere dollhouse size. No one but a family of pygmies could hope to inhabit them in comfort.

But everyone, so the foreman assures me, is equally dismayed at the smallness of a half-built house, no matter how spacious it will finally be. Is it perhaps that our imagination always magnifies, as our memory does in scenes from our childhood? Perhaps. But I think it is rather that an unfinished house does not sufficiently enclose us in its own small scale of space, so that

we judge it, not in terms of rooms, but by the larger scale of the world outside. These tiny constricting cells will be big enough when once we experience them as the rooms of a house instead of as tiny plots in a seven-acre field.

* * *

Across the valley the wheat field is already changing colour, a vivider green in the jigsaw cover of fields, and shaded like shot-silk where the new stalks of the growing corn are bloomed with blue. It is the exact stage where *le blé en herbe* changes to the young corn springing. Each week it grows higher, grows paler, warms with the coming gold of harvest. And as the corn grows so does the house. Every weekend now is a noticeable stage further on the journey home, and one milestone Saturday we arrive to find that the first-floor joists are up and the ground-floor rooms enclosed.

And because it is separate now from the outside world with its different scale, the house is suddenly astonishingly larger. The rooms are almost spacious now: There is no feeling of being cramped in boxes, but only of moving serenely through the hollow volumes of linked enclosures without restriction. At last we can see what the finished house will be like and it is wonderful: It is just as we hoped it would be.

The landscape is an extension of every room, and the house is full of birdsong and the smell of trees and flowers—which is scarcely surprising since there is no glass in the windows, nor ceiling to the rafters, and the airs of summer drift through like an open cage.

But the house has emerged in essentials, and we all recognize this hot July weekend as a milestone. I think it is the first time the others have felt that this is their own house where they themselves will actually live, and not simply an impersonal exercise in building methods. William stands by the window frame of his study-to-be. "I can put my chair here," he says. "The view's magnificent. Come and see." His voice is delighted but it is also surprised. He is telling me news. Until today I think he never realized that he himself would sit and walk and sleep and wake inside these walls: that his own intimate personal life would be changed by this house we are building.

* * *

Moving-in day. . . . The men have gone, waving cheerful farewells and tooting their horn as they drive away down the lane. The house is ours at last. We are in. It is the longed-for culmination of two years' effort: We are safely installed in a house which two years ago was a mere perfectionist's fancy. Here it is, solidly achieved.

I walk slowly through from room to welcoming room, for even on this grey evening of late winter the house is friendly. Right from the start the rooms are cheerfully shabby, with the familiar domestic shabbiness most houses only achieve by long living in: It is like wearing our favourite old clothes on holiday.

And despite its informal ease it has an air of serenity—of dignity, if it did not sound so pretentious a word for this comfortably shabby domestic setting. It is not large but it is simple and spacious, and the landscape is part of the house as we hoped it would be, so that even now that the furniture and carpets have made an indoor setting, we shall still live in the country. This house will indeed be our snailshell, enclosing and sheltering our physical lives without containing our consciousness.

* * *

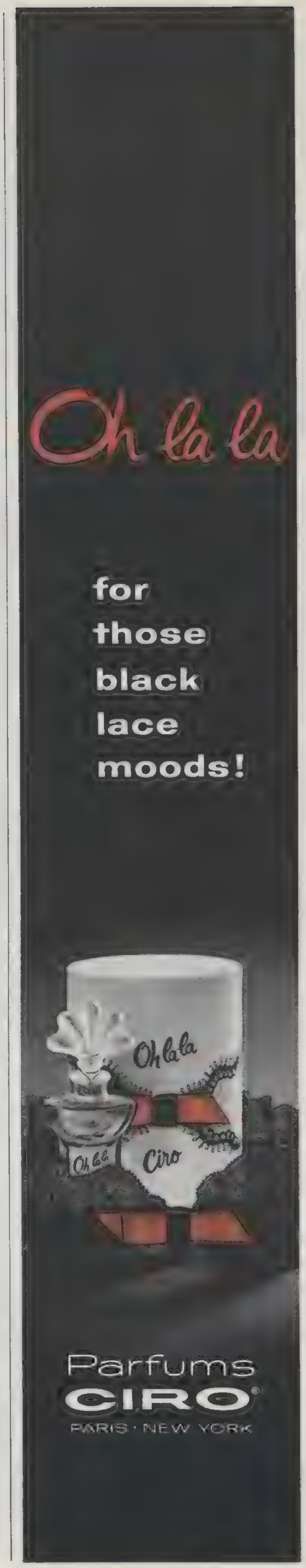
It is high summer again. We have been in our house six months. And with Midsummer Day already behind us the season will soon begin to change imperceptibly to middle-age and autumn. In the field across the valley they have already come to mow the hay which has followed last year's corn, a lea underplanted perhaps to grow through the stubble. We have watched it all summer, flowing in the wind like water, and running with currents of swaying movement across the meadow surface. It is like seeing the wind made visible, and watching it move in dapples across the grass like cat's-paws across water.

At night the glowworms are here: dozens and dozens of them all about the garden, shining unearthly green among the grass stalks, transforming the leafless garden to a setting for *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

And this glowworm-dark is the only time the garden does not depress me, for by day it is quite simply a barren area of broken-up ground which I labour to bring into order. And labour, not perhaps unavailingly, but with progress so slow it is scarcely noticeable from one week to the next.

But when the world is too much with me in the shape of uncultivated wilderness, then I shut myself up and recover in its haven: in the comforting, the peaceful, the civilized, the leisured, the beautiful, the much-loved, the already achieved, and entirely satisfactory house.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Nan Fairbrother, one of those sensible, erudite Englishwomen, finds in the ordinary the extraordinary. Her subjects are gardens, life on a farm in wartime England, day to day living in London with her husband, a distinguished physician, and two sons. Out of them she has made her myths in four captivating books,* An English Year, Men and Gardens, The Cheerful Day, *and* The House in the Country *to be published this month by Alfred A. Knopf. From that new book come these excerpts.*





NORMAN PARKINSON

Going thing for a gilded summer

Trench coat, culottes turned out in sky blue

Rain or shine, this is a great way to go all summer—sky-blue trench coat of cotton duck, buttoned in leather, belted over matching culottes. Add the dash of white leather boots, fly straight to the sun. (This UTA jet goes right to the heart of summer in the space of a good night's sleep. In the morning: Tahiti, sun-gilded scene of summer fashions on pages 151-173.) Cuddlecoat costume; water-repellent; junior sizes. About $50. Marvella earrings. All: Altman's. Costume: Hudson's; Battelstein's. Golo boots. Coiffure: Kenneth.

Singapore

(Continued from page 201)

something childlike about their whole manner. They were remarkably carefree.

So was my taxi driver. He flashed through a town and bolted, apparently, into open tropical landscape. There I found, surprisingly, a hotel. Even more surprisingly the taxi driver said, "Fifteen dollars, U. S." When I began counting them out he suddenly stopped me. "Fifteen dollars, *Singapore*," he said. It amounted, that is, to five dollars. He laughed like a schoolboy at his absurd little prank.

Later, I took my first walk through the town. The roads are wide, the buildings new and white. The streets were filled with the same sort of ebullient people I had seen in the airport. The people were well dressed and some were remarkably handsome. Having walked a mile, I sat down at a great open-air restaurant by the sea, shadowed by palms. I ordered some food. It was Chinese. It then occurred to me that almost everybody I had as yet seen had been Chinese. Clearly, something was wrong.

Like the vast majority of people in the world, I have never known a Chinese intimately. My knowledge of their history consisted in having learned the names of three varieties of pots. Nevertheless, my conception of what the Chinese people are was firm, fixed, and clear. It was not favourable. The last thing I considered them to be was happy, bouncing, and as charming as children. Yet that was what *these* people were.

There was another puzzle. I knew that Singapore had a mixture of races: Malay, Indian, and Chinese, and of these I was certain that the Chinese would be the most stiff-necked and unpopular. It was one of the few things I had learned about them at school.

I walked down a road lined with stalls. I came to an Indian temple, its façade crawling with statues of the most sacred divinities. Some of the statues had been used by an adjacent stall holder to display his wares. He had hung them with cotton blouses, shirts, and male underwear. The stall holder was a Chinese. Such profanation in India would have caused a bloody riot. Here the Brahmin priest sat contentedly chewing betel leaf, cracking little jokes with the stall holder as he sold his goods.

Puzzled, I went back to my hotel. I sat on my balcony in a steamy heat. I read a history of Singapore. It was a summary affair and, since nothing better exists, I must tell the story myself.

Singapore is a tropical island on the tip of the Malay Peninsula. Four years after the Battle of Waterloo, the British bought it

(Continued on page 242)

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Singapore

(Continued from page 241)

from the Malays for five thousand dollars and set up a trading station. They prospered; considering the geographical situation of the island, it would have needed an effort not to. The British were largely adverse to any sort of effort, since the climate was hot and humid and, as readers of Somerset Maugham will know, demoralizing.

It was necessary to find some people to do the hard work. The Malays had, of course, been demoralized by the climate for centuries; since they found this state of affairs eminently agreeable, they refused to be disturbed, and still do. In any case, their men habitually wore skirts which precluded any really violent effort. The British imported the Indians, who immediately opened shops, as they do anywhere they go, and, in turn, refused to be disturbed. As there was a famine in China, wave after wave of Chinese immigrants came to the island, and willingly worked the clock round.

The British sighed with relief. They continued to be demoralized by the climate, but were now much more easy in their minds. By some meteorological phenomenon, as yet unexplained, the tropical sun shone less fiercely on the Chinese, and for them the air was less damp. At any rate, they were not demoralized. They continued to work like beavers and soon grew rich.

Meantime, Singapore became a mighty bastion in the defense of the British Empire. But when the Japanese attacked it in World War II, it was unfortunately found that the guns all pointed the wrong way and could not be turned around. This fact is said to have driven Sir Winston Churchill into one of his fits of rage, especially with the British in Singapore. But then, he could not have been expected to understand the climate.

The Japanese conquered the island. The Chinese went on working and grew still richer. By the end of the war they made up seventy-six percent of the population and practically owned the place. When independence came there was some embarrassment: Singapore was the obvious capital for the new state of Malaysia, except that the Malays of Singapore were merely a poor, if happy, minority, working (when they were in the mood) for the Chinese. The capital was moved to Kuala Lumpur and Singapore given a sort of Federated State Government of its own. The Chinese acquiesced in this, as they had acquiesced in everything, and made even more money. The result is that Singapore enjoys the highest standard of living in Asia and in large areas bears a striking resemblance to Beverly Hills.

I lay awake for my first night in Singapore thinking how best I could see this beguiling city. By the time the telephone began ringing next morning, I had made up my mind. I would go to see the Minister of Housing, or Posts and Telegraph, or whatever it would be. I wanted to meet these extraordinary Chinese.

There was a little babble of voices at the other end of the line, and laughter, as though the telephone were being passed from hand to hand in a school corridor. Then, in a flabbergastingly correct imitation of a brassy New York secretary, I was told, "Please wait in your room and we will arrange your schedule."

I took it for a joke, like that of my taxi driver. It was not. From then on, with an efficiency as smooth as the Mercedes I was driven in, I went the round of Singapore's millionaires. It was one of the most extraordinary travel experiences I have ever had, and it is a pity that it can not be made a staple of a tour like a visit to the Vatican City in Rome. Perhaps, one day, it will.

Singapore city is stretched out along the shore, a band of cement and stone. Behind it lies rolling tropical country, thick with low trees and palms. Hidden among these, on delectable green rises are the houses of the rich Chinese. The architecture of these homes is uniformly what I may term House-of-the-Month.

That is to say, it resembles those houses in magazines which are illustrated over several pages to raise the sights, or the impotent envy, of the subscriber. There is the same open plan; the gleaming woods, the moveable panels, and the hanging abstract lamps. There is the swimming pool, in one instance in the centre of the house, with a view underwater through a glass window in the hallway.

The owners of these houses were dressed in clothes for relaxation which, as we all know, are bound by rules as rigid as those of evening dress, and every rule was observed. The men were charming, each with the elfin touch of childishness which I had noted in the town, and which has become, in Singapore, a sign of having arrived and not caring about money any more. They did not drop names, but they dropped places: Paris, London, the Riviera, Rome, Athens.

The bankers spoke with that entirely false optimism which is the mark of bankers everywhere, and which was invented, I am sure, by the Swiss. A man whose fortune came from the ownership of vast rubber plantations avoided mentioning the material with the elaboration of a businessman in a Henry James novel. All casually showed off their pieces of Chinese art: one, or two; no more than would be seen in any such house anywhere in the world. When, once, a slatternly old female servant straight from the pages of Pearl S. Buck came in on felted shoes, slopping the drinks, I had a sense of vertigo, as though I was being whirled through space and time in a rocket.

Mr. Runme Shaw, who has made his fortune in films, had the biggest house of the lot. But he was contemptuous of it. It had been built twenty-five years ago, when Singapore taste had not (if I may be permitted so vulgar a word) jelled. It had a large fountain besides its pool, and several Spanish patios, in one of which was a Japanese garden. If his house was eclec-

tic, his conversation was classical. He spoke exactly as a film mogul should.

What was the taste of Singapore? *My Fair Lady* was doing excellent business (it was showing at his biggest house). Who was the favourite star? "James Bond," next month's billing as I ascertained later. Mr. Shaw, with his two brothers, also makes films in Malay and Chinese, "B" pictures, and they make most of his money. He deprecated them, as what producer does not. What he wanted to show me were his orchids. There were whole garden walks of them, rank upon rank, five feet high and monstrous with bloom. Some of his orchids are locked up at night. Singapore, which is singularly free from crime nowadays, has orchid thieves. It is an underworld exquisitely suited to the place.

For this air of being in the money has spread downward to the whole Chinese population. Even the clerks, hurrying about downtown, look comfortably middle-class, with a little something in stocks and shares. It marks them off from their fellow citizens. But it does not build a wall between them. The Indians share in the prosperity and are wise enough to know where it comes from. The Malay is the underdog, but he has the advantage that politically he owns the town. Over his usually handsome brown features is spread, or so it seemed to me, the permanent expression of the cheerful, incorrigible problem child.

Dotted in various parts of Singapore are picturesque villages of huts, known as kampongs. This is the sort of place in which the happy Malay has lived his carefree life for centuries; some Malays still insist on living in them. The Chinese, driving the visitor past a kampong, slow but do not stop the Mercedes. They say, politely, "We have Chinese who live like that." But I never saw any.

However, the Indians and the Malays do bring a blush to the cheeks of the Westernized Chinese. They have remained so aggressively Oriental. Mr. Sa-ranagapany, the editor of the Singapore Indian newspaper, although married to a Chinese woman, keeps his house in Indian style. His servants are dressed in Indian loincloths, and he offers the national drink of India (which is bottled orangeade) with the languid and indifferent grace of traditional Indian hospitality. He concedes a television set to the West, but nothing else.

Probably because of this I was pressed to visit a Singapore Chinese whose hobby was the reintroduction of Chinese culture to the Singapore Chinese. He had a Chinese-style house and headed a Chinese cultural society. It was frequented by a select few, rather similar to those who foregather in the West to play the harpsichord or the viol. He had, in fact, a lute of great antiquity on which he tinkled. He also had an antique bronze set for making tea which he was lovingly repairing. A dedicated man, he left me with the feeling that Chinese culture is so rare and delicate a plant in these parts that it is probably locked up at night.

The Westernization of these charming, hospitable people began to produce hallucinations in me. I was invited to the house of a successful publisher of books. I met his wife, Mrs. Cho Jock Kim. On leaving I saw in my diary that she would have had something to tell me about planned parenthood. But the house, the bookshelves, the stereophonic record-player, the pictures on the wall all so resembled the houses of my own American publishers, that Mrs. Cho Jock Kim did not get a word in edgeways. I talked all the time, it being my professional principle never to listen to anything a publisher, or his wife, or his dependents might have to say to me. I trust she forgave me.

In any case she was revenged. The Chinese Vice Chancellor of the new but poor university talked to me for half an hour without stopping in his modernistic, air-conditioned office. Not that I had any wish to

(Continued on page 244)

"SELAMAT DATANG"
-that's WELCOME in Malay

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fashions by B. H. Wragge on pages 32 to 37 shine at stores below. Plush ss United States sails to Europe in just 5 days—a long, leisurely weekend.

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Wichita, Kan.	Henry's
Youngstown, Ohio	Strouss Hirshberg
WEST COAST	I. MAGNIN & CO. (all stores)

Singapore

(Continued from page 243)

interrupt him. I listened with fascination as he told me how he had imported a special team of experts on the art of raising endowment funds for universities. The team came, of course, from America. I found it fitting that this community of very Westernized rich men was going to be made to disgorge by the very latest Western methods of twisting their arms.

What sort of city have the Chinese made of Singapore? A place, I should say, very much to their credit. I did, at last, meet a Minister. He was the Minister of Information, and an Indian. He spoke of his political rivals. I seized upon this because there was something I wanted to know. No Name had been mentioned. Nobody had complained of corruption. Everywhere I had been told that, in politics at least, there was none. I asked the Minister. He confirmed it, not only for his own party, which was to be expected, but for the opposition, which, in Asia today, is most extraordinary.

And it is a city virtually without open vice. The Chinese have turned what used to be a sink of corruption into one of the cleanest cities in Southeast Asia, in every sense of the word. I think they have done it to show that they have not been demoralized by the climate.

All is not perfect in Singapore. The millionaires ride with gunmen beside them, for some years ago there was a wave of kidnapping. But that has passed. The place of the kidnappers has been taken by President Sukarno of Indonesia, who is threatening to take the city by force. There is a feeling that this too will pass. There was a state of emergency when I was there. I could not get into one of the docks, a vulnerable target for sabotage. But that was because there was only one policeman on duty. The others were all on leave for a Malay feast day. The remaining policeman apologized. My Chinese friends apologized, and we went off to do something much more amusing.

When, finally, I was in the airport and was being waved at myself from the Waving Gallery, I had the feeling that perhaps President Sukarno did not matter much. Even if he should take Singapore, he would soon find the Chinese in Jakarta working like beavers, getting rich, running the place, and running it really very well. It would serve him right for making trouble in a tropical Paradise.

Courrèges

(Continued from page 209)

did he find them? On one of the steps of Delphi. In the wardrobe of Electra. They are modern and they are antique.

Courrèges's models are finished, so finished technically that we want to cry mercy. Perfection terrifies us. But what is Courrèges doing to make us so occupied and preoccupied with him? He is putting woman back on solid earth. He deprives himself of all superfluities in order to achieve this. He discards clips and necklaces, feathers and muslins, stiletto heels. The vamp is dying, the vamp is dead at Courrèges.

This child-woman on the white canvas path, could she not have a touch of the *femme fatale?* This child-woman striding with big steps, in her little ventilated boots, through the Sologne, the Pas-de-Calais, the Morvan, does not suck her thumb, does not kill time running her tongue over her moist lips, does not gaze languorously through a curtain of hair, does not go in for caprices. . . . She is, all the same, irresistible. She is an apricot that has a mental life. What matter if the bosom has been whittled away? The vigour of the calves, the feet that can walk at a decent pace for miles, the freedom of movement, the simplicity of the neck and wrists, the strong torso, firm and upright as a column, make up for it. A creature dressed so that she can breathe, charged with the dynamism of reality.

* * * *

What is the idea? What is the theme? What is the point of departure? What is the conclusion of the Courrèges collection? What is its source of inspiration?

I reply, without hesitation: childhood; our childhood. Courrèges the architect, destroyer of fal-lals, Courrèges the water diviner who employs a line more sensitive, more dead accurate than a plumb line, Courrèges the craftsman-designer in Mercury's shoe shop, Courrèges the extinguisher of gaudy colours, Courrèges the reviver of the human skin with "fleshings" under lace socks, draws up plans, solves problems in order to give us back, by transforming us, that which has never left us, which will never leave us: our childhood, our past at the helm of our existence. The explosive modernism of Courrèges is all summed up in that.

The mannequins' knees which have caused so much talk about him, that knee which he bares, which he frees, which he emancipates from beginning to end of his collection, is it ridiculous? Is it indecent? It is round; it is almost like a little round bread roll under a golden-brown stocking. It is chaste: It is snow, it is heat and cold, it is skating on frozen brooks, it is hopscotch and prisoner's base when we used to go to school, short skirted, with our satchels slung on our shoulders. Obviously, all the knees are not round. But, after all, a collection is not a picture with definite dimensions.

In his collection, as in others, there are skirts that need letting down several centimetres. At Courrèges, everyone forgets this fact, everyone wants to forget it. Why? There is so much study,

(Continued on page 246)

Bargains in chic

Two for the money—crisscross Paisley, candy-striped ruffles



$18 for a crisscross bodice, *above*, and easy banded skirt, in fresh-green-and-white Paisleyed crêpe. By Minx Modes, of Arnel and Fortrel. Junior sizes. At Rosette Pennington; Makoff. James Wedge hat for Hattie Carnegie. **$11** in penny-candy stripes, *below:* pink-and-white cotton dress rimmed with ruffles. By Nelly Don. At Rich's; L. S. Ayres. Coiffure: Ruel of Coiffures Americana.





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Courrèges

(Continued from page 244)

so much experience, so much perfecting of an idea, so much fruitful effort, so much stripping away of superfluities, so much purification, so much stylization in Courrèges's creations that, as a result, they become untouchable creations. Who goes up close to a tree in winter for the pleasure of breaking off a branch? One that is leafless keeps us at a distance. A woman sculptured in Courrèges's pants is a branch of a tree. The Courrèges collection is a lonely collection.

* * * *

After they have been running about for a long time on the hottest day of the year, little girls shove their straw hats as far back as they will go with a flick of the fingers. With measured steps, absolved from the obligation to run, mistresses of themselves, they suddenly return homewards as if they had never been running, never got out of breath. Children do everything they want to. That is how Courrèges's hats are worn. They are Panamas, pruned sombreros, more geometrical, less voluptuous than the ones cowboys wear. Our hats with elastic bands. . . . How we used to torture that elastic. . . . We chewed it, we nibbled it, we stretched it to breaking point. . . . We twanged it till it gave out that mournful moan, like the winter wind in the chimney, and then . . . we let it fly back under our chin. . . . We scarred ourselves with it. . . . We wanted to be different by letting it torment us for a change. Courrèges ties his chin straps, frosty white, red, mustard, cinnamon, right in the middle of the chin. A pretty little bow. Which makes one wonder whether two butterfly wings are not worth as much as a cowboy's hat in a Western. . . .

* * * *

How cowardly, how loath to admit its very existence our waist was in the dresses we had as little girls. We wore modest sacks, with little puffed sleeves that resembled our pudgy little fists. Courrèges, the barer of knees, the divider-up of calves, lengthens and lengthens the waistline. . . . Our waist is below our hips; our legs are cut in two. He plays tricks with perspective, produces optical illusions. Result: We discover at Courrèges that goddesses are appetizing fruits when they are dressed like us, but above the knees. Courrèges's dresses, coats, and tunics breathe; they take in air through slits down the sides. Dresses, coats, and tunics live their life on a warm body. A putty-coloured suède belt, inimitably narrow, inimitably self-effacing . . . as if Courrèges dared everything in not daring to deprive us of the exquisite courtesy of the djellaba along with our figures. . . .

* * * *

Let us return again, let us return perpetually to our childhood. We can feel our long plaits flapping against our backs again, reminding us of something. Reminding us of what? Of being utterly carefree. We used to dance, now on one foot, now on the other, we used to swallow jujube snakes, a sort of shiny, blackish chewing gum. The flaps of Courrèges's coats flutter up and down like our plaits. As I have just said, they breathe. The flaps express movement. I quote Courrèges.

* * * *

How did we alleviate the pangs of boredom the day we arrived in the country, the first day of our long summer vacation? A chair held us prisoner, we were forbidden to go out-of-doors until four o'clock. The heat dropped at four in the afternoon. To what did we allow our gaze to stray? To the half-open shutters, repainted green: a paradise of escape. The light invited us, like a waltz played on muted strings. We swung our feet: Time is considerably long for children.

Miracle and damnation, a bird came and hopped on the window ledge, the scent of wallflowers drifted in from a garden unknown to us, the cat emerged, bursts of laughter came from a verandah. Everything turned bluish because of the wistaria on the verandah, the warmth of the clusters of flowers.

That is the climate Courrèges restores to me with his pale-blue, pink, and grey checks. Courrèges bleaches the blues, the soft pinks: He thins out colours, he dulls them, he makes them weak and anaemic. They are watered down to pale memories of a pale pink and a light blue. The mastery with which Courrèges achieves this insipidity is staggering. In the end, the blue-jeans outfit with the grey and white overchecks, which appears to have been cut out of flannel designed for toddlers, turns out to be one of his most provocative creations. The mannequin looks like a petrol pump attendant in a room at the Ritz.

Courrèges extinguishes the whites or else puts them to sleep. The beiges, too. The magic of subdued colours. If the green is acid, if the red is glaring, Courrèges cuts it with a white bolero so that the acid green and the glaring red do not shriek. Little half-belts, lonely as a crescent moon in full daylight, also soften the faint colours. Courrèges uses innumerable whites. His whites are pure, they are asleep. I found myself dreaming at his collection. I could imagine his models shut up at night inside closed water lilies. What is that delicate white coat with the pale-green check? . . . It is the innocence of my days lying in the grass, under the trees.

* * * *

Enormous owl's eyes of white mica, little mechanic's gloves, Guynemer's goggles planted in hair dragged back by dray horses, tin soldiers' battle jackets, Valentin the Boneless Wonder's acrobat's tights, Othello's black calves arrayed in daisies, rodeo champions disguised as model little girls, Alcibiades—who reappeared constantly—shod in snow, in bearskin, in the footgear of polar angels, all this, too, is Courrèges and it is breathtaking. I have dashed down this last paragraph on paper in order to admire again what I have admired. Yes, Courrèges.

TRANSLATED BY ANTONIA WHITE.

Perfume Bulletin

(Continued from page 221)

pencil and paper, she shows you the comparative economy of the big bottle versus the fractional-ounce bottle; the difference, the extra perfuming for the same amount of money, comes through loud and clear. A one- or two-ounce bottle increases your perfume mileage astonishingly. . . . The lesson is clear, but not yet complete, you say. You have some reservations about atomizers. Remembering some of the early atomizers with their gift for clogging, their problems of filling, you ask about the *modernity* of present-day devices. "Modern? Efficient?" Now you're treated to a Marcel Marceau dead faint. "Would a Frenchwoman waste her perfume with an inefficient atomizer?" An atomizer called Step (short for Society of Technical Pulverization) is guaranteed for life; is sold all over the world. If it should happen to clog, by any unlikely chance, you take the top to any shop that sells Steps. A dear little zip-coded express bag then turns it in to headquarters; return mail brings you the replacement. . . . Step comes in a dozen or more sizes, "But whether the one you buy is packaged with a funnel or not, throw the funnel away," your guide counsels you. "Always use an eyedropper to decant; it's the safest way." . . . How far can a Step stretch a single drop of perfume? Thirty visible squirts, by count. Imbedded in the head of the atomizer is a tiny piece of cloth; by turning the container upside down until the little cloth has drunk a drop of scent, you prime the pump that spreads the message. . . .

But there's another way American women have arranged to be losers on the scent scene. This is through their reluctance to pronounce certain French names. Non-ease with such names as "Chant d'Arômes," the great new Guerlain beauty . . . with "Un Air Embaumé," Rigaud's marvellous bit of femininity . . . with "Fleurs de Rocaille," the Caron ravishment (once translated cheerily as meaning: Fleur has rocks in her head) . . . and all the lovely rest, from Écusson through the madly successful Calèche by Hermès, and the just-arrived Excentric by Maggy Rouff, and the daffodil-scented Celui by Dessès. . . . It is a fact of American life that a whole generation of women exists whose language-formative years coincided with the cut-off of European travel during the Second World War. . . . For the woman who is one of these many, or is just plain too strong-minded to have a foreign-language ear, there's no reason to compound the loss with a deprivation of French perfume. Take a firm swing at the name you've been strangling to try. They'll understand you perfectly—anywhere in the U.S.

Beauty Checkout

(Continued from page 94)

importance of proper hair care and conditioning. . . . If a woman adores her own shampoo or other hair aids, let her bring them in by all means; the operator will be thrilled to cooperate. Salon answer to client complaints of dryness and dry scalp after salon shampoo: shorten and cool down drying process. . . . *Timing.* Count on a minimum of one-and-a-half hours everywhere. "In one hour," said a famously efficient Illinois operator, "you might get a wash and set, but don't expect styling." . . . *Time-saving.* Leave phone number so receptionist may call you if scheduling is running very late. Keep your own eye on drying time. . . . In answer to possibility of manicures being done in booth, leaving one free throughout most of drying time for "improving one's mind," the hair craftsmen were almost solidly in agreement that this gums up efficiency of both stylist and manicurist. On the mind-improvement aspect, there were acerb comments. One Missouri remark read exactly thus: "If I were your hairdresser, I would spend five minutes on good shampoo; fifteen minutes setting; thirty minutes drying and manicuring simultaneously; ten minutes on comb-out; finish in one hour and apologize if we didn't get to improving your mind."



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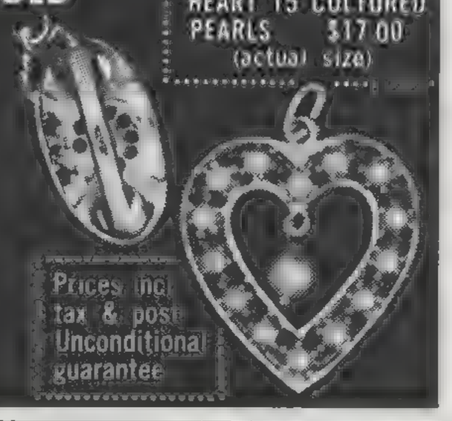
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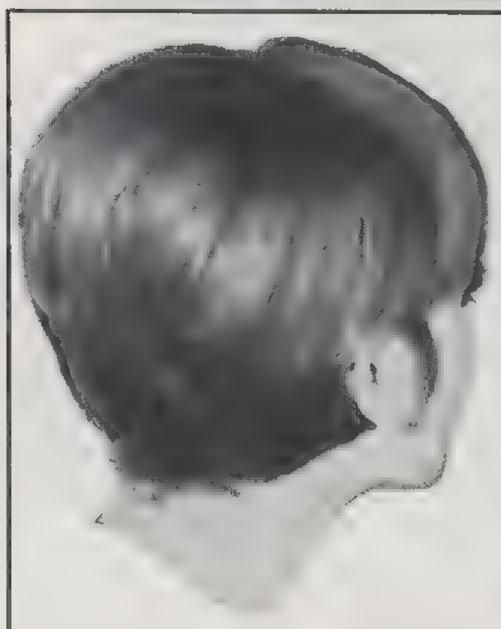
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Flowers for the bikini-life

Pink-and-blue flower print blossoming in and out of water: transparent voile slipcover over a matching cotton bikini that's cut out in a circle over one leg. Made in France. 8-16; state brassière size. Bikini, $26.50, slipcover, $30, ppd. Town Casuals, Ltd., 958 Third Ave., N. Y. 22.



Chameleon bikini

Changing its colours on whim—tabasco-coloured bikini reversible to fuchsia, tied open over the hipbone. With it, a matching gathered cover-up, to wear as skirt or cape. Of cotton and polyester. Also blue with lime, grape with olive. 6-16. Bikini and cover-up, $32. By Baba Kea. Carol and Mary Shops, Honolulu, Hawaii.

SHOP HOUND



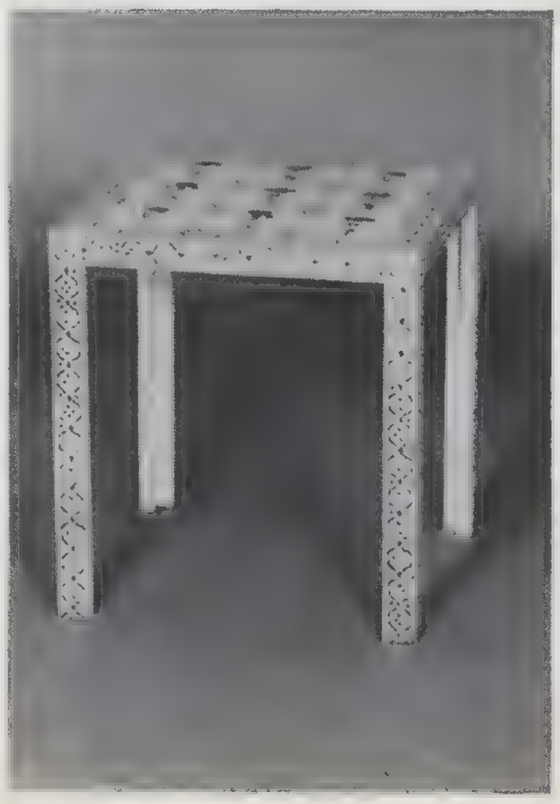
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Bikini & Co.
Turning up on the sun-and-water scene—sleeveless shift of pink-and-blue printed cotton, slit on the sides, unbuttoned here over a matching bikini. Also yellow with blue, red with blue, green with black. Made in Italy. 8-14. Bikini, $14.95; shift, $19.95. From Veneziano Italian Boutique, 819 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.

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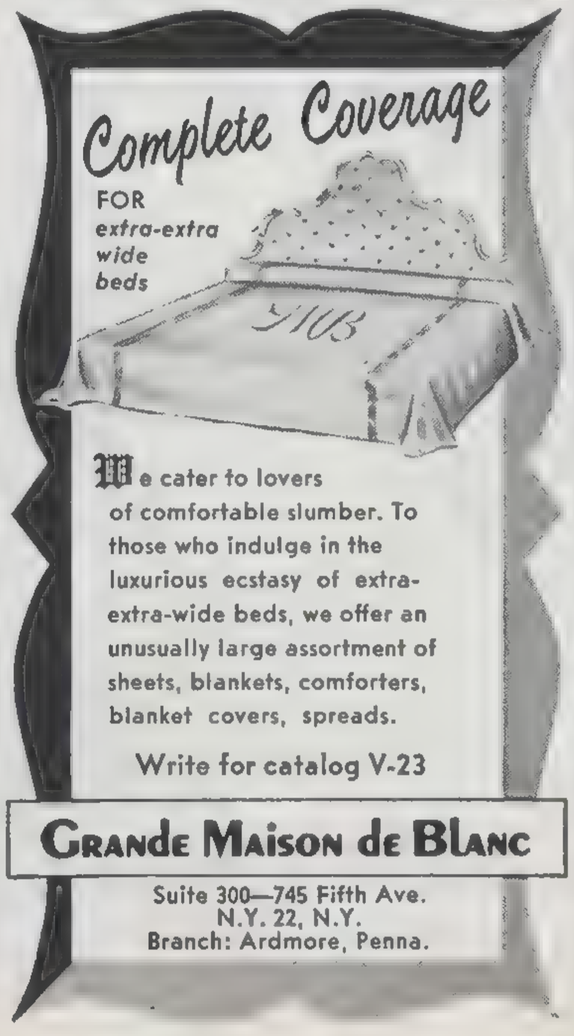
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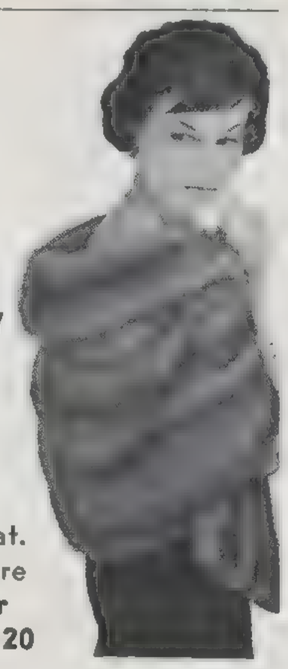
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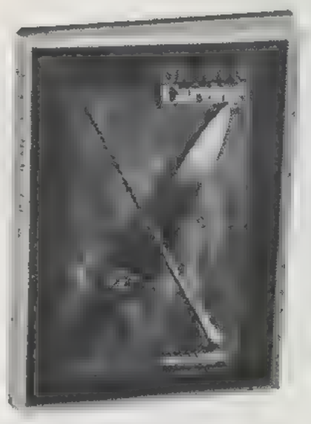
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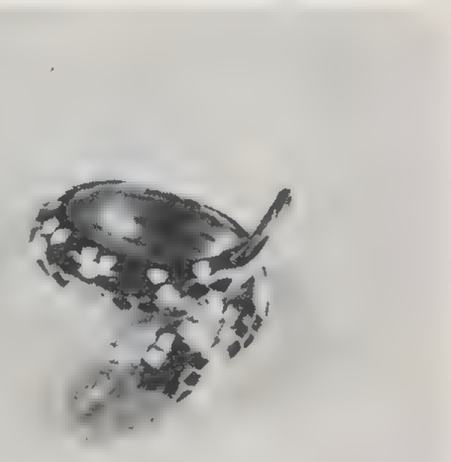
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Hong Kong

(Continued from page 205)

of becoming the Old Territories. There are also a great number of small attractive islands which nobody, it seems, knows what to do with. They are occupied, to my observation, solely by fishermen and British ladies taking walking exercise.

The natural setting of Hong Kong is, therefore, magnificent. Seen from the sea, or from the air, it is beguiling. The trouble begins when you get inside it.

I stayed in Victoria. As is my custom, I immediately took a walk in the town with the aim of seeing its architectural beauties. This was easy. There is only one. During the high days of British rule, the English had built some large Law Courts. These have a classic façade, with Roman columns. On top of this are two Chinese roofs. Between these rises nobly a Florentine Renaissance dome.

The architects of Hong Kong, feeling, presumably, that nobody could possibly want more architecture than that, built nothing else of note. The whole territory was handed over to the speculative builder. The result is a series of ravines made of glass, steel, and concrete, of the sort that is rapidly making the landscapes of the world as monotonous as a photograph of the moon.

I took the ferry across the harbour to the twin town of Kowloon in the hope of finding something better. It was evening. The lights came on. The main thoroughfares of Kowloon are thick-set with neon signs, almost all in Chinese ideograms—great, slashing symbols in red, yellow, blue, and green, thousands upon thousands of them in endless perspectives, as though some classic of Confucius had been set up in letters of fire.

I consulted the pamphlets I had been given, and I found that this display was termed "a fairyland." For a day or two I felt that this was a very fair description. But after a while I began to distinguish some of the symbols, and then I found that it was a land where the magic creatures made use of a number of detergents, liked liquor, admired to distraction Mr. Runme Shaw's "B" movies, and had a need, at almost every corner, of loans on very favourable terms.

Apparently a Chinese gentleman, Mr. Aw Boon Haw, had felt this lack of art even more acutely than I did. With commendable public spirit he set out to remedy this all on his own. After making a fortune in a patent medicine called Tiger Balm, he spent some of it in erecting a garden of Chinese art, open to the public. China meant pagodas, so he built one. It meant ancestral tombs. He ran up a couple. By this time the creative impulse had seized him and he went on to people the garden with hundreds, maybe thousands, of highly coloured statues, varying from the Emperor of China to sea serpents, devils, gods, soldiers, monsters symbolizing the vices, and naked women symbolizing themselves.

They are executed by artisans with a very summary knowledge of anatomy. They have been laughed at, but not by me. Singlehanded, Mr. Aw Boon Haw invented Pop Art and created its greatest single display.

I felt sure that Aw Boon Haw had given rise to a school of art, and so it was. Across the island in a picturesque bay I was taken to a restaurant. It consisted of a vast barge which one reached by means of a rowboat. On the barge was an eating place of woods painted in garish colours. It writhed in every nook with golden dragons, from whose slavering jaws hung painted glass lanterns.

Not an inch of space was left undecorated save the tables and the seats of the chairs. Outside, junks moved past the windows; the effect was that of eating inside a picture postcard. A masterly example of three-dimensional Pop, it is also, let me be the first to point out, a very good example of late, or rococo Tiger Balm.

In other parts of the island I was shown delectable bays and romantic inlets lined with sandy beaches, perfect places for summer resorts. I was told they were being developed. I can only hope that the Hong Kong School will be given its head. I can not im-

(Continued on page 252)

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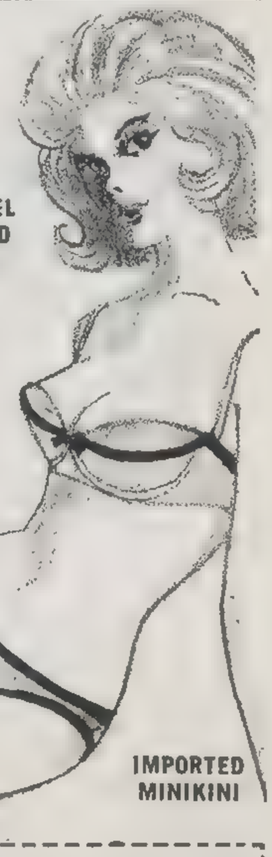
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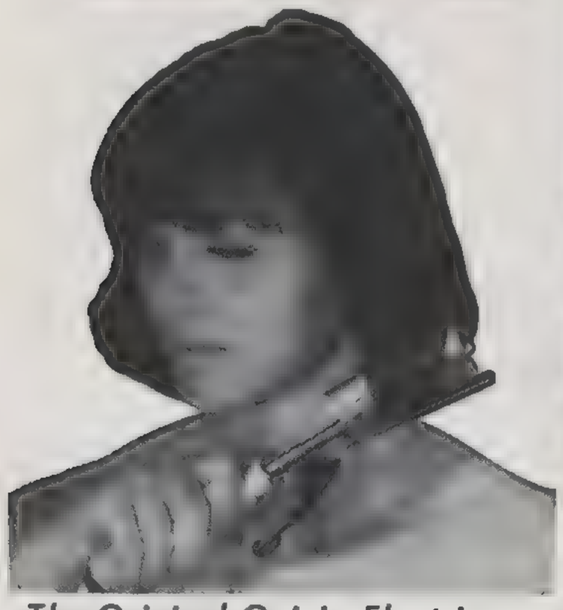
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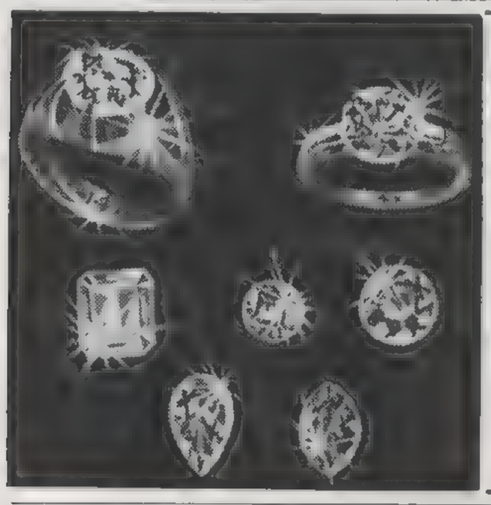
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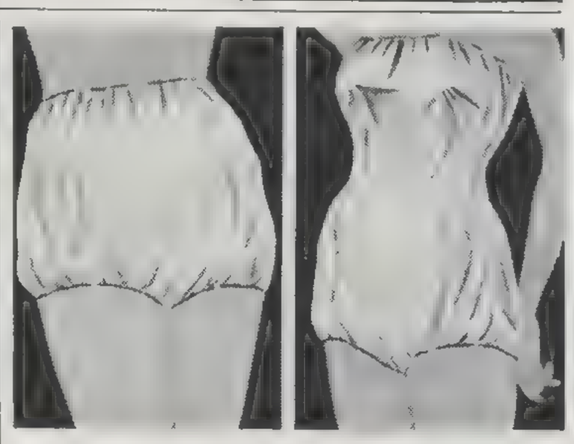
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Hong Kong

(Continued from page 251)

agine anything more attractive than an island ringed with these floating palaces, each, I hope, painted more outrageously than the rest, each looking like Cleopatra's barge as it might have been had she left the designing to her Chinese cooks.

Having seen the sights, I settled down to eating the food. I must confess that hitherto I have enjoyed eating the first dish or two of Chinese food, but after that I am overcome by the feeling that I am the governor of a beseiged and starving city whose faithful servants have done their best to conceal what is inevitably in the bowls. Elsewhere, this feeling may have some justification.

In Hong Kong the tastes are lucid, distinct, and identifiable. I sampled the four regional styles of cooking, and a few of the eighty ways of cooking duck which were, I was assured, available to the connoisseur. I am no gourmet; I soon gave up sitting at table—but with a certain reluctance—and resumed my enquiries into Hong Kong.

I explored Cat Street, a narrow alley of steps with shops full of *chinoiserie*. I went into more sober establishments where objects from the great days of the emperors were shown to me, and where, if I had had the money, I could have felt like a general picking among the loot of the Summer Palace. Not having it, I walked the streets, searching for Tiger Balm and finding it in shop fronts, doorways, harbour launches, and junks, a constant surprise and a pure delight.

Then it was time to see Red China. I motored through the New Territories and came to the border. There is a little observation hut. Red China, as seen from this vantage point, consists of empty paddy fields and some hills, all green. This sensitive border is defended by a fine body of policemen, but it is infiltrated by very determined children selling Communist postage stamps; a very good example of Red guile, because the visitor, having bought them, finds they are not valid for writing home.

There is, then, almost comically little to see. But across this border, when the Communists seized the mainland, came a great army of refugees. They raised the population of Hong Kong from 1,600,000 to 3,133,131 at the time of the last census in 1961. They changed it forever. Ninety-nine percent of the people, in what was an international city, are now Chinese.

I went to see them and thus discovered what Hong Kong truly has to offer the traveller, and what I had crossed the world to see.

Many of the refugees, often ten or twelve to a room, live in one-room tenements which are being run up with all deliberate speed by the Hong Kong authorities. Hundreds of thousands of them, however, live in shantytowns that cover the mountains outside the town like a scaly disease. These are of two sorts. Some are great spreads of hovels made of packing cases. Others, equally hovels, are made of sheets of tin.

Neither type of community has any real sanitation. Some have no water save what can be brought from taps a quarter of a mile away. None has any medical centres. None, though it may be a town of twenty or thirty thousand people, has urban services to sweep away the rubbish, or worse, from the crooked little alleys that run between the huts.

I visited these towns with a Lutheran missionary, a Chinese who is emotionally involved with the people who live there because he helps them. I also went there, to make sure, with an interpreter who was only concerned with earning his pay. The results did not differ.

I stood in a hut too low for me to raise my head. A family of ten occupied it. They slept in bunks, one above the other. There was no room, given the tables and the other furniture, to take a moderate stride in any direction. Yet it was clean. It had been decorated gaily with red banners for the Chinese New Year. There was, astonishingly, a radio, very old, but working. Two little children sat at a table, one with a brush in his hand laboriously copying the Chinese characters of a writing lesson.

(Continued on page 261)

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TRAVEL

By Despina Messinesi

Tahiti,

The language seems to stutter; faces speak

Tahiti is disarming. One seems to drown in the smell of frangipani and orange blossoms. . . . Surprisingly, Tahitian women are heavier than one expects—stocky legs, masculine big feet, and tight, flexible bodies. They're like Percherons in contrast to racehorses. Pride of Tahitian girls is their hair. They never cut it, never corrupt its colour, wash it always with rainwater. "Almost part horse," Kenneth the hairdresser said with admiration of the quality of Tahitian hair. The girls' bare backs, bare arms, bare legs shine like polished copper. In brilliant *pareus* (wrapped sarongs), they look fresh and cool as if they'd just come out of the water. Most often they have—their long black manes iridescent with water drops. When they talk, their astonishing faces often appear to have extra muscles. A certain elevation of the eyebrows on one young woman's part means "I follow you" to her swift-talking companion. . . . Tahitian sounds like one long stutter. Second syllables have a curious way of repeating the first. The "No Smoking" sign, which is in most languages a short cryptic phrase, stretches halfway down the length of Papeete's bamboo movie house. . . . The island women, highly intuitive, preserve a streak of childishness. In the case of one long Englishman, they seized upon his moustache as some sort of lucky emblem. Whenever he turned up at the bar, they'd come up to see whether the moustache was tired, whether the moustache was happy, or whether the moustache was going to have its usual rum punch. . . . The virile look of Tahitian men seems even more startling at night when they wear flower crowns, ravishing bands of wild jasmine flowers packed so tightly together they could be white beads, or white caviar. . . . Although Tahitian dancers begin at some arbitrary beat, the fascination is the way the men and girls come to a dramatic, absolute standstill at the end of a musical phrase. Led by an MC who calls out orders, the dancers, like a flamboyant battalion, undulate to the ground where they drop motionless. Seconds later, after a shout from the caller, a flourish of music, they're off again. Standing in shadows, young boys light up the dancers by waving flaming tall branches of banana fronds, with astonishing dexterity, and within licking distance of roofs made also of fronds. . . . Tahitian food is delicious. Hearts of palm salad has a nutty taste; small, sweet-water prawns taste even better than *crevettes* (Continued on page 262)

West Virginia

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS



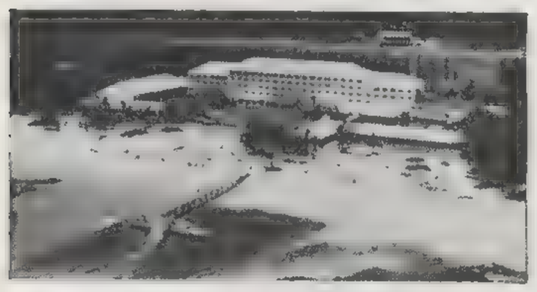
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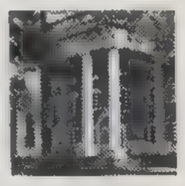
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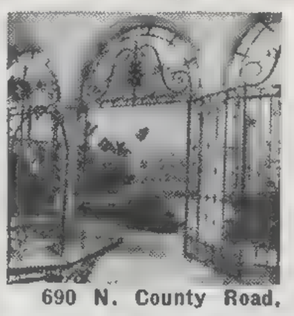
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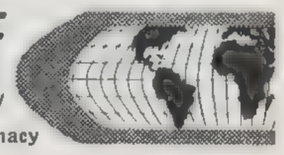
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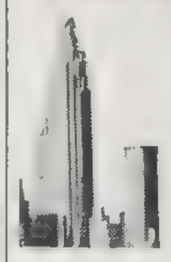
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Hong Kong

(Continued from page 252)

The mother was tearing apart old jackets to make into machinery cleaners. The father was away at work making paper flowers. The entire income of this family amounted to fifty U. S. dollars per month. From this they paid for schooling, for food, for clothes, and for any medicines they might need.

I visited twenty similar homes. My first reaction was that most facile emotion of a traveller faced with the poverty of the world—pity. But then I began to notice something that made me feel smaller and smaller and smaller, until I seemed so small that I could stand upright under the low roofs. Not one of these people complained. Not one of them whined. Not one of them—and I asked everybody—dreamed of going back to the mainland. Nor was it altogether their fear of Communism. They had come here, as one young lad told me, "to succeed." And succeed they would.

A mother from the neighbourhood of Canton, her soft face still beautiful under its lines of worry, raised one objection. The passion to educate their children was such, among these people, that schools were being run up in the shantytowns for profit. And some of the teaching was of a very poor standard. She thought something should be done about that.

A man, emaciated, but full of nervous vigour, asked when they would begin to set up more factories to provide more work. How could a man raise a family if there was no work to bring in the pay?

There are beggars in Hong Kong. But they are the "water people," the Chinese who live their lives in villages of boats and who have so often been described. They are old residents. But among these new citizens, I was never asked for money. One young man who had done me a small service refused it. I asked him why. "We are poor *now*," he said. "It is our luck. But we do not mean to be poor forever."

From the tiny windows of these shantytowns can be seen a skyscraper. It is a luxurious hotel, perfectly managed. On the twenty-fourth floor is Mr. Harold Lee, a Chinese millionaire much like those I had met in Singapore. He owns the hotel; he owns a great deal of Hong Kong. When I asked one of the British officials what they meant to do with the city, he told me, seriously enough, to go and ask Mr. Lee. That, apparently, was what *he* did.

I went to see Mr. Lee. He met me in an apartment decorated with golden baroque consoles and heavy curtains, a style much used by cardinals in Rome. With him was another very rich man. I asked them both what they meant to do for the people I had been moving among, when Hong Kong finally was theirs.

Mr. Lee answered me with precision and frankness.

"We shall build the schools they want. We shall develop the medical services. But that is not the way we shall solve their problems. You must understand they —we—are Chinese. They do not want handouts. That is not what they came here for. They need work and there is not enough of it in Hong Kong. So we shall build factories and set up industries. We are already doing it."

And what if the Communists came? He shrugged his shoulders.

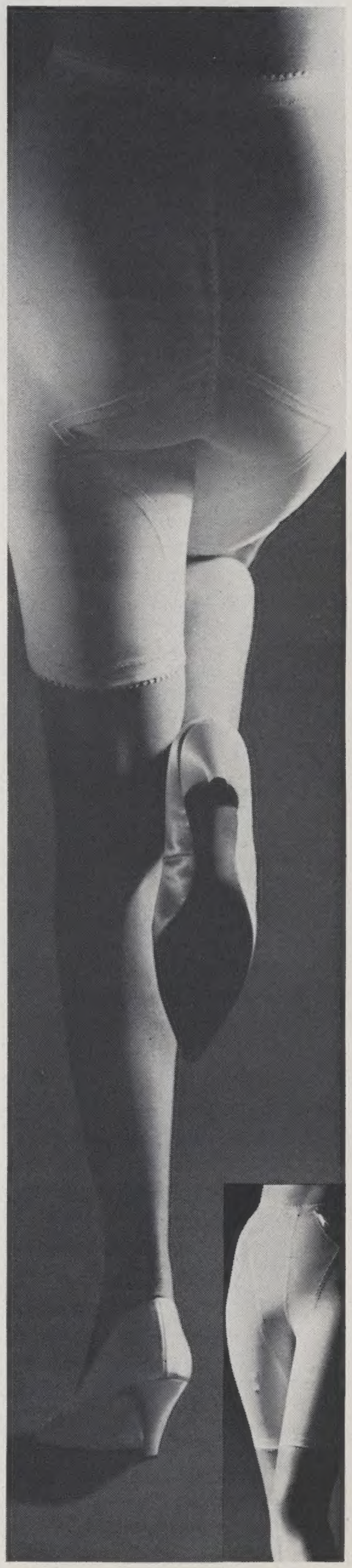
"That is the enigma. We do not know if they will, or when they will. We do not think about it. If we did, nothing would be done at all."

Mr. Lee's view, if you like, is antiquated. It smacks of the sort of free enterprise that built America. Yet it, I know, is shared by those extraordinary people who live in their hovels, and dream, not of throwing the rich from their skyscraper windows, but of getting rich themselves. After all, some of them have done so.

It was my second lesson in what the Chinese people really are. I shall go back, to learn more. What is there better to do? It would seem that we are living in a time when we deliberately cultivate our ignorance of nearly one-fourth of the world's people, and the Chinese nurture their prejudices about us. And this may prove to be the greatest pity in all human history.

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Travel: Tahiti

(Continued from page 255)

roses in Paris. Bread loaves are crusty baguettes. (What look like long mailboxes outside houses are actually tin breadboxes.) Fresh lime goes on everything, including raw fish marinated in coconut water and herbs. Bibb lettuce grows in the hills from which strong local coffee also comes. . . . Service is pleasant, plentiful, but slow: To serve a seafood curry at the Royal Tahitian Hotel, six sturdy girls padded in, each one bearing one small dish of pungent condiment. One hour later, the soufflé au Grand Marnier arrived. The air-conditioned, Alaska-chilled Dragon d'Or, as well as Atchoun, a restaurant in a thatched bungalow halfway around the island at the isthmus, produces great Chinese food. . . . For men and women, the best place for hats, bikinis, sarongs, sheaths, shirts is Marie Ah You. . . . Children's clothes in oversized splashy prints are beguiling. . . . Pillows at Magasin Pacifique look like Matisse cutouts. . . . In Tahitian sitting rooms, café curtains and cushions in matching flamboyant colours have dash. . . . The island of Moorea, a ninety-minute ferryboat ride away from Tahiti, is intensely still and beautiful.

GOOD TO KNOW: Stress seems put away on the islands of Tahiti and Moorea. . . . Although, on Moorea, reservations for the pleasant bungalows at the Aimeo Hotel are always tight because of tour groups, the staff treats guests with extraordinary charm. To serve the superb table d'hôte Polynesian dinner, boys and girls wear sarongs in one screaming print. Bungalows for two persons, including all meals, about $40. . . . On Tahiti, about one mile from the action on the waterfront, the Hôtel Tahiti complex of peaked, thatched-roof bungalows includes, in one of the smallest, a beauty salon. Double rooms with verandahs and refrigerators in bungalows, from $12.50 for two; bungalows with sitting rooms, $20; in each case, $5 more for sea views; $11.50 for three meals for each person. . . . Union de Transports Aériens (UTA) runs direct flights from Los Angeles to Tahiti every Thursday and Saturday. Leaving at 1 A.M., jets zeroing in for a 7:30 A.M. landing skim over the South Pacific, which looks like one glorious Op art canvas in greens, blues, and turquoises, fly over the jagged green peaks of Moorea draped in mist as fine as smoke curling from one cigarette puff. . . . To welcome passengers, Tahitian UTA hostesses wait on the field with sweet smelling leis of frangipani and fragile gardenias. . . . When visitors leave, they receive less perishable leis of exquisite seashells. . . . Somewhere along the return-trip run, a Tahitian stewardess in a red-and-white print slides up and down the aisle, stirring memories with trays of fresh mahimahi fish.

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See pages 66-67



AMERICAN GOLFER

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Tuscumbia, Ala.....**Charlotte & Evelyn**
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Warsaw, Va.....**Aycock's**
Washington, D. C.....**Woodward & Lothrop**
Washington, N. C.....**Carter's Dress Shop**
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